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CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL TRIBUTE
TO THE IOWA BAND

William Salter's
"My Ministry in Iowa 1843-1846"
and
Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire 1845-1846

Edited by Philip D. Jordan

PUBLISHED BY THE
Iowa State Department of History
and Archives
DES MOINES, IOWA

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THE ANNALS OF IOWA

ORA WILLIAMS, Editor

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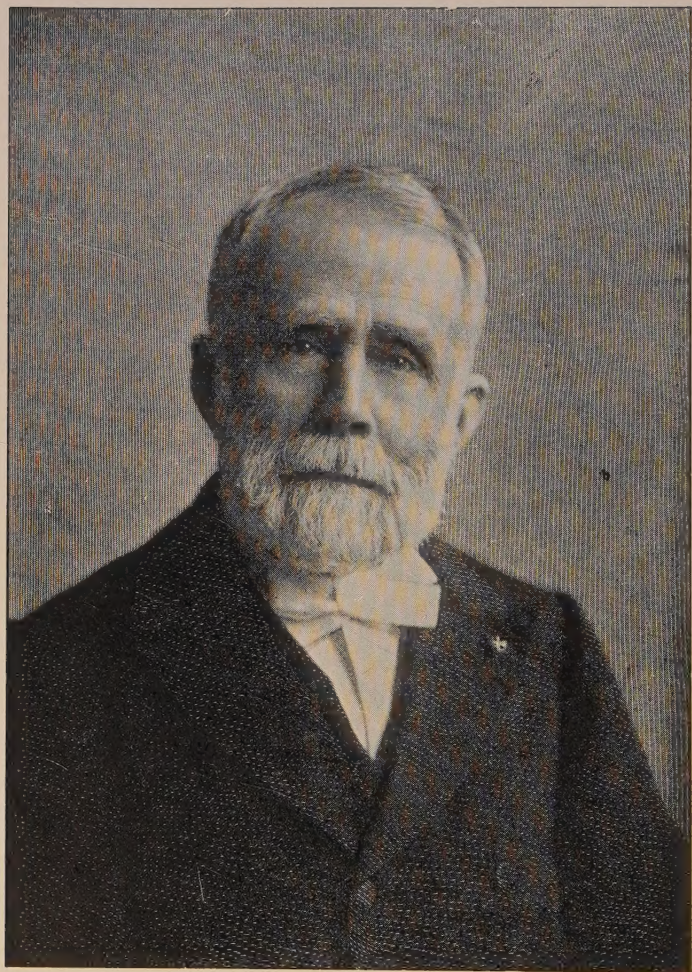
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CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

to the famous "Iowa Band" of missionaries who came to the Territory of Iowa in 1843 and especially to William Salter, the last to survive and witness the greatness of the State of Iowa.



REV. WILLIAM SALTER

Foreword

Publication some years ago, in ANNALS OF IOWA, Vols. XIX and XX, of the letters and journals of Rev. William Salter, last survivor of the "Iowa Band" of missionaries which played a very important part in shaping the religious and cultural character of early Iowa, attracted wide attention and was highly pleasing to those who were interested in western missionary activities in the last century.

This is now republished in this supplement to the ANNALS OF IOWA to form a connected story, in one convenient volume, with such corrections and notations as have been found necessary for accuracy and clarity. An effort has been made to reproduce all the material in its original form and to be faithful to the painstaking work of the distinguished author.

The propriety of presenting this historic material in one volume and at this time is obvious. It is not the narrative of one man's activities alone, but that of the labors and achievements of several members of the "Iowa Band" of young ministers who helped to lay a firm foundation for society west of the Mississippi river upon sound religious principles. In a very real sense it may be regarded as a centennial memorial tribute to that band of missionaries. Iowa will soon celebrate the first century of statehood.

The proofs have been checked over by Philip D. Jordan, the editor, now of the Department of History, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and ~~Samuel~~^{Sumner} Salter, son of William Salter, now a resident of New York City.

William Salter was a frequent and valued contributor to the ANNALS OF IOWA, and both Charles Aldrich and Edgar R. Harlan, long enjoyed his personal acquaintance.

Biographical

REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D. D., was born in Brooklyn, New York, November 17, 1821; died in Burlington, Iowa, August 15, 1910; was active and finally retired pastor of the First Congregational Church in Burlington from 1846 until his death, a period of more than sixty-four years. His father's family was English in descent, while his mother was Scotch, both families having settled at Portsmouth, N. H. He was a graduate of the University of the City of New York, a member of the Sigma Phi Fraternity, spent two years in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and graduated at Andover Seminary in 1843. He was the youngest member of the Iowa Band, and its last survivor.

MARY ANN (MACKINTIRE) SALTER, born in Charlestown, Mass., December 25, 1824; died suddenly June 12, 1893, in Burlington; was a graduate of Bradford Academy, Andover, Mass., in the class of 1844, and a member of the Winthrop Congregational Church in Charlestown in which her father, Eliab Parker Mackintire, was for many years a prominent deacon. She was married in the home church in Charlestown, August 25, 1846, and came to Burlington with her husband in September of that year. Her long and devoted service to the church in Burlington was ended by an instant death caused by a tree falling suddenly upon the carriage in which she and two friends were riding with Dr. Salter through the Burlington Cemetery.

MY MINISTRY IN IOWA

Dr. William Salter's Record of His Work as a Minister in Iowa

Edited by PHILIP D. JORDAN

INTRODUCTION

I

On Wednesday, June 11, 1845, William Salter, preacher, left Maquoketa, Territory of Iowa, for a visit to New York.¹ This was his first vacation since his arrival on the frontier two years previously. He had come, fresh from Andover Theological Seminary, imbued with high hopes for the success of his labors; he was returning disillusioned and disappointed. The subject of his ministry, Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, had not found a generous reception in the hearts of a "whole community . . . filled up with families who are Universalists or ignorant persons [and] who have never been brought up to respect the Sabbath or attend public worship."² A "torrent of abuse" had been the only reward for his faithfulness in administering to men who quarreled over land titles, drank prodigiously, and gambled on the Mississippi steamboats. For two years he had been forced to travel on foot and horseback through Jackson County, preaching wherever he could gather a few of the faithful or coerce a few of the unregenerates. He had lived in a log house and his study had been a portion of the main room partitioned off by a swaying curtain. The prospect of leaving unleavened Iowa to experience again the delight of paved streets with omnibuses running to schedule, to browse in the libraries of New York University and Union Theological Seminary, where he had attended classes, and to talk with educated people must have brought eager an-

¹Vide the indexes to the ANNALS OF IOWA for many references. The *Dictionary of American Biography* also contains a sketch, 16:314. A biography of Salter is Philip D. Jordan's *William Salter: Western Torch Bearer*, Mississippi Valley Press, 1939.

²This and subsequent direct quotations are taken from the letters here printed, and the editor therefore omits any further citations.

ticipation to this twenty-four year old Congregational pastor. He was anxious, too, for the sight of Mary Ann Mackintire, only daughter of Eliab Parker Mackintire, prominent Boston merchant. He hoped to make this girl his wife. If she would accept him, he desired to announce their engagement before he returned to Iowa.

From Galena, Illinois, he went by stage to Chicago, and then across the Lakes to Detroit where he arrived on June 21. On July 2 he was safe in his father's New York home and was warmly greeted by his brother Benjamin. For twenty-eight days Rev. Salter remained in the East, and when he left, about July 30, he carried both Mary Ann's promise to marry him and her daguerreotype. On August 16, the journey from New York was ended and again Preacher Salter, bachelor, was at his pastoral duties in Maquoketa.

II

William Salter's first sojourn in the West had extended from October 24, 1843, to June 11, 1845. In this period he saw Iowa for the first time, was ordained at Denmark, November 5, 1843, organized churches at Andrew and Maquoketa, and began the saddle period of his ministry. Then came his return to New York and Boston. His second period in the West was from August 16, 1845, to July 6, 1846, when he left to be married. He had now grown accustomed, in a measure, to the frontier, for Iowa was close on the line of settlement in the 1840's and he was preparing himself to say, "I shall aim to show that the West will be just what others make it, and that they which will work the hardest and do most for it shall have it. Prayer and pain will save the West and the country is worth it." There is something here of the dignity of the frontier, a something which no man could have uttered had he not first experienced it. William Salter, perhaps unknown to himself, was succumbing to the spirit of enterprise, strength, and determinism of Lubberland. From youth he had been taught that slavery was an abomination in the sight of both God and man. So well did he learn this lesson that he always was ready to attack that system

wherever it showed itself. He lent active sympathy to those ardent spirits who operated "stations" in the underground railroad and many times he preached of the evils of Negro servitude.

In this second period of his life on the frontier he wrote with evident satisfaction, "There is one interesting thing about Iowa, to wit: that it is the only part of the country west of the Father of Waters which is *free* . . ." Here is the thesis for his volume, *Iowa—The First Free State of the Louisiana Purchase*, published sixty years later. He early learned that in the West a man's measure was taken on the basis of his personal worth rather than upon any academic or professional training. "People distinguish," he said, "between a black coat and a fine man." His parishioners wanted a preacher to visit them in their log cabins and sod houses and to talk "direct and plain." An ornate sermon was an unsuccessful one. A minister who was only a scholar was almost worse than none at all. William Salter was a scholar, but fortunately more than just that. He had been bred to books, and he loved them. He perhaps loved the quiet of his study even more than he loved his parish work. "I would much rather be in my study," he said, "but the work, [of visiting] though humble, is great." Here lies one of the minor tragedies of Rev. Salter's ministerial career. His duties as a clergyman frequently intruded upon his duties as a scholar. It is perhaps safe to say that, in one sense, he felt more at home in the role of historiographer than of preacher. This applies to his entire career.

He had much to confound him in the West where everything went by noise. Bilious fever and ague stole the few members of his congregation. As he sat beside the sick and dying he sometimes jotted down the cause and course of the disease, complaining of the lack of judicious medical treatment. Consumption is given again and again as the cause of death, and "death by drink" is frequently recorded. Children and young people especially felt the hand of death on this Iowa frontier. In one list of eleven deaths, Rev. Salter records that six of them were of chil-

dren under three years of age. When a general court was in session, the meeting house, when time for service came, remained empty. And he found it inadvisable to schedule a meeting at the same time as a land sale. His deacons were not always pillars of the church, and so the church excommunicated them. It is little wonder that he wrote, "In so new a country, where so many other interests absorb the minds of men, the objects in which we are engaged are very much slighted."

Although William Salter was willing to go where Providence should send him, he, at times, wondered if Jackson County was the appointed place for him to round out his life. Perhaps Providence would, in its infinite wisdom, direct him to a more fruitful field. In 1843 when the members of the Iowa Band, after praying, had selected their fields of ministry, Rev. Horace Hutchinson, recently married, had chosen Burlington. Now, two years later, he was ill with consumption, and his congregation was falling away. How long Rev. Hutchinson could keep this parish, no one knew, but everyone saw that it would not be a great length before he would have to give in to the disease. Then Mr. Badger, of the American Home Missionary Society, learned of the sad state of affairs in Burlington and, when Rev. Salter went East in 1845, approached him with the idea of going to Burlington when the Congregational pulpit there should become vacant. Although Burlington was an important and growing town of about 2500 persons in 1845, possessed of more culture and social life than the majority of Iowa river towns in the forties, it was not an altogether attractive parish, and Rev. Salter wrote aptly when he said of the Congregational prospects, "The church is feeble. The house of worship unfinished. A deacon and leading man in the church is a political newspaper editor and has not much influence and is not highly esteemed as a Christian." By January, 1846, Rev. Hutchinson's health again failed and he gave up the thought of continuing his ministry in Burlington. Immediately Albert Shackford of the Burlington congregation wrote Rev. Salter inviting him to

Burlington with a view to settling there. This was not a formal call, but only an invitation for Rev. Salter to come and acquaint himself with the situation. The news brought by Mr. Shackford's letter troubled the young preacher. He was building a small brick study where he could prepare his sermons free from the interruptions of lovable, yet noisy, children, and where he might store his letters safe from curious eyes. He felt hardship and privation to be part of his duty. Yet the thought of Burlington with its elements of southern society and its larger sphere of usefulness intrigued him. But he would not go unless he felt it to be the Lord's will and unless the church would give him a unanimous call. On February 24, 1846, wrapped in a buffalo robe and seated in an open wagon, he left Maquoketa for Burlington. Driving through a heavy snow, he reached Davenport that same evening. From Davenport a sleigh took him to Bloomington (now Muscatine) where he failed to meet the Burlington stage. There he stayed from Friday until the following Tuesday when the stage finally got through. On Wednesday morning, February 30, he arrived in Burlington to find the Rev. Hutchinson dying. On Saturday, March 7, at ten minutes past three in the afternoon he died, and Burlington was left without a Congregational pastor. On March 16, Rev. Salter received a unanimous invitation to become Rev. Hutchinson's successor. However, nothing was said about salary, and Mr. Salter left on the steamer *Lynx* wondering if Burlington Congregationalists could raise \$150 among them to add to the \$300 which they hoped the American Home Missionary Society might pay. If he was able to write seriously, "The cause in Burlington will require an unremitting study and protracted effort in order to make advancement," he was also able to write humorously, "Everything in the West goes by noise. This is a high pressure boat. I was amused to see the mulattoes rattle every plate they put on the breakfast table this morning. At one table some of the passengers are earnestly engaged in card playing. Here sits your friend *solus* . . ."

In Maquoketa, on March 25, he decided to accept the call and go to Burlington. This decision disturbed many of his friends in Jackson County, even causing an excommunicated parishioner to urge his remaining. On Sunday afternoon, April 5, he preached his farewell sermon from I Corinthians 2:2, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He preached in the morning from John 6:28-29 and in the evening from II Kings 2:2. In his farewell, he said in part:³

"I therefore take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men. If any of you die in your sins, it will not be because I have not warned you of the way of death, and urged you to choose life. I have endeavored to keep back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, Testifying to one and all repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord J[esus] C[hrist].

"And now behold I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Brethren, I do not leave you without a struggle. It has been in my heart to live and die with you. I could willingly have laboured with you in the work of the ministry that I might have built up here a goodly ch[urch] of Christ, and led you to Heaven. But in the Providence of God I am called to leave these quiet scenes, and this promising community, and my beloved friends, that I may enter upon more weighty responsibilities and engage in severer labors. But I can never forget you. I can never forget that here I have spent nearly two years and a half of my ministry, that here with you I set up the standard of Christ and Him Crucified, and that here with you I have toiled and wept and prayed. The trials I have passed through with you will I trust never cease to exert a chastening influence over my spirit. I have been with you in every good work. I have labored to secure the purity of the public morals. I have aimed

³Fortunately the editor found a fragment, apparently the conclusion, of this farewell sermon, and includes it here; unfortunately, the introduction and body of the sermon appear to be lost.

to discourage and repress the pursuits of vanity and folly. I have endeavored to promote the Education of your youth. I have been with you in your days of darkness and stood by the beds of sickness and death. I have followed the remains of eleven persons to the narrow house on yonder hill, and administered to weeping friends the consolations of the Gospel. Two years ago this month we buried the first corpse in that graveyard, and already it has become a congregation of the dead. More than twenty now rest there in the sleep of death. How is that congregation increasing? Alas they wait for our coming. Children are there, waiting for their parents, and parents for their children. Brothers for Sisters, and Sisters for Brothers. My bones may not lay among them, though God only knows—yet from some spot of earth I must rise to meet them at the last day—O that we may meet in peace, to be forever with the Lord. But I forbear. I shall hope to meet you again on the Earth, to hear of your welfare and rejoice in your prosperity. Nothing will afford me greater joy than to hear that you walk in the truth—that this ch[urch] is growing in numbers and graces, and that this community is enjoying in all its interests the smile of Heaven.

“Brethren Farewell—Remember the words that I have spoken to you. The subject of my ministry has been J[esus] C[hrist] and Him Crucified. Be of good comfort.”

On April 11 he was lodged in the home of J. G. Edwards in Burlington, being unable to live with H. W. Starr which he had desired. He was not installed as pastor until December 30, 1846. May was spent in settling himself, writing sermons, visiting members of his congregation, and preparing for his wedding. The Mexican War was filling the minds of Burlington residents much to the annoyance of Rev. Salter who disapproved of the principles involved and so took frequent occasion to discourse on the evils of war and the benefits of peace. At the same time he was looking for a house suitable for a minister and his wife. In June he went up the Mississippi on the steamer *Tempest* to attend an associational meeting at Du-

buque. While in Dubuque plans were discussed for the establishment of a college to be sponsored by the Congregational ministers and to be known as "Iowa College." Davenport was settled upon as the proper location, even though the society there "is very uncongenial to a literary institution of the character we wish to establish." Burlington was chosen as the next meeting place of the association, a decision due perhaps to Rev. Salter's influence. When he returned, on the *Fortune*, he found the roof of his church nearly completed. As he rode through the country he noticed the grain turning golden, saw the bountiful crop of wheat, and the heavy-laden blackberry bushes. He traveled across the Illinois prairies to Galesburg, found that plans were being made for the establishment of a college (now Knox) there, and coming home broke a piece of harness, was two minutes late for the Shoccoquon ferry, and missing it, had to wait eighteen hours amid the mosquitoes before the Mississippi could be crossed. On July 6, the steamer *Atlas* carried him on the first leg on his trip to the East and his wedding. He was feeling unwell on the trip and in New York was overtaken by that old enemy of the frontiersman, the fever and ague. His health permitted him, however, to leave his father's home the last of July, and he was married in the Winthrop Church, on Union Street, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, August 25, 1846, to the girl whose daguerreotype he had taken West with him in 1845.

III

Dr. Salter's early ministry in Iowa may be divided into four periods, each of which is in itself worthy of examination. The first is from 1843 to 1845, the second from 1845 to 1846 (the period just discussed), the third from 1845 to the Civil War, and the fourth comprises the Civil War period. Until recently no adequate or sufficient first-hand information has been available upon which to build an accurate, true account of these chronological periods. Now, however, the writer has had the good fortune to have access to original source material covering each. This material is being edited gradually with prop-

er historical introductions and footnotes. For the period from 1845 to 1846 there is the interesting collection of letters, comprising the correspondence of Dr. Salter to Miss Mackintire. In their transcription and editing only those portions have been omitted which even today are personal and which contribute nothing historically. Omissions have been carefully indicated and, as usual, square brackets indicate material added by the editor. Footnotes perform their customary task of identifying persons, places, and events.

The source material for the first period (1843-1845) comprises a closely written diary of some 130 manuscript pages. The third period overlapping the second by one year, as it does, unfortunately is not revealed by Dr. Salter himself, but indirectly in a long series of hundreds of letters written to Dr. Salter by his father-in-law, Eliab Parker Mackintire, of Boston and Charlestown. This series of letters appears in the *New York Public Library Bulletin*.⁴ Dr. Salter, however, again contributes to the Civil War period in a joint diary and account book which lists, in detail, the author's work and adventures as a member of the Christian Commission.⁵ Supplementary to all these periods is a quantity of notes, observations, sermons, lectures, account and cost books. These all are holographic.

IV

In 1906, Dr. Salter wrote an account of his missionary experiences in Jackson County, Iowa, and entitled his account, "Journal of a Missionary in Jackson County, Iowa Territory, 1843-6," and he first published it in the *ANNALS OF IOWA* for January, 1907. The *Maquoketa Sentinel* soon copied the account, and by April it was reprinted in the *Annals of Jackson County*. Three years later, in 1910, the year of Dr. Salter's death, James W. Ellis included the "Journal" in his *History of Jackson County*. The account may also be found in Mr. Salter's *Sixty Years*.

⁴The *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, 33, nos. 7-12, July-December, 1934.

⁵*Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, 38, no. 2, April, 1935.

An examination of Dr. Salter's narrative of his work under the direction of the American Home Missionary Society indicated that it was not a "journal" at all in the sense that it was a diary or running account, but that it partook more of the nature of the reminiscences of an elderly man who, in the closing years of life, remembered only the glories and romantic adventures of an earlier day and forgot the disappointments and hardships which were necessarily a part of the Iowa frontier pattern in 1843. A closer examination led me to believe that the account, although not a "journal" itself, was based upon a diary or log book of some type which Mr. Salter actually kept from day to day for the period covered. This judgment was confirmed two years ago when the original diary entitled, "My Ministry in Iowa," was uncovered, worn and torn from its many journeys in saddlebags and its frequent adventures in the pockets of the young missionary as he journeyed through Jackson and adjoining counties in his far-flung prairie, parish work.

The little volume, bound in black boards, measures about 15x19½ cm. and now contains about 172 pages. Originally there were more, but some have been torn out, perhaps for memoranda, and only fragments of others remain. The inside front and back covers are filled with jottings and notes, some listing texts for sermons and others recording household and personal expenses. The majority of the entries are in ink, and all are in the cramped script characteristic of the author's hand even when, at the age of sixteen, he was recording his observations of Brooklyn weather on small scraps of paper. The first dated entry is November 20, 1843, at Springfield (shortly after changed to Maquoketa) and the last, January 1, 1846.

Between these dates are entered Dr. Salter's almost daily observations and comments upon the frontier. Drawn from his immediate and personal experiences, they are set down at the day's end with faithful and candid goose quill. Here is the humor as well as the pathos, the inspirations and disappointments, and the shrewd,

but not always charitable, estimates of the immigrants who flocked into Jackson County from many parts of the world—the Goodenows, Wrights, and Nimses, from Lake George, New York, the Nickersons, and Sutherlands from New England, the Dyers from Virginia, the Thompsons from Pennsylvania and the Ellises from Indiana, the Livermores from Ohio, the Woods from Michigan, the Chandlers, and Currents from Canada, and finally the McCloys from Ireland. Doctors and lawyers practice their professions, and land feuds make enemies of neighbors. And always there appear the determined efforts of the twenty-two-year-old minister to preach the Gospel, bury the dead, sponsor the temperance cause, fight the slavery evil, and establish academies and colleges.

Dr. Salter's spelling and punctuation have been followed as closely as his script would permit. The use of commas and semi-colons as substitutes for his customary dashes being necessary. Material enclosed in parentheses within the text is Dr. Salter's. Material enclosed in square brackets is supplied by the editor. No portion of the diary has been cut, even in those few places where the author has passed what appear to be uncomplimentary remarks upon men and events.

William Salter's "My Ministry in Iowa 1843-1846"

Springfield, Jackson County,
November 20, 1843.

Talked much about coming to this territory¹ thro the winter 1842-43, with E. B. Turner,² Lane, Gridley,³ and E. Adams.⁴ In the course of the ensuing summer H. Adams,⁵ Robbins,⁶ Hammond,⁷ Hutchinson,⁸ Hill,⁹ Spaulding,¹⁰

¹The Territory of Iowa.

²Edwin B. Turner (October 2, 1812-July 6, 1895), born at Great Barrington, Mass., Illinois College, Cascade, Colesburg, Yankee Settlement, Iowa, 1843-1854, Morris, Illinois, 1855-1864, superintendent in Missouri, 1864-1876. *Vide* the indexes for the ANNALS OF IOWA for references to Turner and the other members of the Iowa Band mentioned here.

³Daniel Lane, born in Leeds, Maine, one of the oldest members of the Band, was said to have been the first to conceive the idea of the group formation and to decide for himself that he was going to Iowa; was located at Keosauqua for the first ten years where it was said that "God Almighty never made a better man than Daniel Lane." At the opening of the college at Davenport he became one of the teachers, was minister of the church at Eddyville, then at Belle Plaine, and after retiring from service at Iowa College lived at Oskaloosa in fellowship with Father Turner until 1882, when he returned to Maine, living at Freeport until his death, April 3, 1890. Gridley did not come to Iowa.

⁴Ephraim Adams (February (—), 1818-November 30, 1907), born at New Ipswich, N. H., came to Iowa with the Band, preached at Mount Pleasant for one year, supplied in Burlington in July 1844 when Mr. Hutchinson returned East to be married, went to Davenport where he remained eleven years and where he assisted in founding Iowa College, removed to Decorah where he preached for fifteen years. For the following ten years he was superintendent of the American Home Missionary Society, the first year for the northern part of Iowa and later for the entire state with headquarters in Waterloo. He was pastor at Eldora for six years and then moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., for a year to live with his sons. He returned to Waterloo in 1889. *Vide* Salter, *The Old People's Psalm and the Golden Wedding of the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Adams and Wife*. Burlington, 1895; also *The Decorah Republican*, December 5, 1907.

⁵Harvey Adams (January 16, 1818-September 23, 1896) was born at Alstead, N. H., came to Iowa with the Band, preached at Farmington, Council Bluffs, returned to Farmington, went to New Hampton, and later Bowen's Prairie where his active ministry closed in 1882.

⁶Alden B. Robbins (February 18, 1817-December 27, 1896), born at Salem, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, and preached at Muscatine from 1843 to 1896.

⁷William B. Hammond did not come to Iowa.

⁸Horace Hutchinson (August 10, 1817-March 7, 1846), born at Sutton, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, and preached at Burlington until his death. He was the first of the Band to die.

⁹James J. Hill (May 29, 1815-October 29, 1870), born at Phippsburg, Maine, came to Iowa in 1844 after settling the estate of his father. His first churches in Iowa were Garnavillo, Sodom and Gomorrah, of Clayton County where he said the staple food was "corn-dodgers, bear's meat and wild honey." Later he had pastorates at Indiantown, Green Mountain, Genoa Bluffs, and Fayette. He also had churches at Albany and Savannah, Illinois, and at Blencoe and Hutchinson, Minnesota. From 1865 to 1868 he was agent of the American Home Missionary Association for Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota.

¹⁰Benjamin A. Spaulding (June 20, 1815-March 31, 1867), born at Billerica, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, settling near the later towns of Agency, Oskaloosa, Eddyville, and Ottumwa. For several years he was missionary at large. Of a communion season which he held in the old Indian Council House at Agency, September 15, 1844, he wrote: "Here less than two years ago savages were sitting and lying upon the floor, smoking their pipes and singing their songs; now a congregation of Christians are celebrating the dying love of their Redeemer." In April, 1851, he was called to the Ottumwa Church where he remained for twelve years. Later, his health failing, he removed to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, for a year, and returned to Ottumwa as superintendent of schools for Wapello County. He was the second of the Band to die. *Vide A Sermon Preached at the Funeral of Rev. Benjamin A. Spaulding*, Ottumwa, Iowa, April 2, 1867, by Rev. William Salter.

Alden¹¹ concluded to come hither. Gridley's poor health constrained him to remain in the East. Hammond and Hill were detained by sickness. Thro the latter half of the summer term we had a weekly prayer meeting in the south end of the Library to implore the Divine direction.¹² Our design was to establish the institutions of the Gospel with all their blessed attendants of learning and refinement, and social progress in this new country and underneath their healthful shade to build up a goodly Commonwealth which should be a kingdom of Christ and to His praise.

The enterprise found favor with man and, I may not doubt with God, for surely never did any undertaking enjoy more smiles from the good or find all circumstances and events more working together to help forward its commencement.

I left home¹³ Oct. 4—visited Niagara, spent the Sabbath Oct. 8 in Buffalo¹⁴ in the family of Rev. A. T. Hopkins. His good family and church comforted and strengthened us in our work.

Sailed for Chicago Oct. 9 at 4 P. M.¹⁵ Prof. Post,¹⁶ who traveled with us, is a man of fine strong powers of mind. He promises to accomplish much benefit for the Western Country. On Saturday 14th. inst. it became evident that we could not reach Chicago before Sabbath morning and hence the question whether we should go ashore at Milwaukie Saturday night. I thought we should be justifiable in going on. But better counsels prevailed and I went ashore—made the acquaintance of Rev'd Stephen Peet—and J. J. Miter—the former the industrious and laborious agent of the A. H. M. S. in

¹¹Ebenezer Alden, born at Rando'ph, Mass., came to Iowa with the Band, settling at Solon, Tipton (with a church of three members) and returning in 1849 to New England where he found a church in Marshfield, Mass.

¹²The group met on Tuesday evenings in the library of the Andover Theological Seminary where they were students. *Vide* T. O. Douglass, *The Pilgrims of Iowa* (1911) Chap. IV, and Ephraim Adams, *The Iowa Band* (2nd ed.) Chap. III.

¹³New York City. The place of meeting for the members of the Band was at the Delavan House, a temperance hotel, at Albany. Salter did not arrive there until the evening.

¹⁴They went by train to Buffalo, then the terminus of western railway travel.

¹⁵On the steamer *Missouri*. They touched at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit. Mackinaw, and on October 14, Mr. Salter landed, after a rough voyage, at Milwaukee, not wishing to travel on Sunday. On Monday, October 16, he took a boat for Chicago, arriving there the following day.

¹⁶Rev. Truman Post. *Vide* Salter, *Sixty Years*, Chap. XXXIV.

Wiskonsan, on whom has been the care of all the churches in that territory and who has done much in bringing about the state of quiet safety and progress in which the cause of Christ there is. He is a man of practical abilities—of strong common sense—very plain in manner and of great influence in Wiskonsan. Mr. Miter (formerly of Knoxville, Ill.) is Pastor of Congregational Church—a student of Dr. Beman and Mr. Kirk. A faithful minister—a good speaker—of popular talent, and much respected.

Mr. Ruel M. Pearson, a New Haven student, traveled in our company—is a very clever man, of strong natural good sense, amiable by nature—of sound mind, and a man of promise. He comes West to preach in Northern Illinois.

At Chicago Oct. 17. Saw Rev'd Mr. Bascom, he is plain in appearance, nothing prepossessing—but I should judge a man of prudence and good sense, said to be a fine preacher.

Rode to Burlington in an open wagon.¹⁷ Spent the Sabbath Oct. 22 in Galesburg and Knoxville. At latter place made the acquaintance of Mr. Charlevoy and family of daughters (friends of Brother Turner and from Kinderhook) and his son in law Mr. West, and of Rev. Mr. Cole who was a Princeton student in Seminary with Cyrus Mason, Henry White and E. N. Kirk. Mr. Cole is of moderate abilities, a moderate abolitionist—rather a stiff Presbyterian. His wife is a good housekeeper.

Was much exhilarated at sight of Mississippi river Monday afternoon Oct. 23rd.¹⁸ The thought of the destinies of men—immortal men—of my country as connected with this great highway of the West—of the use of this river more affected me than did the sight of Niagara. Crossed to this territory Tuesday morning Oct. 24th. 1843.¹⁹ In Burlington enjoyed the hospitalities of

¹⁷Mr. Salter's group, the brethren with wives going to Davenport, secured transportation in the wagons of some Illinois farmers who had come to Chicago to market their wheat, and were returning to their farms with empty wagons. The members of the Band, with the exception of Alden B. Robbins and Daniel Lane who were married and went to Davenport, bought canvas wagon coverings, provisions, and general supplies for the journey to Burlington in Chicago. En route, they were able to purchase a meal of honey, milk, butter, and eggs for twelve and one-half cents. *Vide Adams, op. cit.*, pp. 24-25.

¹⁸They left Galesburg, Illinois, early that morning.

¹⁹Salter and Turner guarded the group's supplies on the Illinois side of the

Mr. J. G. Edwards and wife.²⁰ She was a native of Portsmouth N. H., formerly resident in Boston. Dr. Wisner considered her one of the most efficient members in his church. She is a smart housekeeper, given to hospitality, much interested in the church, of quick perception, close observation, large intelligence, and great benovelence. The Church (Pres.) has been divided, but the field is promising and inviting. Visited Rev. Asa Turner Jr.²¹ at Denmark Oct. 26. He has been a very laborious workman in the West, came to Quincy Ill. some 13 years since, organized many churches in that neighborhood—came to this territory some six years ago and has had charge of the whole territory—is a man of strong natural powers of mind—of flexibleness of character and consequent easiness of adapting himself to circumstances—has great influence among the people which he has gained by identifying himself with them and sharing in their privations and interesting himself in their interests.

With Brother E. B. Turner rode over the Des Moines country. At Farmington is a small church. Its principal members, with whom I became acquainted, are Mr. Houghton and brother, Squire Beckley and wife. Saw Mr. Dulton who has been preaching there this Summer—he was abed with a fever and is rather discouraged. Rode West thro Bonaparte, 6 miles from Farmington, on the Des Moines, a thriving village, some 50 or 60 houses many of them painted white—there are mills on both sides of the River. To the mill at Farmington slaves come from 30 or 40 miles South in Missouri. Lexington two miles farther up the river presented rather a shabby appearance. At Bentonsport called on Mr. Seth Richards (a brother of one of that name in firm Bangs, *Richards* and Platt, N. York). He and his family have been shaking with the ague, his wife (a Miss Gardner) from Enfield, Mass. helped in raising the timbers of a mill belonging to Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Colton. The

Mississippi through the night, while the others crossed to Burlington on the evening of the 23rd.

²⁰Vide Philip D. Jordan. "The Life and Works of James Gardiner Edwards" in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXIII, No. 3, October, 1930.

²¹Vide George F. Magoun, *Asa Turner and His Times*, 1889.

raising was done on cold water principles, 40 or 50 rough looking fellows were present.

Found in a house here a sermon advocating Puseyite doctrines thus scattered to work mischief. Rode on thro Columbus, which has pretty much run down, to Keosauque—the ride along the Des Moines is a most beautiful one and will doubtless be taken for pleasure after 30 years hence. We had some difficulty at times in keeping our road and more scare than danger in crossing the river at night.

Sunday, Oct. 29. At Keosauque found a home with Mr. Haddon—an intelligent gentleman from Indiana. His wife, a smart woman—originally from Virginia, then from Kentucky and Indiana. He is the only pillar in the church there. Saw his son and Mr. Thompson who started off Oct. 31 for Buchanan County where Mr. H. has bought 80 Acres and a mill privilege on the Wapsipinicon. This is one place which is proposed as the seat of the college which is to be established in this territory.

Oct. 30. Rode West to Troy, Davis County. This is on the line of the old purchase—many of the former inhabitants have moved on to the new purchase. Of the church here which last year numbered 29 members no less than 19 have moved away to the New Purchase. I dined with Squire Sam'l Evans; he has a claim on the N. P. and was preparing to move on to it. He is desirous of having what he called "a stiff minister," i. e. smart. His cousin Squire Wm. Evans is the efficient man in the church there. These Evans' were from East Tennessee and were used to good preaching there. I preached at Keosauqua; Rev. Mr. Bell was present and offered prayer for me. He is the most influential and active Preacher of O[ld] School Presbyterianism in the territory, and a moderately smart man, but rather too much of a Sectarist. We rode from Troy to the Old Sac and Fox Indian Agency—crossed the river two miles above Iowaville—broke our axletree in the woods—were troubled and detained—borrowed horses and rode horseback, reached the Indian farm about 9 P. M. Mr. Wilson not at home.

Next morning Oct. 31st, rode to the Agency House. Saw Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Street, and their families. Mrs. S. from Tennessee, a Cumberland Presbyterian, has a "holy horror" of Abolition, has been much afflicted lately by loss of husband and daughter—a little deranged. Visited Wapello's²² grave which is by the side of Gen. Street's.²³ An upright post is placed at his head on which are marked in red paint drawings of a decapitated and a decimated human body signifying that the Chief had slain such and so in battle. Rode that afternoon in the rain to Fairfield where enjoyed the hospitalities of Mrs. Reed. The next day (Nov. 1) to Denmark, where put up with Deacon Isaac Field (from Salem St. Church Boston). He and his wife treated us with the greatest cordiality and kindness. They made us at home. Mr. F. is a very well informed Christian, a correct abolitionist. I was examined for ordination, and ordained by Denmark Association, Sabbath, Nov. 5, 1843.²⁴ Julius A. Reed preached a good popular sermon on the characteristics of a good minister. A. Turner Jr. offered the ordaining prayer.

Monday morning, Nov. 6. The brethren separated—some to the South—some to the West—and others to the North—our parting was sad, yet hopeful. E. Adams to Mt. Pleasant and Trenton in Henry Co., H. Adams, Farmington; Alden, Johnson and Cedar Counties; Hutchinson, Burlington; Lane, Keosauqua; Robbins, Bloomington; Spaulding, Wapello Co.; Turner, Cascade. W. A. Thompson to Davis Co. These locations were all agreed on, tho' some of them not without protracted or anxious thought, in peace and love. If the Pilgrims on board the Speedwell could inscribe on the sails over their heads "God with us" before they had crossed the perilous ocean—surely we having experienced so much of the Divine

²²Chief Wapello (1787-March 15, 1842), *Vide* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 2: 636-638 for biographical sketch.

²³General Joseph M. Street, for many years Indian agent in the West. *Vide* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 2: 81-105 for a biographical sketch, and a picture (facing p. 104) of the graves of General Street and Wapello at Agency City.

²⁴The members of the Band ordained were: E. B. Turner, William Salter, E. Alden, Horace Hutchinson, E. Adams, Daniel Lane, and B. A. Spaulding. The Rev. J. H. Reed preached the sermon from Acts 20:28, and the Rev. Asa Turner offered the ordaining prayer. *Vide* Adams, *op. cit.*, Chap. VI.

Favor, can make the same inscription as we set up our banner, being now in the place where we have so long desired to be.

Nov. 6, left Burlington Monday eve; Nov. 7, at Muscatine early Tuesday A. M., where left Robbins and wife; Davenport early Tuesday P. M.

Came up the river²⁵ on the "New Brazil," Cap't Smith, a gentlemanly and intelligent officer. Staid at Davenport Nov. 8, with Rev A. B. Hitchcock. He was a Jacksonville and N. Haven student. Jared Hitchcock took me from Davenport to DeWitt. Spent one night Nov. 9, with Rev. O. Emerson of Clinton Co. He has been an untiring laborer in the Gospel and has nearly worn himself out in journeyings—he is well fitted for this country, having a heart to bear all things—is liked among the people. Reached this place²⁶ Friday night Nov. 10. Board with Mr. Shaw,²⁷ a gentleman who has seen much of the world and is a man of intelligence. His wife is a most quiet—active and amiable woman. Nov. 11. Called on Dr. Effner,²⁸ a mile West of Mr. Shaw's, he is from Pres. Church in Albany, Ill., is gentlemanly and polite, rather stiff in his opinions, to be managed by kindness and by never directly opposing. Rode over to Andrew where preached in Court House on the Sabbath—a log building not tight or comfortable in any respect. Met there Rev. Mr. Littlefield from Apple River, Ill.—has been holding protracted meetings in Andrew, but an unfortunate time as the people were very busy getting in their corn—he seems to be a faithful minister and very faithful in visiting from house to house. In his preaching and measures he is correctly styled by a Methodist woman—"a Methodist Presbyterian." One member in the Methodist church there, a Justice of the Peace, told me that in this country they received "with open arms all minis-

²⁵The Mississippi.

²⁶Maquoketa. It is located on the line between South Fork and Maquoketa townships, on Sections 19, Maquoketa Township, 24-25 South Fork; it is 170 miles west of Chicago, 200 miles from Des Moines, and about midway on a straight line north and south between Davenport and Dubuque.

²⁷John Shaw, of Ellisburgh, New York, moved to Dubuque in 1839, to Bellevue in 1840, and to Maquoketa on June 6, 1842. On November 6, 1835, he married Miss Sophia Fiske, of Oxford, Mass., and Ellisburgh, New York. Mr. Shaw died in 1853, and Mrs. Shaw in 1887.

²⁸Dr. William H. Effner. He had a son, Jerome.

ters, no matter what their tenements were." This was Mr. Hopkins, rather a credulous superstitious and weak-minded man—at the same time a bigamist, having a wife in Ohio and one here. His declaration reminds me of the sermon of Mr. Shinn, a Methodist preacher, whom I heard in Keosauqua the First Sabbath I was in the territory; he told the people about what *King* Samuel said and did.

Last week on Thursday Nov. 16, I took Br. Turner sixteen miles West toward his diocese. Yesterday had some 50 hearers. They were attentive. The prospect of planting a church here does not seem very encouraging. There are within five and six miles on all sides round of me but nine Professors of Religion of Presbyterians (O. and N. School), and Congregationalists, and none of these seem much interested in the undertaking but Mrs. Shaw and Dr. Effner. If the people could only be united one good church might be built up. Be this the subject of my prayers and object of my labors.

Visited Mrs. Nimms last week, member of a church in Alton—a smart active woman, desirous of educating her children; was formerly a Baptist (her parents Presbyterians) her children have not been baptized. Mr. Nimms²⁹ was a professor in New York but in his frequent emigrations, first to New York, then to Illinois and here, has never taken his certificate of church membership. Met there Mr. Livermore³⁰ who lives in the first cabin North of Mr. Shaw's, an infidel tho he only considers himself a Universalist. Lent him Baxter's call;³¹ he promised to read it. Mr. Dorr,³² of Erie Co. New York, commenced teaching school here this day, Nov. 20—he is engaged for 4 months, at 12 dollars a month and board.

There has been a great deal of sickness (ague and bil-

²⁹Eliel Nimms.

³⁰Probably Abraham Livermore. His children, Julia, Abraham, and Laura, attended the old sod-covered Maquoketa school in the winters of 1842-1844. *Vide* James W. Ellis, *History of Jackson County, Iowa*, 2 vols. (1910) 1: 574.

³¹Rev. Richard Baxter, *A Call to the Unconverted*, with an introductory essay by Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., New York. American Tract Society. [18-?]

³²Ebenezer Dorr, who married the daughter of George Earle. He taught two winters, 1843-1844. *Vide* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 569-574.

ious fever) thro the territory this fall owing to the heavy freshets in the spring and early summer.

This has been a very wet fall. The people in the territory are much poorer than ever I before had any idea of.

In the upper part of the territory are more New England and New York People than I found in the Southern part. Formerly in this County were many desperadoes, black legs and horse thieves, but since the mob at Bellevue³³ they have mostly cleared out. In the trial for murder last year of a man³⁴ at Andrew, there were several persons from the East on the Jury—when the murderer's lawyer from Davenport came into Court and saw the character of the jury—"Ah," said he, "there are too many Eastern men for us." And so it proved, for that Jury brought in the murderer guilty and he was executed. Not so sure is it that the Anglo-Saxon race is to build here a good commonwealth as it is that if such a state do arise and shine here the work will have to be done in the main by Novo Anglo-Saxon men.

Saturday night Dec. 2. Here ends a hard week of labor, yet the Lord has strengthened me. Have rode some 85 miles this week and visited thirty families. Thursday Nov. 30 we observed as a day of Thanksgiving. Preached from Ps 105:1.³⁵ Sunday had a meeting of those who will unite in forming the Church here. They were equally divided on the question of the form of government. The Methodist Preacher on this circuit (Mr. Walker)³⁶ has an unfortunate practice of using the plural for singular. Thus on last Sabbath he told the people here, "Brethren, pray for each others goods, labor for each others goods."

Was encouraged by a prospect of forming a church about six miles below Bellevue this Winter. Saw there Mrs. Reed. She was brought up in the Episcopal Church.

³³A long series of Bellevue crimes, committed by Brown's Gang, was brought to a close April 1, 1840, when forty citizens under the command of Colonel Thomas Cox, after a gun fight, broke up the gang. Some were killed, others whipped, and but few indicted. Later some persons protested against this display of rough frontier justice, but in the main, the citizens of Bellevue approved this method of justice. *Vide Ellis, op. cit.*, pp. 403-475.

³⁴Joseph T. Jackson, who was tried and found guilty in Andrew of the murder of Xenophon Perkins, and hanged July 15, 1842. *Vide Ellis, op. cit.*, pp. 223-227.

³⁵Psalms 105:1. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people.

³⁶Rev. John Walker.

Her husband (died in August) was for twenty-five years an elder in a Presbyterian church in the North of Ireland. They lived in this country two or three years, and saw but one Presbyterian minister. He died and was buried uncomforted and unhonored by any Clergyman.

Tuesday Dec. 12. Visited today Mrs. Decker,³⁷ one mile South of Mr. McCloy's. Mr. and Mrs. D. are Baptists, experienced religion some eight years since in Western New York. Mr. D. united with the Baptist church here. Mrs. D. refused to unite because the church received those who trafficked in ardent spirits, viz. Mr. Taylor. Visited Mr. Dunham, a native of Windsor, Berkshire Co., Mass. His grandfather was a minister at Martha's Vineyard. Mr. D. moved to Southern Illinois near Vandalia when a young man and has become a thorough Sucker. Knew there Rev'd. Mr. Ellis, one of the Founders of Illinois College. Mr. E. was at his house frequently. Mr. D. lives a mile East of Mr. Decker's. Was a widower with three or four children and married a widow with as many—is a man of good natural powers of mind not much improved—sceptical as to the Divinity of Christ. Visited yesterday Mr. Alvin Fairbrother,³⁸ bee-keeper; he is awakened—has been a careless man, Sabbath breaker; has kept bad company but desires to be and do better. Yet having lived in much ignorance sees things as yet darkly. The inconsistent lives of professors is a great stumbling block in his way. Also visited Mr. Estabrook, a mile and a half Northeast of Mr. F. Mr. and Mrs. E. were natives of New Hampshire but lived in Vermont. Mrs. E. brought up a Baptist. Mr. E. a Universalist; Restorationist; not well informed on religious subjects, a generally intelligent man. They have a daughter, Laura, who has been sick and nearly helpless from childhood. She professes sweet resignation to the Divine Will, exercises patience and says her afflictions have weaned her from earth and led her to seek the treasures in heaven; appointed for her benefit a meeting

³⁷Mrs. Levi Decker.

³⁸Alvin Fairbrother. *Vide* Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 644.

at her house, Jan. 2; promised to lend her the Saint's Rest.

Brothers Turner, Emerson, Robbins, and Mr. Hitchcock of Davenport were here last week to form an Association for Northern Iowa. I endeavored in adopting a Constitution to give the Association the powers of a Presbytery in accordance with the plan of Union, recommended by General Association of Committee and by General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, so that the church here and others might come under its care—but Congregational Counsels were too strong and bore rule. I, however, succeeded in accomplishing the result desired by inducing the Association to pass a Resolution to take Presbyterian churches under its care. Mr. Holbrook and myself were appointed Committee to report at next meeting on Catechetical Instruction.

The ministers preached to attentive audiences to as many as our house could hold.

On Sabbath Dec. 10 the church was constituted, Dr. Effner and Mr. Thomas Flathers set apart as Elders, to continue in office two years—the little flock consists of seven—the Lord's Supper administered.

Most every impenitent man with whom I have conversed on Religion speaks of the inconsistent lives of church members.

Dec. 15. Br. Emerson preached here 13th. inst. on Repentance; the evening was dark but some 30 present. Br. E. is native of Lynnfield, Mass.; his father a deacon in Baptist church in North Reading and was educated at Phillip's Academy, Andover, (a beneficiary of Am. Education Society), at Waterville College and Lane Seminary; his lungs are diseased, had a bad cough in the East of which he is rid out here; yet complained yesterday morning an hour before day of severe pain in his side and expressed desire to get up thinking that setting up would relieve him. He said he would get up and *read*. I got up and made him a fire and he obtained relief. He rides over too great an extent of country. He thinks he

might live longer by going South, but s'd not accomplish so much there and stays here.

Visited yesterday Mr. Wendall 2 miles South, he is a German, brought up a Lutheran, baptized and confirmed—has been in America 20 years. Lived in Pennsylvania—has not been connected with any church in this country—says he believes in Christianity; loves money too much, is a kind of pedlar. His wife was several years ago a Methodist for 8 years, but being dissatisfied with some of the members and unwilling to fellowship, she withdrew. Mr. Rathburn, her brother, is a Professor (Methodist) in Penn.

Called on Mr. David Bentley. His wife was a smart woman—a large family. Has been so much engrossed in this life that they think little of the next. Mrs. Alfred Wright, a sister of Mr. Bentley, is a clever woman. Called at Mr. Sam'l. Wright's, his father, who lives with him, is 68 years old, an intelligent man, was trustee of the Presbyterian church in New York state. Thinks he is not good enough to join the church. Called on Mrs. John Riggs—she was (also her husband) brought up mainly in Presbyterian church in Western New York, Ontario County—thinks she experienced religion about three years since—her mind was led to consider by the burning to death of a neighbor's child; has been careless since; says her husband, brought up in Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y. (gone this Winter to Arkansas and N. Orleans) experienced Religion when aged 17. Called on Mr. Nimms; his wife a sister of Mr. Goodenow.³⁹

Dec. 14. visited Miss Nickerson's⁴⁰ school, has 20 scholars—the furniture of the room is little and uncomfortable—scholars backward. She receives six dollars and board per month. Preached in the evening on the nature, reason of the necessity, and means of regeneration—had 30 hearers. Am somewhat troubled for a room, cannot

³⁹John Elliott Goodenow (March 23, 1812-September 3, 1902) was later known as the "Father of Maquoketa." *Vide Ellis, op. cit.*, pp. 351-352 et picture facing p. 348.

⁴⁰Miss Marcie Nickerson, came to Jacksonville from Ticonderoga, New York, with her parents on September 6, 1842, at the age of nineteen. In 1846 she was married to Dr. L. T. Hubbard. *Vide Ellis, op. cit.*, 2: 227-228 for biographical sketch.

study—there is no lumber to make or stove to warm, a room to be had—have no opportunity for secret communion with God unless it be when I am walking or riding alone over the country when the constant necessity of resorting to expedient to keep warm prevents any steady devotion of the mind to Divine things.

Dec. 16. Organized last evening a society for the support of the church here. Mr. Flathers staid with me last night. He was a native of Kentucky, moved to Crawfordsville, Indiana, could neither read nor write when he was 20 years old—had a desire for knowledge—went to school and prepared for College—entered Wabash College with the ministry in view, but this want of means ever necessitated to give up study.

Dec. 29. Monday of last week (18th) went to Andrew and Deacon Cotton's.⁴¹ Tuesday morning started off afoot thro the ravine South West Deacon C's. Visited Mr. Smith on the West side of Farmer's creek; he is from Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, 7 miles West of Galena on the Mississippi, brought up a Baptist but prefers the Methodist; the dissensions of Christians his excuse for neglecting Religion; his house is 3 miles West of Mr. Sawtell's and 4 S. W. of Deacon C's. He warned me of his next neighbor as an intemperate scoffing man, and advised me not to speak with him on religious subjects lest I should be put out of his house. 2 miles N. W. is Mr. Millsass. He is from Kentucky and Missouri. Found him in bed thro intoxication and sickness; he was in a neighbor's one morning when a minister was present. He used some profane expression in speaking of the coldness of the weather for which the clergyman rebuked him when with an horrible oath he threatened to throw him into the fire if he spoke another word. I inquired my road and passed on. Mat. 7:6.⁴² Mr. Simms is 3 miles W. over a broken and romantic country.

⁴¹Deacon Samuel Cotton, a descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, New York. Their house was six miles north of Andrew. *Vide* Salter, *Sixty Years*, p. 263.

⁴²Matthew 7:6. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

I stopped on my way thro Rocky Hollow to wonder at the roughness and cumbrous and uncouth shape of the rocks. Mr. S. was not at home being up on the little Maquoketa at Sage's Mill;⁴³ his wife a fine open sociable and easy womna. They are Scotch; Mr. S. from church in Sargo (?) under care of Rev. Jas. Gardner. Mrs. S. from church in Sever (?) under ministry of Rev. George Brewster, Jr.; have been in America some fifteen years, first in Pennsylvania when they were in Port Carbon and sat under the ministry of Dr. McCarter. Rev. Mr. Brewster, above mentioned, is a brother of Sir David Brewster. Mrs. S. told me she had heard Dr. Chalmers, Andrew Thompson and Edward Irving preach. Mrs. S's father was a ruling elder, and she has a brother in law a minister (Mr. Richardson). She loves a little Scotch mirth and complains that we discountenance song singing and dancing; has a large log house unfloored in which I preached. Mr. S. has trouble about a claim with Mr. Alexander, who lives a short distance north. Mr. A. and his wife are members of the church in Dubuque. He is a carpenter by trade and mostly away from home. They are Scotch people—have an interesting family of children. Their two eldest daughters were at school of Sisters of Charity⁴⁴ in Dubuque this summer. Mrs. S. says there was no other school to which she could have sent her daughters, and what could I reply to this. The scholars address their teachers as "Sisters." I mourn much over the strife about a claim between these two families. They are the only Presbyterian families in that section for many miles and they divided. Returning to Deacon C's I waded Farmer's creek, taking off my boots and stockings; my feet were chilled for the moment (Dec. 20) but I soon made them warm by running.

Dec. 21. Saw Mr. Potter from Tete Des Morts; thinks he has experienced religion. Dec. 22—found it my melancholy duty to attend to a case in which the discipline of the church is required; Mrs. Van Dolen, 3 miles E. & N.

⁴³For a description and discussion of Jackson County grist mills *vide* Ellis, *op. cit.*, pp. 355-359.

⁴⁴This school, as well as other Catholic organizations in the region, was under the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Mathias Loras.

of Mr. Butterworth's, acknowledges her guilt, but is undecided whether to make a confession before the church. I fear her heart is not right, but God is the judge. After long and painful conversation she finally concluded to come before the church, acknowledging and repenting her sin; prayed with her; went to see her husband at the saw mill—told him what I had done, he said if he had been in the house he should have turned me out. I looked him in the face, he seemed ashamed of his threat and I told him I would call and see his wife again. Evil communications corrupt good manners. How true in the family relation; he says if his wife makes a confession he shall leave her. Called at Dr. Clark's; Mrs. C. from N[ew] London Co. Conn't., well brought up. Called on Mr. Macaulay, an O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterian from North Carolina, Virginia, Indiana, and Wisconsin; his wife from Kentucky. He is by trade a carpenter, by profession a lawyer.

Called on Mrs. Glenn, next house W. of court house—brought up to use tokens and tables at Lord's Supper, and thinks she cannot commune without them; hope by kindness she may be won over. John G. Nealus called in while we were at supper. He is from 30 miles W. of Philadelphia; left home when 13 yrs. old with his parents consent—now aged 17—has the monomania of going over the whole world and then writing a book like Peter Parley, Capt. Cook and the like. He has a wonderful memory, never forgets, and consequently does not need to take any pencillings by the way—he travels afoot—*says* he never gets tired for he knows how to travel—believes in Presbyterianism—his father an Irish Papist—knows a little Latin and Greek and has learned the Hebrew alphabet from Ps. 119:—⁴⁵ Rode to Bellevue from Mr. Rowland Cotton's⁴⁶ (Dec. 23) in three hours and a quarter. Called at Mr. Dyas' a mile below Bellevue; has been in the West 17 years—in the mines—lived near Galena when there was but one or two houses there

⁴⁵Psalms 119, beginning: Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

⁴⁶Deacon Cotton's son.

—his was the first family which settled in Jackson Co.—originally from Ireland near Dublin where he was in an Episcopal church—now Methodists whom they joined because there was no other meeting or church in this county; his wife a smart intelligent woman—much of a lady in her manners and appearance—well read; have a fine family of sons, industrious, and most of them pious.

Preached in Bellevue to an attentive audience of 60. Mr. Walker has been laboring thro the last fortnight and says he intends to convert B[ellevue]. Found a very interesting audience assembled at Mr. Alex Reed's. I know not that anything has so much cheered me since I came to this County as did my finding there some 50 waiting to hear the word of the Lord—a thrill of exultation and of gratitude to God that there were such here, went thro me. In B[ellevue] I saw Mr. Sharp; his father in law is an Episcopal Minister and he a member of the Episcopal Church in Galena; is willing to unite in a Presbyterian church in B[ellevue] and wished me to come and preach. Saw Mr. Halladay who was of Church of Scotland—has a turning mill 2 miles below B[ellevue], a well instructed Calvinist. Mr. Lewis, merchant in B[ellevue] expressed a readiness to contribute to my support if I would preach in B[ellevue]. Mr. Dyas says when Mr. Kent came to Galena there was no one there that sympathized with him or would take him to their homes. He went to tavern and boarded; consulted Mrs. Dyas as to what he had best do; she told him to go to preaching.

Sunday evening walked in company with Mr. Robert Reed to Mr. Worthington's house 3 miles W. up on the South side of the bottom to see Robert Caldwell, aged about 21, dangerously sick of inflammation of the bowels. After my preaching at Alex Reed's a brother of the young man came to me, told me his brother was very sick and desired me to come up that evening. It was a dark and disagreeable night—found the young man in great distress. . . . His mother and sisters were sitting by; took my seat by his bed side, inquired as to the pain and de-

sired him to tell me the state of his mind. Said he was a sinner and hardly dared to hope in the forgiveness of God, but trusted in the Saviour and desired to be resigned to the will of the Lord. He spoke with great grief and deep emotion of leaving his parents, of his being among strangers in a strange land, and of his having neglected in health preparation for death—his utterance was low and indistinct. I inquired particularly in relation to the foundation of his confidence which he declared to be J[esus] C[hrist] in relation to his guilt and danger in having neglected religion which he now saw to have been a great sin. I endeavored to fix his thoughts on the rock of ages; his friends and himself had given up all expectations of recovery. I asked him what advice he would give to the young—he said to prepare for death.

I visited him again on Monday and regretted that if he is to die I could not be nigh to close his eyes and perform the Christian rites of burial, but my engagements called me to Bellevue, Andrew and this place. He came to this country some two years since a rugged lad—made a claim and has worked hard—had the fever last summer and recovered, but imprudent exposure brought a relapse and inflammation set in. Here he has been deprived of religious privileges and became thoughtless. His parents were pious and had instructed him aright. They came on this fall (from Armstrong Co. Penn.). On his sick, and perhaps dying bed their instructions lead him to Christ and give him peace and hope. O the value of Christian nurture. His parents were from N[orth] of Ireland—have been in Penn. over 20 years. According to last accounts I have from the young man he was exhorting all who came to see him to repent and prepare for death now. O that his young companions might hear and obey. Mr. David Young was at meeting—he is an Abolitionist from Penn.—prefers a Congregational Church. I trust the Lord has sent him here to build up and bless society; seems to be a warm hearted man—some of his children are pious.

Visited (Dec. 25) Gen'l Cubbage⁴⁷ 4 miles S. W. of Robert Reed's—came to the West in 1829 originally from Delaware (his wife divorced from him) was a sub Indian agent in Illinois—taken prisoner by Sac Indians at their village on Rock River, condemned to death—they kept him 8 months—he was ransomed by the Winnebagoes—has a monomania for hating foreigners, Papists, and other Irish; is of gentlemanly appearance. Spent some of my time with Mr. Robert Reed, a son of Widow Reed (see entry Dec. 2); an intelligent clever young man aged 26, amiable and kind and open hearted, full of sprightliness; was formerly deputy sheriff—had charge of Jackson.⁴⁸ Says he kept him mostly in a private house, Butterworth's, without bars or bolts. Mrs. Reed was very sick last fall; during her recovery she took great delight in singing Ps. 116.⁴⁹ Her son Wm. is a likely young man, but has not enjoyed good advantages in this country—Catherine a smart and affectionate girl.

Two Papists (Mr. Rathaleen, Mr. Roach,) came to my preaching on Sabbath after sermon was over. They had mistaken the time. Mr. R[athaleen] had heard there had been a good sermon. He said to me "he was divilish sorry he had not come earlier for he wanted to hear a good sermon." Dec. 26. Riding up to B[ellevue] I came by Mr. Herrington's. It was most night. It snowed and was very slippery. I was in so much of a hurry that I had not time to get off my horse and lead him—the path was very narrow and sideling. My horse stumbled and threw me. I rolled right under him. He got up on his legs but I was afraid to stir for fear I should frighten him and he step on me, but I made a desperate effort and succeeded. Mean never to be in so much of a hurry as not to be prudent.

Spent a night with Mr. Gammal—he is from Pennsylv-

⁴⁷General George Cubbage. He had been clerk to Felix St. Vrain, United States agent for the Sacs and Foxes. He taught the first school in Dubuque, was doorkeeper of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory at Belmont, 1836, and was one of the commissioners to lay out Dubuque, Burlington, and other towns, 1837-1838.

⁴⁸Joseph T. Jackson. *Vide* footnote 34.

⁴⁹Psalms 116, beginning: I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

vania—an abolitionist tho' rather ultra—his wife a Quakeress—his parents from Paisley, Scotland, and brought up in Pres. church. He is building a flouring mill in company with Mr. Potter (a deist). The hypocrisy of professors [is] his excuse for neglecting Religion and not professing Christ. Mrs. Means, his sister, lost her husband this fall. She has three small bright children.

Jan. 1, 1844. Thanks for mercies past and trust for days to come. The year has commenced with a severe storm, so severe that I judge it imprudent and unwise to ride to my appointment at county seat tonight. This I much regret as it will be my first failure of meeting my appointments. I made the appointment because the Probate Court and County Commissioners were to meet there this day and there would be a gathering from different parts of the county—all my other evenings this week are engaged.

At Bellevue made the acquaintance of Mr. Foley.⁵⁰ member of House of Representatives from this County—a gentlemanly man—Irish—has been in [the] West 15 or 20 years—a tailor and miner—lived in Galena where [he] was sheriff, and Dubuque. A decided Papist. Col. Cox,⁵¹ member of Council from this district, originally from Kentucky—lived in Illinois—was engaged in taking first census of what is now that State when it had but two Counties and 6000 inhabitants. He is a profane man—drinks—was at the head of the Bellevue mob and intoxicated at the time.

Found it my melancholy duty to investigate case of Mr. McCloy⁵² accused by general rumor of intemperance. Called on him—said he drank wine at Dubuque and whiskey at Andrew and because he was wet and exposed

⁵⁰John Foley, from Jackson County, member of the Sixth Legislative Assembly, and sometime Bellevue postmaster.

⁵¹Colonel Thomas Cox (*vide* footnote 33) has been the subject of a controversy since the "Bellevue War." However, it now appears that Mr. Salter erred in his statement that Col. Cox was intoxicated when he led the group of citizens which put an end to "Brown's Gang," although it is evident that the "dominant will" of Col. Cox was responsible for the killings. *Vide* Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 475. For a biographical sketch of Col. Cox, *vide* ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 7: 241.

⁵²Joseph McCloy. *Vide* Western Historical Company. *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 635.

and judged it necessary, denies he was intoxicated—requested him to appear before the session which he did yesterday. Said he thought the session was going beyond the bounds of its duty and expressed an unwillingness to go into an examination. Session adjourned for further consideration to Thursday eve.

On Dec. 20 visited in the Forks. Mr. Lawless, a kind generous man—converted some three years ago—formerly lived in the mines and originally from Kentucky. Preached at Mrs. Van Horn's—take the first left hand track after crossing the creek beyond Mr. Daniel's. She was from Ohio and lately from Parkhurst—has an interesting family. Her eldest daughter is serious—her eldest son a cooper and clever young man. Mr. Curtis from Lytel's creek was at the preaching—originally from North of England—has not heard a sermon before in eight years.

The mail today brought me letters from Brothers Hitchcock and Emerson requesting me to come and labor with them in a protracted meeting on [the] 2nd Sabbath in January—but my engagements elsewhere prevent—the Lord send us more laborers.

Jan. 3. Severe N[orth] West snowstorm yesterday. Preached at Mr. Estabrook's (see entry of Dec. 12) ; Miss Laura Estabrook has not heard a sermon before since she came into [the] Territory—was very feeble and abed. Mr. E[stabrook] supposes that all will be punished in another world more or less and all sometime or other made happy. He argues this from death of † [Christ] for all. Miss Marietta is seriously inclined—seems to understand the Gospel.

Jan. 4. Visited yesterday at Mr. Wilkin's (from Canada.) His wife a daughter of old Mr. Stimpson, Methodist preacher at Lyons. At Jeff [?] Wilson's saw Mr. Current—he is a deist—a man of naturally good parts—educated in Methodist church—of pleasant disposition—active mind. I asked him to come to my preaching—he said no—after some conversation he remarked that he should like to give me some contradictory (as he thought)

texts to preach on. I told him I should be glad to preach on them and would do so at his house—he rather shrank from this latter part, but finally consented to it.

Called on old Mr. Wilson who is favorably disposed to our church—was a Methodist many years in Canada, but is dissatisfied in consequence of division there. Seems an upright Christian man—has some gift in prayer. Old Mr. Chandler is kindly disposed towards us.

Mrs. Alfred Wright is [a] Methodist professor and seems a clever woman—is a sister of Mr. Bentley.

Church Session met this evening. Mr. McCloy professed penitence and promised entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks. We were in fear of worse things—but the Lord had (we trust) mercy, and the brethren present (Dr. Effner and Mr. Nimms) seemed much affected.

Jan. 10. Had anticipated going to Cascade yesterday—but am prevented. Spent Sabbath night with Mr. Glenn. He means to maintain his profession here—has been strictly and correctly brought up as to Christian duties—but having known nothing of Congregationalists is unwilling to unite with the church at Andrew, hoping to have an O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterian Church here. He and his wife [and] six children, their furniture, team, and two horses were brought from Pittsburg to Charleston for 30 dollars—cheap enough and an encouragement to Emigration—returning thither on 8th inst. could not get over the Maquoketa in consequence of the running ice—went down South two miles to Col. Cox's. His sister, wife of James Collins Ellis. *Annals* Jan. 1906, p. 88.⁵³ Mrs. C[ox] originally from Rhode Island whence she came with [her] parents to St. Genevieve, Missouri, when aged 16. Her mother was a Quakeress, a gentle woman—thinks she is a Christian and means to unite with a Church. Has on daughter married, Mrs. Nichols—two daughters, Cordelia and Mary. Rather an interesting family for this country. Their

⁵³An interlinear insertion made later by Wm. Salter.

son, Thomas, is a genuine Sucker.⁵⁴ Simon Boliva, aged 12, a pleasant boy. Monday morning returned to Doane's and after great difficulty succeeded in getting across.

Jan. 27. I regret that I have no time or opportunity for writing up my journal. The minds of Mrs. Cox and of Miss Eliza Van Horn are both astray on the subject of knowing (by feeling) that their sins are forgiven. The Methodists have instructed them that the evidence of sins forgiven is in *feeling* such to be the fact in their own minds and these being rational intelligent rather than entirely sensitive beings, they not having these feelings have deemed their sins were not forgiven. I have endeavored to show them that the forgiveness of sins is a Divine act consequent upon penitence and faith in Christ, i. e. upon Conversion (Ac. 3:19) and that God performs this act when we repent, and that consequently when we have repented we have reason to believe that God has forgiven our sins. The thought of such a favor should and does naturally awaken gratitude and peace in our minds, but to require this before the Divine forgiveness is exercised is to require the consequent before the existence of its antecedent. Furthermore this doctrine of the Methodists is a dangerous one—as persons (and there are many such) of merely sensitive natures can easily (and especially by contagion) get up such feeling and may be deluded.

Visited DeWitt, 19 miles South and South East. Mr. Loring Wheeler, a native of N[ew] Hampshire, near Keene, his wife of Kentucky (daughter of Mrs. Harrison of Dubuque). She desires to become a Christian—a lady of pleasant manners. Mr W[heeler] is somewhat serious and inquiring about religion. Mr. Bower, Sheriff of the County (a gentlemanly man) says he will be a Christian if he can only have his doubts removed about the truth of the Bible. Was brought up in the Episcopal Church.

⁵⁴The State of Illinois, where Thomas was born, has five sobriquets: the Corn State, Egypt, the Garden of the West, the Prairie State, and the Sucker State. The people are called: Egyptians, Sand-hillers, and Suckers. Vide George E. Shankle, *State Names, Seals, Songs, Birds, Flowers, and Other Symbols*, (1934), pp. 112-113.

Mr. Evans in the East edge of the grove N[orth] of DeWitt has his mother living with him—born August 1753—lived in Boston and Cambridge—was a member of Dr. Stillman's church in Boston. Heard Whitfield preach. Her maiden name was Phillips. She frequently saw Washington and the other great men of those days. Saw the British on their way to Concord (1100 of them.) As they passed thro Main Street to Cambridge [she] heard their song (which she repeated to me)

“Yankee doodle dandy
Cornstalk rum and cider brandy,
Stinking gin that's made of rye
So we'll make the Yankees fly.”

The old lady's memory has failed. Her sight and hearing are far gone. She has little remembrance of recent events. Probably the things of the Revolution which she saw made so deep an impression on her mind and she has talked of them so much that they will be the last things to be forgotten by her. I prayed with her—for which she expressed great thanks. Mr. Gowdy, $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile N[orth] of Mr. Evan's originally from [the] North of Ireland where [he] was in [the] Presbyterian church and [also] from Canada, says they are loose in requiring evidence of conversion for admittance to church in Ireland—seems to be a good man, has an interesting family. Thinks the troubles in Canada are by no means finally redressed.

Called on Mr. Oakes' family $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. W. of Mr. Gowdy's—they are from Maine—lived a few years in Cedar Co. West, but did not enjoy living among old country people.

I hope good will be done in DeWitt. There probably will be eventually there a pleasant village. It has a handsome site.

Feb. 2, 1844. Last Sabbath (Jan 28th) was the coldest day of the winter. Preached to some 20 people at this place.⁵⁵ Monday I moved Westward. Called on

⁵⁵ Maquoketa.

Mrs. Blanchard 20 miles west of this. She was a Lovejoy. An intelligent woman from Maine. Has become rather too much westernized. Got some refreshment and fed my horse; when about to move again my horse broke his halter and took the back track. I was in trouble and worry of mind—started off afoot North—and at night reached [the] house of Mr. Nichols (a Methodist from Ohio) [and] lodged with him and the next morning walked five miles to Cascade. Surprised Br. Turner and had a joyful time. He helped me on my way back. Cascade is more of a village than I had anticipated—some 130 inhabitants. Mr. Thomas' house is eligibly situated. His mill⁵⁶ is the best in Northern Iowa. People come there from great distances—saw a man there from 50 miles North in Clayton Co. Mr. Styles,⁵⁷ the Post Master, has been a drunkard—now President of their Temperance Society. Called on Mr. Bangheart $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile South (a Methodist). Took tea at Mr. Meacham's—a mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ North. Saw Mrs. and Miss Cook, genteel ladies for this country. The Lord smiles upon Br. Turner's labors and gives him favor with the people. He organized a Congregational Church of 12 members [on] Jan. 28.

Returning called on Deacon Turner 13 miles South of Cascade. An enterprising and warm hearted Christian. [He] offered 25 dollars towards building a meeting house in Cascade. Mr. Styles married last fall his daughter Mary.

Spent Thursday night with Mr. Solomon Pence; born in Ohio, raised in Indiana, lived in Warren Co., Illinois—was in the employ of [the] Am[erican] Fur Company among the Winnebagoes on Rock River; enjoyed Sucker fare par excellence. His parents were Baptists.

Mrs. Burleson was brought up in [the] Presbyterian Church, Dr. McLeod's, corner of Liberty and Nassau,

⁵⁶Arthur Thomas, together with John Sherman, in 1837 built the first flouring mill in Cascade Township. In that year they also built the first hotel and store.

⁵⁷L. A. Styles taught the first school, it is said, in his home, and in January 1842, when the Cascade post office was established, he was named postmaster. Vide C. Child's *History of Dubuque County, Iowa* (1880), pp. 743-744.

New York; converted when aged 17, has been united with the Methodists.

Feb. 23. Preached at Dubuque Feb. 11. The largest and most respectable congregation I have preached to in the Territory. The church was organized by Mr. Clark. Mrs. Shaw was one of the members at the organization. Mr. Lockwood was one of the most efficient men in erecting their stone church. His wife tinged with perfectionism.⁵⁸ Mr. L[ockwood] was one of the original elders, but becoming unpopular [he] resigned. The church is now governed in a Congregational way, in which state Mr. Holbrook desires it may continue. Mr. Evans, Clerk of the Church, [is] an interesting young man. So [is] Mr. Smith formerly of Dr. Pott's church in St. Louis. Mr. Stuart, a miner, converted under Mr. Holbrook's ministry [is] a devoted Christian. Miss Jack [is] a small hunchback woman formerly of Mr. Duffield's church in Carlisle, Penn., of whom she thinks the world. She is intelligent and smart—lives in a Papal family. Mr. Hill [is] a miner and teacher [and is] Superintendent of the Sabbath School [and comes] from Maine [and is] distantly related to Rev. J. J. Hill. Studied in Gorham Academy with Mr. Robie and Kellogg of my class at Andover. Called on Mrs. Crawford, sister of Mrs. McCloy, a zealous Christian. Took tea with Mrs. Robbins, a widow, keeps boarders. Mrs. Holbrook was a student at Monticello, originally from Conn't., lived in Illinois since a young girl—a smart intelligent woman, but does not seem so happy as could be wished, owing to [the] absence of Mr. H[olbrook]—has a sister with her, Miss Clarke, of Platteville where her parents reside. Her brother, Dr. Clarke, [is] an elder of the church in Platteville. Mr. Holbrook,⁵⁹ formerly of Boston, [of the] firm of Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, Booksellers [was] concerned in the Brattleboro publishing company—[was] unsuccessful in trade, [and] came West. Vide Home Missionary, Vol. 15, p. 56. Mr. R. Cotton tells me that

⁵⁸The doctrine that perfection of moral character is the supreme ethical end, rather than happiness or utilitarian benefit.

⁵⁹Rev. John C. Holbrook. Vide ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 7: 594, 602, 604.

Mr. H[olbrook] spoke at Andrew of his reverses and afflictions as the dealings of God's hand with him to put him into the ministry. Mr. H[olbrook] was ordained by [the] Iowa Association—is of amiable disposition—in his manner manifests a tender gentle Christian spirit, is pointed and plain in preaching—earnest and familiar—heard him at Galena on the reasons why men enter not into the strait gate and on how to obtain a new heart (Ezek. 18:31).⁶⁰ Enforced the sinner's duty with great plainness.

At Galena visited Rev. Aratus Kent (Feb. 7) of plain open honest appearance—found him happy, happy, rejoicing in the outpouring of the Spirit on his Congregation and on sinners being converted. Told him about my difficulties and discouragements—he gave me some account of the state of things in the days of small things in Galena. But he labored on and long—and God has blessed him and crowned his labors with success. He appeared one of the happiest of men—is a man of strong common sense—prudence, and [a] good manager. Preaches written sermons—has the universal confidence and love of his people of Galena and of the country around and [is of] great influence. His wife much like him as to mind and habits. The church has a good body of elders [who are] Mr. Wood, who lives opposite Bellevue, Dr. Newhall, the first physician in the city, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Campbell, [both] school teachers.

Enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Hempstead's family, native of Conn't.—but from a boy lived in St. Louis. [He] is an intelligent man. Mrs. H[empstead] one of the earliest members of Mr. Kent's church—a very interesting and lovely woman. [She] has a native and Christian grace in her manners—one of their sons [was] a convert this winter. Visited Mrs. Bradley, her husband now in Cuba for his health [and is] a brother P. B. Bradley of Andrew. She informed me that her husband's brother was a backslider having been a church member in Ridgefield,

⁶⁰Ezekiel 18:31. Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart, and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

Conn't. and in judgment of the church converted some fifteen years ago when [he] was considered a promising youth—came West [and] took to drink and is almost ruined. Engaged in a sweet season of prayer for him. Mrs. Campbell [is] an interesting woman. Called on Mrs. Fowles, Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter, Mrs. Potts of Charleston and on Mr. Reed.

Three miles North of Galena on Platteville road visited Rev. Jno. Lewis at house of Mr. Stillman. How delightful to shake hands with an old friend here among so many new faces. Bro. Lewis preached at Fairplay and New Diggings, is much encouraged and interested in his work. His wife is a helpmate and well fitted for a Missionary's wife. Bro. L[ewis] visited Savannah and Carrol's mills and thinks them to be an important place for missionary labor. He finds a peculiar charm in preaching among the miners. Drove Feb. 14 from Galena to Mr. Robert Reed's, 16 miles on the river in three hours. There were some cold days in the beginning of February, but has since been milder and is now like Spring.

I hardly know what is my duty in relation to Bellevue. They seem to be reprobates, and yet there are one or two good people who however are inefficient; met there Mr. Rood who came to visit Mrs. Jennings—he lives at Fairplay—elder in church there—brother of Anson and ——— Rood of Gilmantown and Philadelphia—Mr. Anson Herrington was born in Vt., came to Bellevue, 1838, is a high minded man, but proud, too proud to submit to J[esus] C[hrist]. His brother Charles came 1841.

At Andrew Feb. 17 visited Mr. Bradley,⁶¹ he seemed a little affected but I fear sinful habits and companions will destroy his soul—our refuge is the Almighty arm. I sought two opportunities to talk with him faithfully but was on both occasions interrupted by ungodly company.

[The] Jackson County Bible Society met Feb. 19 at Andrew—gave an address for which I received a vote of thanks—was amused and could hardly keep from laughing at the manner in which business was done. Yester-

⁶¹P. B. Bradley. The first hotel building in Andrew was rented to Bradley in 1842.

day I started off to preach for Br. Emerson—got to Deep creek—found the bridge carried away by the flood and the creek high—deeply regretted that I was obliged to return, but have now a day of rest.

Feb. 26. The snow is vanishing rapidly and the streams are high. In consequence of the rise in the South Fork [I] was detained from my appointment at Mrs. Van Horn's. Preached yesterday for the first time this side of the Mississippi a written sermon. It was the first sermon I ever wrote, on "the Wages of Sin"—written nearly three years ago.

Mr. Kent, when I was in Galena week before last, informed me that Mr. Peet⁶² has expressed the desire and intention of getting me into Wisconsin. This was news to me. I hardly know what to think of it. But must abide the future.

Had I any prospects of soon settling in life and were I able, I might be better reconciled to my present privations, for then the hopes of a home and a house of my own would animate and encourage me to endure for the present. Further, my congregations are so very small and they so scattered that my field of usefulness is comparatively small, and this view of the case is especially important when I learn of places that are destitute where I might have regularly from one to two hundred or more hearers. Here I must wait in good manner for the coming in of settlers before I can have hearers of any number. Yesterday, when I had a rather unusually large congregation for this place, there were 18 grown people and 9 children out in the Morning—viz. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and three children, Mr. McCloy, Dr. Effner, Mrs. Nimms, and two children, Mrs. Goodenow and child, Miss Goodenow, old Mr. Clark and wife, Squire Clark and two children, Mr. Wendall, wife and child, Miss Nickerson, Mr. Rathbun, Mr. Estabrook, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Ralph Wright, Mr. Mallard, Mr. Earle.⁶³ At the prayer meeting

⁶²Rev. Stephen Peet, agent for the American Home Missionary Society, for Wisconsin Territory. He had previously discouraged Mr. Salter from going West.

⁶³W. Y. Earle. *Vide* Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 626.

in the evening were five grown persons, and but two who would pray, Mr. McCloy and old Mr. Chandler.

In coming to this county I seemed to follow the indications of Providence and have on the whole met with as much success as I could reasonably have anticipated, considering the circumstances of the country.

There appears no prospect of my having this year a study or of my ever getting a place for my books. They lie here in undistinguished yea ignominious obscurity with wheat and crockery & groceries in Mr. Shaw's store. However, I try to be some content—and shall not seek to flee from this field or make any effort to get elsewhere. Providence seemed to send me here and Providence must send me away. As I look at the poverty of my intellectual attainments this winter, my mind cries out "my leanness, my leanness."

Feb. 27. Visited yesterday Mr. Sam'l Wrights. His father, Thomas M. Wright seems a good man but there was some defect in his Christian education. He expresses an interest in my efforts here—was brought up a Presbyterian—has always supported that church—was once on a committee to build a Presbyterian church. Alfred Wrights joined the Methodists ten or twelve years since when he thinks he was converted—has since left them, and lost an interest in Religion—doubtful whether he ever was converted. Appointed a prayer meeting in this settlement tonight—owing to the small number of the church and their distance from one another and from the school house it is very difficult to sustain a prayer meeting—and in every other settlement the difficulties are even greater than they are here.

Feb. 28. A very stormy day which detains me from Charleston where I had engaged to preach with Br. Emerson. Visited yesterday at Dr. Effner's, Mr. Nimms, Mr. Bagley's and Everts (who are moving on to Alfred Clark's place, who is going to Andrew) and Squire Clark's and Mr. Fairbrothers. Squire Clark was one of the first settlers, came in with Phillipps some seven years since from Indiana; has worked too hard and injured his

health—he experienced religion with the Methodists some two years since and generally leads a consistant life tho not a man of much energy or force of character; is about moving to a farm five miles West of Dubuque in order to be nearer market. Found Mr. Fairbrother sick. He has been in wicked company and it is to be feared grieved the Spirit—he subscribed for the Day Spring and paid. Had a prayer meeting last night. Dr. Effner, Mr. Elial Nimms, Mr. Rathbun, Mr. Stimson [?] (who has recently come in and made a claim South of old Mr. Wilson's) Mr. Shaw and wife, Mrs. and Miss Goodenow, Squire Clark and wife were out.

Have today been reading Guizot's His[tory] of Civilization in Modern Europe, Ch[apters] 12, 13.⁶⁴ Am much pleased with these chapters—the notes of the American Editor disfigure the margins. They can be of no injury save to the tyro in historical studies—the well-read know differently. His statement of the polity of the primitive church corresponds to what I thought to be the facts in the case and with what I wrote on the subject some year since—vide my notes on the Church.

March 6. Last Friday [I] rode to Deacon Cotton's. The mud was very deep and rough and [I had] hard traveling. Saturday visited Capt. Silsbee's and Mr. Parmaly's. In the afternoon Br. Turner came along. His visit did me [as much] good as a medicine. His labors, trials [and] privations are about the same as mine. Cascade is a rather more promising field than any in this county. He is more patient and contented than I am. Preached for me at Andrew. In [the] evening preached at Capt. Silsbee's. He was in [the] army in the last war. A part of his right arm near the elbow was shot off—he was stationed on the western frontier of N[ew] York—first came this side of the Mississippi with his son in law, Mr. Sawtell. Has a pension—a man of coarse habits, violent temper, yet of some intelligence—hates abolition on which [we] had some discussion—wants Texas

⁶⁴Guizot's, *General History of Civilization in Europe*. There were several American editions, the first appearing in 1838. Mr. Salter may have been using the edition published by D. Appleton, New York, 1842. The occasional notes in this edition were by C. S. Henry, D. D.

and Oregon annexed to the Union and the pride of Britain humbled; is afflicted with a disease of the kidneys. Monday rode to Dubuque with Br. Turner. His company charmed away the hardness of the travel and the dreariness of the prairie. Attended the Monthly Concert, which was made an interesting meeting and a collection of some four dollars was lifted. Made an arrangement with Br. Holbrook to come and hold a sacramental season here with the church the last of this month. Called on Mrs. Lockwood. Mr. L[ockwood] has been an old Indian trader. They have been on the frontier fifteen or twenty years—were some of the first members of the church in Galena, also in Dubuque—have lived at Prairie Du Chien. She is an active Christian and [a] smart lady. Her daughter, Mary, bright but rather too forward. Had appointed preaching for Tuesday evening by Br. Turner at Deacon Cotton's—but the roads [were] so muddy [that] but one person (Mr. Parmaly) came out and we spent the evening in singing. Started this morning for Mrs. Van Horn's but could not get over the north fork—and came hither [and] called on Mrs. Webb (daughter of Mr. Graham four miles North of Bellevue) [who is] from Baltimore and Pittsburgh. She and Mr. W[ebb] are Methodists. Called on Mr. Bradley but he not in. This is the fourth time in which I have called to have a talk with him and been frustrated. Mrs. B[radley] says she wants to serve God and will come out if Mr. B[radley] will. At Mr. Bergh's saw Mr. McGinnis [who was] brought up in the Presbyterian church, Pennsylvania, [he] has lived in [the] mines at Fairplay—was awakened under Br. Holbrook's preaching in winter of 1842-43, but thinks [he] was not converted, is seriously disposed—his wife a Baptist—is making a claim near Trouts. Met Mr. Batten[?] chopping—had a talk about Universalism. [He] lived in N[ew] York and Ohio—finds fault with Election—says he don't come to meeting because his views are spoken against. [I] told him I would preach in a calm way on

Mat. 25:⁶⁵ in relation to which he asked some questions—he engaged to *come*. I have inadvertently given occasion to the people in Doane's Settlement to complain of me in relation to the neighborhood-jealousies between that and this place, by taking some of Mr. Shaw's notices in relation to his road to Andrew. Mr. Mitchell, a mile and [a] half North of Doane's was very severe upon me. I plead not to blame, or if to blame unintentionally so. I hear tonight of Mr. Spaulding on Mineral creek having trouble with Mr. Osborne in relation to a claim. These things making society so unsettled are a great hindrance in the way of planting Gospel institutions.

Steamboats have been up as high as Bellevue. There were two at Davenport last week. The channel is still blocked up at Dubuque. Last Saturday we had six inches of snow which is now all gone. People are burning the prairie.

March 11, 1844. Saturday evening had a prayer meeting here. [There] were present Mr. Shaw and family and Mr. McCloy. Yesterday morning the Methodist circuit Rider took up my appointment here and preached. He used as many plurals and was as much of a Polytheist as ever. Preached last evening on the doctrine of election—but few out viz. Mr. Shaw and family, Mr. Dorr, Mr. Livermore, Mead, Nimms, Fairbrother, Dr. Effner, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Goodenow, and Miss Estabrook. The poverty of the people, [their] want of clothing and of teams and their small number [contribute to] the great difficulty in the way of building a church here.

I preached tonight at Mr. Current's on the objection to Revelation from indecent and seemingly immoral passages in the Bible, an objection urged by Mr. Current.

There was a steamboat (the Iowa) at Dubuque on the 6th inst.

Visited last week at Dr. Effner's, Mr. Montgomery's,

⁶⁵Matthew 25, beginning: Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

Dominick's; (he French, she German, both raised in the Papacy; she finds fault with the diversity of sects), Thos. Wrights, [and the] Mitchells. (Mrs. M[itchell] a good Baptist woman; had a season of prayer with her family in which she united; Mr. M[itchell] self-righteous.)

Had a satisfactory explanation with Mr. Doane in relation to the complaint alluded to.

The population of this county increases as rapidly and perhaps more rapidly by births than by emigration.

There are very few females to meeting who have not their infants in their arms.

March 12. Preached last night at Mr. Current's, lent him Nelson's cause and cure on Infidelity.⁶⁶ The night was stormy and of black darkness. Mr. Stimpson, young Mr. Chandler, Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Domnick were out. On my return lost the road and wandered on the prairie, but got back safely.

March 15. At preaching at Mr. T. Wright's [there] were present on 12th Mr. Nickerson and son, Mr. Perkins, Sherman, Mallard and four of Liverall's[?] children. Rode from thence to Mrs. Van Horn's via Mr. Shaw's, Doane's Ferry, and the bridge at North Fork Saw Mill, some thirteen miles round while in a direct line the distance was about five miles. At preaching at Mrs. Van Horn's there were out but three of the Mr. Esgates. On the morning of 14th inst. rode with Mr. Jno. Van Horn to the Maquoketa Cave four miles South West of his house. I had heard of the existence of a cave there but had no idea of finding such awful and sublime works of the Almighty hand as I there witnessed. The cave is on the South Dividing ridge in the forks along which runs the road to Cascade. [See p. 68.]

The first object was the bridge—I first passed under this, and was filled with wonder and admiration at the massiveness and solidity of the arch, entirely of

⁶⁶David Nelson, *The Cause and Cure of Infidelity. Including a Notice of the Author's Unbelief and the Means of his Rescue*, by the Rev. David Nelson, M. D. 2nd stereotype ed. cor. by the author. New York. American Tract Society. [184-?]

rock—at the base I should judge the width to be some thirty feet. The curve in the arch rises very gradually. In the center I should think the height of the arch was about fifteen feet. The creek (which I call Cave creek) passes under this bridge. Having wondered long at this handy work of God I scrambled up the South East side of the bridge and was amazed at the curious shapes and holes of the rocks. I next walked over the bridge which is some fourteen feet wide; each side of the bridge is a precipitous steep.

I next visited the magnificent portico of the cave, one of the grandest works of nature which I ever saw—the solid rock from a height of about 90 feet arches inwards gradually—the entrance to the cave itself is low. I put myself in a little ways, but the water of the creek prevented my going further. I dared not remain long under this awful arch of nature as I saw one massive piece of rock which in a few days had fallen from its old situation and the like of which would crush a mortal to atoms in a moment. I passed down the ravine, went thro another part of the cave under what might also be called a natural bridge—saw other wonders of which I have not time now to write, was surprised and filled with feelings of awe and reverence for the wonder working hand of God. When there I was in a great hurry as I had to preach in the evening at Mr. Doane's and now write in a hurry as I have to preach this evening at Andrew. I must mention however that in returning we amused ourselves by hurling rocks from some of the dizzy heights of the bluffs down into the ravine below. The sound of some of them was not a little like young thunder.

March 25. Preached the sermon referred to (March 6) at Andrew—the man for whom I promised to preach it was not out. Spent that night, March 15th, with Mrs. Hopkins. She experienced religion about two years ago—put up my horse with Mr. Bradley who on being asked for his bill said he would take it in preaching. Rode to Bellevue next day and found my great coat uncomfortably warm—rode thro the fire below Bellevue on way to Mr.

Reed's. It was about dusk—the flames rolled on—the brush cracked—I saw a deer sporting among the fires. The people in the Reed settlement and on the ridge below have raised some hundred dollars towards a meeting house but they are divided about the location. I wish them to contribute their resources to Bellevue but they reasonably complain of the distance and of the neglect of the people in B[ellevue] to meetings.

I have concluded with old Mr. Caldwell (father of the youth mentioned in entry of Dec. 12) for his black mare and saddle and harness for 75 dollars. She is four years old this spring, he recommends her highly as of a good breed—but having tried her I fear I have the worst of the bargain.

Visited Charleston⁶⁷ 21 miles South of Bellevue, four miles this side of C[ascade] at the forks of the road from C[ascade] to Bellevue and to the Forks of Maquoketa.

Called on Mr. Westbrook.⁶⁸ (Came to Iowa 1839.) He [is] an Universalist—an interesting family. The son, Royal, somewhat awakened. The family originally from N[ew] York, but raised mostly in the West.

Visited all the families in Charleston. They are nearly universally from N[ew] York and Maryland. The best settlement in the county. Had as good audiences as I have had anywhere in Jackson Co.

Mr. Leonard⁶⁹ from Griswold (near Norwich) C't. well brought-up—rather a poor manager. His wife a smart active woman, church member, the snares and pleasures of the world have hindered her piety—and his deprivation of religious privileges have caused his leanness. Mrs. Harper, a Methodist, a good and catholic Christian, formerly lived in Davenport. Mr. Marshall⁷⁰ from Goffstown, N[ew] Hampshire, a Universalist and notorious worldling. His wife an interesting woman and would like to be a Christian. She has a sister an instructress in Monticello Female Seminary. Mr. Dominic⁷¹ [is] a candid gentlemanly man, blacksmith, a little tinged with

⁶⁷Now Sabula, Iowa.

⁶⁸James Westbrook.

⁶⁹James Leonard.

⁷⁰Thomas Marshall kept a tavern.

⁷¹James Dominic.

some notions of the Restorationists.⁷² His wife a friendly woman. Mr. Benjamin Hudson,⁷³ came [to the county] in 1838, [was] originally from Lynn, Mass. dislikes Calvinism, rather a weak-minded man—was once intemperate. Mrs. H[udson] a devoted woman and friendly. Had a prayer meeting in her house. I saw several steamboats passing up and down, a noble and exhilarating sight. While looking at the "Iowa" and engaged in conversation with a gentleman, a gray headed man who had learned that I was from N[ew] York asked me if I knew Joseph McElroy. I inquired in relation to the business and character of the man and found he meant Dr. McElroy of Grand St[reet] Presbyterian Church. I told him I had several times heard him preach—"He's my brother," said the stranger. I looked up and thought I could see some resemblance in features and general appearance between the two. I made some particular inquiries and learned he had not seen his brother for 30 years or heard of him for four years. His name [is] Hugh McElroy—has a large family of some eight children, nine miles S[outh] of Charleston in Clinton County. [He] lost a daughter last year. He wished me to write his brother urging him to write to him—which I promised to do.

Saw a young man named Jones who had lived in Portsmouth several years and knew my relatives there. He was much reduced by bad habits and by intemperance.

Returning from Charleston—visited in the Buckeye or Swaney Settlement on Copper creek. They have a good school house. Mr. Bixley and family were Lutherans in Ohio. His wife desired I would baptize her children. Heard a report that there were some Presbyterian families in the settlement. Rode off two miles to their homes [and] found one a Universalist and another a Baptist.

Visited on Rock creek this side of Deep creek Mr. Reed's family. They had been much afflicted since they came into this County. In Pennsylvania they lost their house by fire, and pride that would not allow them to live

⁷²The doctrine of those who believe in a temporary future punishment and a final restoration of all to the favor and presence of God.

⁷³Benjamin Hudson in 1843 lived in a small shanty on a few acres of broken land on Section 24, 84-6.

in humble circumstances sent them West. Mrs. R[eed] died on the journey as did some of the grandchildren. Poverty has rubbed them sore here, tho the world has not known it. They lost their crop last year by the June freshet. Mr. R[eed] was of Seceder church [and] his wife of Old School Presbyterian. Spent the night with them. Next day [I] had a dreary ride over burnt and barren prairies—the very image of loneliness, it suggested to me the thought of the dreadfulness of the condition of that man who had no friend. An eagle was flying in the distance, and upon discerning me came and floated directly over my head. I confess to a little sense of fear or not so much of fear as of an indescribable sense of [sentence not completed]. Called at Mr. Dunham's but no one at home.

April 1, 1844. Brs. Holbrook and Turner have been laboring with my people the last week. Mr. H[olbrook] preached six sermons faithfully warning the sinner of guilt and danger and directing him to J[esus] C[hrist]. There were some cases of awakening. We labored faithfully with Mr. Shaw and [Mr.] Goodenow, the former seems hardened under an excess of light and knowledge—the latter suffers from a deficiency of the same. Marietta Estabrook expresses herself determined to be on the Lord's side. Mr. Chandler,⁷⁴ Jno. Van Horn,—[?] and Ralph Wright [and] Mrs. Fairbrother are awakened. The weather during most of our meetings was very unfavorable so that the attendance was small. On Saturday and Sunday the days were clear and our house [was] crowded. Br. H[olbrook] gained the favor of the people and is esteemed by them.

April 10. Returned last night from a circuit. On 1st inst. rode out in company with Br. Turner to Mr. Spaulding's $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile beyond Mineral creek. The old man got

⁷⁴Samuel Chandler was one of the revolvers, under the leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie, against the Canadian government in 1837-1838. Chandler, a wagon maker living at St. Johns on the Welland Canal, assisted Mackenzie to escape. In June, 1838, Chandler took part in an armed attack upon the Canadians at Overholt's Tavern, but the venture failed. Chandler was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was commuted to banishment for life in Van Dieman's Land, but after four years, Chandler escaped on a Yankee whaling vessel. He arrived in Jackson County in 1843. William Current, frequently mentioned in the diary, was in sympathy with the revolvers and left Canada to eventually settle in Jackson County.

into trouble by entering under peculiarly extenuating circumstances the claim of Mr. Osborne—a mob was raised and he compelled to give up his title. His life was and still is threatened. These circumstances and the abandoned State of Society in the Neighborhood have induced Mr. S[paulding] to buy out one-half of Mr. Brown's claim (120 Acres) North of Mr. Shaw's. Mr. S[paulding] promises to give the lot on the S. E. corner of this claim for our meeting house. Mrs. S[paulding] seems to be a good hearted woman. Their son Alonzo, is a worthy young man.

The next morning rode to Deacon Turner's (page 41 ad lib.) whence over the prairie, crossing Bear creek at Voltenburgh's and the Wapsipinicon at Crook's Ford one mile below Walnut creek, to the Seely settlement where a town has been laid out called Rome. Much of the Road we followed [was] a single wagon track—the wind was very high and all around the prairies were burning. Vast clouds of smoke rolled over the heavens. The settlement near Voltenburgh's consists of United Brethren. They originated and differ but a little from the Methodists—generally a moral and illiterate people. At Rome spent the night with Mr. Cleveland, a native of Eastern Massachusetts—his parents are now living in Roxbury—a gentleman of information and travel. We found him busy with a law suit (he being a Justice of the Peace) in which all the people seemed interested and which prevented our holding a meeting. Mr. C[leveland] has a good library. Unhappily, he is a Unitarian. His wife [is] of coarser habits and manners from N[ew] York, a Methodist professor, yet a kind hearted and active young woman. Mr. Stiver the blacksmith is quite a gentleman and pays a decent respect to religion—is from Ohio. Mr. Crooks is a fine family, the old gentleman from Rock River, originally from Erie Co. N[ew] York. The son [is] a very interesting man—his wife was sick and regarded dangerously so—expressed quiet and comfortable resignation to the Divine will. Mr. Crooks owns the Saw Mill in company with Mr. Seely.

His family are Methodists but want an intelligent ministry and like and respect and sympathize with Br. Turner. Visited Mrs. Warren from Worcester Co. Mass., a good but rather weak minded and credulous woman—came to this county with Mr. Whittemore from N[ew] Hampshire [and] brought several hundred dollars in money (proceeds from working in the factory) commenced school in Cascade but was obliged to give up from sickness, afterwards moved to Rome and opened school when Mr. Warren fell in with her and they married—with her money she has entered land and built, etc. Saw Mrs. McFarland who lives three miles West, originally [she was] a Congregationalist from Mass., but has been united with the Methodists—her husband is a fine and active man.

Rev. T. P. Emerson rather injured than benefited our cause. The fruits of his imprudences are seen along the Wapsipinicon. On the 3rd rode to Tipton, 20 miles thro Pioneer, Picayune, and Red Oak groves. In the latter dined with Mr. Robert Cousins from Ireland—has been in this county two years, came by way of N[ew] Orleans. [He is] an intelligent and generous hearted man—warmly and conscientiously attached to David's Psalms and cannot use anything else in the worship of God. Is much interested in Sabbath Schools—was a Superintendent in Ireland many years. There is an O[ld] [School] church of some 20 members in this grove. Mr. Ferguson is one of the elders. Mr. Mead has preached there the last year, but has left. Br. Turner by request was to preach for them on the 5th inst.

At Tipton found that Br. Alden had gone to the South part of the Territory—was disappointed in not seeing him. Tipton contains some 12 or 14 frame houses, two taverns, [and] one store. Stopped with Mr. Patterson

Fleming,⁷⁵ Clerk of the Court—a gentlemanly man yet I must confess to the appearance of smallness, his wife

⁷⁵In 1845, Mr. Fleming, then sheriff, was stabbed by Asa Young with a pen-knife. For a while the Flemings ran a tavern. Vide Aurner, *A Tropical History of Cedar County, Iowa* (1910), 1: 115.

appears a nice woman. Mr. Addison Gillett⁷⁶ keeps store, came to the Territory last summer from Hudson N[ew] York where [he] was a member of Dr. Waterbury's Church. Br. Alden has a hard row I plainly perceive, with no active professors to hold up his hands. On the 4th rode thru Postain's grove (where fed my horse and dined with Mr. Postain) [then to] Walnut grove, by Mr. Heller, over the Wapsipinicon at Algiers to Mr. Dulton's, some 34 miles—a long and hard ride. Mr. Dulton a member of the church in DeWitt, originally from Vermont, lived mostly in N[ew] York—a widower—keeps bachelor [quarters] with his two sons in a shabby way. In a bachelor's cabin one realizes the worth of the [other] sex. One of the sons has lately married a daughter of Mr. Heller. They are putting up a new house for her reception.

The next morning rode to Br. Emerson's [and] I found him with the ague and fever—he got lost a few weeks ago on the prairie going to Charleston in the wet. In consequence of his sickness he was unable to make preparations for the sacrament and wished me to go to Camanche to preach a funeral sermon for him according to his appointment. I went 15 miles East of Mr. Emerson's over the prairie. At Camanche enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Dunning and lady. They are from N[ew] York. Mr. Dunning [is] a native of Vermont: has lived in Troy where [he] married his wife and was member of Dr. Beman's Church—his wife a member of Dr. Snodgrass—he has heard Mr. Kirk. They came West some eight years ago. Spent one year in Chicago. Then Camanche had considerable of a name. Some of Mr. D[unning's] brothers came on with him. They took up a section of land. At that time there was no one but LeClair⁷⁷ in Davenport. Mr. Dunning visited its present site and preferred Camanche. They laid out some 8,000

⁷⁶His home was in block 17, and he maintained a general store in a small frame building on lot 5 in block 11. *Vide* Aurner, *op. cit.*, 1: 115.

⁷⁷Antoine Le Claire, variously a fur trader, government interpreter, postmaster at Davenport (1833), justice of the peace, and Davenport merchant. It is said that he knew and spoke fluently twelve or fourteen Indian dialects. For a biographical sketch, *vide* Franc B. Wilkie, *Davenport—Past and Present* (1858), pp. 167-169.

dollars, built the Beaver mills. This property now is of little value. Have a comfortable home. Mrs. D[unning] is not contented and would be glad to return—her maiden name was Monroe. Her parents now reside in N[ew] York. Mr. Holbrook took up a claim near them. They speak in the highest terms of his first wife.

Preached a funeral sermon for the death of Mr. Root—received 62½ c[en]ts for this sermon—the first money for ministerial services I have received this side of the Mississippi—he died Dec. 3. Was of [the] Baptist church [and] left a widow and several children. In the afternoon and evening preached in Albany for Mr. Jessup. His church occupy a small room over a ware house—had a good and attentive Congregation, tho in the afternoon just as I was commencing my sermon a steamboat (the New Brazil) came right along the warehouse which stands on the shore and disconcerted my hearers' attention. The people in Albany are a moral community, all go to meeting, the contrast between them and my people struck me very forcibly. The Presbyterian church was unfortunate in having a few years since a stiff O[ld] S[chool] minister whose excesses or deficiencies drove off some of the best members to form a Congregational Church. The division still remains and I could see no prospect of its termination. This is the most unpleasant thing in the field at Albany. The pillar in the Presbyterian church is Mr. Mitchell who lives 5 miles North on the road to Fulton. Mr. McKay lives several miles South towards Cordovia. Mr. Bothwell and Mr. Buck in the Congregational Church are men of worth, Mr. Mitchell, the ferryman, is a brother of Elder Mitchell, a gentlemanly man, not a professor, complains of the strife between the Churches. Mr. Jessup has a pleasant house, well furnished, a good library, and a good wife—found him just recovering from a severe bilious attack—his wife a daughter of Deacon Callender of 1st. Church in Buffalo. Br. J[essup] became acquainted with her when she was visiting a sister on Rock River. They were

married in Buffalo last summer. She is affectionate and intelligent and smart.

I should like now to have a home to come to and to rest for three days, but I have not the one and cannot do the other.

April 12. Br. Julius A. Reed⁷⁸ came along yesterday afternoon and spent [the] night with me—preaching in the evening. He was a native of East Windsor, Conn't. —was a teacher in [a] private family in Mississippi at Natchez one year—was settled at Warsaw, Ill. Once rode horseback from Jacksonville, Ill. to his father's house in six weeks—now at Fairfield, Jefferson County where [he] was installed over [the] Congregational Church last winter—his church is small. Into his region there is but little emigration from N[ew] E[ngland] or New York. [He] has been on an exploring tour through Buchanan and Delaware counties to find the best site for the location of a literary institution, the land in the neighborhood of Bennet's Mill, which Deacon Huddon purchased last year is too much under claim and the country is too far from the Mississippi. There are some other good mill sites the claims of which might be bought for a trifle—the geographical center of the county is entirely vacant and said to be well situated for timber. There are but few families in the county. Br. R[eed] thinks there is a population of about 100 and that they are hardly enough to call for Missionary laborers at present. He was rather better pleased with Delaware County tho in this county the best lands are all under claim. Coffin (in Township 6 west of range 89) near Prairie Creek is from Northampton, Mass., not a pious man, yet sympathizes with us and wants Presbyterian preaching. There is a settlement and fine timber in Eade's grove on Honey Creek (township 5 west of range 90). At Delhi the geographical center of Delaware Co. is but one cabin, on a fine prairie with good timber near —Br. R[eed] was the most favorably impressed with

⁷⁸Rev. Julius A. Reed began his labors in Fairfield, November 28, 1840, under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society at a church salary of \$100 annually, and continued to serve until August 1845 when he resigned to become Missionary of the Society in Iowa.

this location. Br. Reed complains of being much fatigued by his journey.

April 16. Preached last Sabbath (Apr. 14) at county seat.⁷⁹ There were present Deacon Cotton, his two daughters, daughter in law, Bemus Cotton, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Young and two sons, Mr. Means, Mr. Brown, Mr. Gleason[?] and daughter and wife and infant, Mr. Briggs, Mr. McGinnis, Miss Hadley and two Miss Davis': 20 [in the entire congregation]. The day was rainy which prevented my going to Bellevue to fulfill an appointment there in the afternoon. Spent Sabbath evening with Mr. Young on Bunch [?] reek (p. 34). He is of Irish extraction—his grandfather a native of Erin—has two likely, amiable boys, John and Thomas, who made a profession of religion last year in Pennsylvania—about 14 and 15 years old. Elizabeth, of about the same age, has also made a profession. Their other children are Wm., David, and James. A very promising family. Mr. John Means, a worthy young man [and a] member of Seceder Church lives with them—also Mr. Brown and Mr. Clark. Yesterday started off for Mr. Reed's to fulfill an appointment at 2 in the afternoon but a shower arising after I had gone $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile I returned and it clearing off in the afternoon I came to this place, Thomas [Young] guiding me through the woods as far as Mr. Chapman's near Mr. Trouts. Mr. Young was brought up in O[ld] S[chool] church but united with the N[ew] S[chool] under Mr. Pettibone, an Andover student.

April 17. Visited at Mr. Pangburn's—his boy Herbert has been sick four weeks. Dr. Effner thinks it a case of Diabetes. The sickness commenced with ague and fever at which time the boy (eight) had an ordinary appetite. He has since been wasting away and is now most a skeleton, but has an excessive appetite. He was a bright boy and [a] good scholar. His parents have been very stupid and I presume criminally negligent of religious education. I opened to him the probability of death, but he is

⁷⁹Andrew.

so young and has grown up in so much ignorance of the Saviour that I can form no judgment in relation to his state. The Lord bless this providence to the awakening of his parents, the only question the little fellow asked me was if Mr. Shaw had those testaments yet—on answering in the affirmative, he added, "I mean to get one."

[I] have been visiting round this week to stir up the people in relation to building a house for the Lord. There are various excuses—they are too poor—have too much else to do—must build a school house, don't like the proposed location etc. One man imploringly begged off by directing me to look at his coat, which, said he, however comfortable now was not so last winter, and again he bade me look at his shabby cabin. I wished myself, not from any desire for the toil or for the honor but from realizing that it was the only sure way of accomplishing the object, to push the matter to its issue, selecting the location and taking up subscriptions, appointing and superintending a building Committee, and having the house completed early in the Fall or Sept. 1st. I proposed that the property should be the property of the Church under [the] care of the Elders or of a Committee of the Church. But Mr. Shaw thinks the matter must be all done by the Society and the House be the property of the Society. I am obliged to coincide and tonight a meeting has been called.

April 18. Last night the meeting was held. Fifty dollars subscribed and the Trustees requested me to solicit aid in Dubuque and Galena. I leave this afternoon on this enterprise and on my route visit Cascade, Clayton County, and Fairplay to attend the ordination of Br. Lewis. Rec'd. this morning a letter from Br. Ch[arles] H. A. Bulkley⁸⁰ inquiring into this field in the Territories and as to what would be his prospects of usefulness. The expression of his feelings humbles me in my coldness. He writes in a nervous state of mind. I have not time today to send him an answer. God is answering my prayers

⁸⁰Rev. Charles H. A. Bulkley.

and those of his people here for new laborers by putting it into the hearts of his young servants to desire to endure hardness in this land for Christ. The Lord give me grace that I may faithfully lay the facts in the case before the mind of Br. B[ulkley].

April 25. Having postponed my visit to Clayton County, I returned to this point yesterday afternoon having spent one night with Br. Turner and three nights at Dubuque. Br. T[urner] secured a good hold in Cascade and if his patience and perseverance hold out he will have a good church in a few years. His contentment and willingness to endure hardships under many discouragements is almost a marvel. In riding from Cascade to Dubuque on Saturday afternoon (26 miles) was overtaken by a severe thunder shower and wet through to the skin. The voice of the thunder enters the soul of the man who is traveling alone on the naked prairie. The Mississippi is higher now than it has been for many years. Br. Holbrook, though he has a more dignified and important (as regards living) comfortable field than mine has yet nearly as hard a one. The money troubles in relation to the meeting house, and the alienation of some of the church members are disheartening. I succeeded in securing the promise of help in building our meeting house to the amount of some 30 dollars in work and materials. This was the first begging expedition I ever engaged in—disagreeable enough to one's sensitive feelings.

The boy referred to April 17, H[erbert], died at seven this morning, and his father has just been in to request me to preach the funeral sermon. O that the Lord may give me grace to be faithful and sanctify this Providence to the family and to the community. [I] have to preach a funeral sermon for Mrs. McGinnis. She died in childbed [and] gave no evidence of a change of heart—has left three small children.

May 9. 10th. Returned on Wednesday from a tour in Wisconsin. [On the] 30th ult. [I] crossed the Mississippi at Bellevue, ferried over the islands, the river being higher than it has been since 1828—was two hours in

crossing — called on Mr. Wood — his wife was killed three or four years ago by being thrown from a sleigh in going up the branch at Bellevue on [the] way to the meeting. Reached Fairplay just before dark where [I] enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Wood and lady (from Suffield, Conn't.), who keeps store and is an intelligent man and interested in religion; also of Mr. Rood and Mr. Simmons (from Canada) leader of the Methodist class there. The Moderator, Rev. E. G. Bradford, opened [the] Convention by [a] sermon on [the] immutability of Divine Purposes. [The] sermon was badly arranged, or rather there was no order about it. There were present [the following] ministers, Holbrook, Lewis (New Diggings), Bradford (Prairie Du Lac), Stevens (Platteville), Street (Cassville), Cook (Mineral Point), Turner and self. Afterwards Mr. Kent came in. Delegates [were] Richards, from Cassville, Barton from Fairplay, Clark from Platteville, Mills from Lancaster, Baker from Mineral Point, Rice from Potosi, Reed from Dubuque, [and] Simpson from New Diggings.

Br. Bradford was last year at Platteville. H[ome] M[issionary] v. 15, p. 279. [He] was formerly in Vermont [and] his habits are rather too strongly easternized for a western settlement, his manner not popular enough — a straight forward man and of real worth [and] of [a] well furnished mind. Br. Stevens was formerly Missionary of A. B. C. F. M. among the Sioux; has just accepted a call from Church in Platteville and is to be installed on the 11th. [of] June. Br. Lewis was ordained by the Convention. In the course of his examination he stated that he was reared in a Unitarian neighborhood (Walpole, Mass.) [and] when a lad was a clerk in [a] book store in Boston, where [he] was in the class of a faithful Sabbath School teacher and sat under [the] preaching of Dr. Beecher. Was awakened thro efforts of his S[abbath] S[chool] Teacher and attended Dr. B[eecher's] inquiry meeting. As soon as Dr. B[eecher] learned the state of his mind for several successive mornings he came to the store which it was Br. Lewis'

duty to open and sweep out by sunrise, and embraced that opportunity for private religious conversation.

Br. Street is [the] son of Gen. Street; formerly was something of an Indian trader and did business at Cassville, [but] was unfortunate in trade—was aroused in a revival, was useful in exhortation, the Methodists endeavored to get him as a preacher in their connection, at [the] request of some of the church [members] in Cassville [he] was licensed for one year by [the] Convention. He applied to this Convention for a renewal of his license which was granted altho the examination was not satisfactory. There [during the examination] Mr. Street dated the Reformation at the 8th. century and made Calvin an Anglican. Br. Cook formerly was connected with St. Joseph Presbytery, came to Mineral Point for six months expecting to be settled at termination of that period, but has not given satisfaction, seems to have rather over many sharp points in his character, his appearance not prepossessing. Br. Richards appears a devoted pleasant man. Br. Barton is intelligent. Father Clark is [the] father of Br. Holbrook's wife, from Conn't., was steward of Illinois college. Br. Jos. T. Mills [is] a native of Kentucky, cousin of Rev. Thornton Mills of Cincinnati, studied at Jacksonville, held an office in Indian agency at Prairie Du Chien, a man of acute mind, liberal soul, rather inclined to enthusiasm. Br. Rice is an excellent brother, of warm devoted soul, from Chatauqua Co. N[ew] Y[ork] [and] has lived at Fulton, Illinois, where his father now resides. [I] was pleased with the orderly business manner of [the] Convention. Father Kent's ordination sermon was on consecration of property to Christ, and on comfortable support of Ministers—a plain good sermon (all written) nothing new or brilliant. Mr. Kent is a man of large experience, prudence and common sense.

On May 2nd visited Platteville, dined with Mr. Clark's family. The Dr. [is] an intelligent man, his wife a niece of Mr. Holbrook—an interesting family. Visited Br. Stevens, his wife [is] a fine woman—some six children.

Br. S[tevens] urged me to come over and labor in Wisconsin. On the Big Platte at Mr. Kenzie's, 9 miles from Lancaster, visited Mr. Drake, at the bridge, from western N[ew] Y[ork]—the church there has 22 members—wish to erect a meeting house this summer. Rode on to Lancaster which has a handsome situation—the finest court house I have seen in this section, two taverns, two stores, a weekly newspaper and some thirty families in the neighborhood. I rode in company with Mr. Mills—he almost insisted upon my settling with them. Spent one night at his house and another with Widow Otis, from Pennsylvania, has lived at Belvidere, Ill.—a very pleasant woman. Preached in the court house on Worldliness [and] had an attentive and intelligent congregation of about sixty—called on Mr. Otis, and Barber and Ward, storekeepers. Mr. Wiltse, Editor of Grant Co. Herald, an intelligent and gentlemanly man, has lived in Texas. Mr. Mahood [is] a native of Virginia whence he removed on ac't of Slavery first to Indiana and 12 years ago to Mineral Point, a very excellent man, well informed—has been afflicted with the gravel for 20 years. Mr. Macaulay, father of [the] one of [the] same name mentioned Dec. 21. Mr. Fletcher, his son in law lives with him.

May 4th rode to Potosi—called on Mrs. Mosehead three miles East of P[otosi], a native of Derry, N[ew] H[ampshire], has taught school in Dubuque, a very pleasant lady. Saw her sister, Mrs. Page and daughter, Mrs. P. thinks she has experienced religion—was a gay worldly minded woman, but met with severe crosses. Mr. M[osehead], an Englishman, was successful in mining and has now a fine farm. Potosi is curiously situated on the sides of a long and crooked hollow. It is vulgarly known as Snake Hollow, from the fact that the first mineral found there was taken from a cave which was surrounded by snakes. For the history of the church vide H[ome] M[issionary] v. 15, pp. 57, 222. I found it scattered and feeble. Mr. Warren was expected to labor with them, but was detained in the eastern portion of

the Territory so that the church has had no preaching this winter. Some of the members have become discouraged. Some united with the Methodists who have been holding a protracted meeting in [the] Presbyterian Meeting House this winter and some have gone back. Br. Rice is the leading and most active man in the church.

There is [also] Mr. Gillaspie, native of North Ireland [who] has lived in N[ew] Y[ork] city where [he] was a distiller, afterwards in Virginia; Mrs. Bicknall, Dr. Bicknall, a native of Rhode Island, an intelligent clever man as also his brother a merchant; Miss Fisher, teacher, lived in Canada, taught school in Beloit. Called on Mr. Emerson, lawyer, native of Maine, is dissatisfied with Society in Potosi and preparing to move to Racine; his wife a very fine lady, good singer, was teacher in Academy at Parsonsfield, Maine, a Baptist. The Sunday I spent there was rainy, had a congregation of about 45. On my return was detained a day in crossing the river—crossed at Weld's Ferry 10 miles above Dubuque. In crossing was overtaken by heavy shower and wet through. I stopped at Sage's Mill on [the] Little Maquoketa but Mr. Simms (pp. 30-31) was not there, the mill not being in operation in consequence of the back water from the Mississippi. On returning here found a letter from Mr. Buck of Mineral Point, W. T.⁸¹ desiring me to come and see the Church. Is the Lord thus opening a wider door of usefulness before me? O Lord lead me in the way in which thou wouldst have me to go.

Visited Mrs. Pangburn, found her soft and tender; visited Mr. Earl, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Marshall, a native of Conn't. near Stamford, formerly owned Mr. McCloy's mill property, injured himself by hard work and is now in consumption. Day before yesterday what he supposes an ulcer broke on his lungs and discharged largely and now he has some relief. He and his wife have been Professors in [the] Baptist church some nine years. At Potosi saw Mr. Wood, native of Boxford, Mass., an old bachelor, lived many years in Onondaga Co. N[ew]

⁸¹W.T. refers to Wisconsin Territory; "I.T." on page 74, et seq., refers to Iowa Territory.

York, where [he] was engaged in making salt—thinks there are salt springs in Essex Co. Mass., from the fact that in the examination of the waters on the coast of Mass., the largest impregnations of salt were in waters taken from [the] mouths of Merrimack and Plum rivers.

Of [the] votes taken in April on subject of a Convention for forming a Constitution for a State Government, there were

For a Convention	6,719
Against	3,974
<hr/>	
Whole number of votes	10,693
Majority for Convention	2,745

This is taken from the proclamation of the Governor,⁸² but it does not include the votes in [the] Counties of Clayton, Washington, and Davis from which the returns had not been sent in, which however, would probably have made the whole number of votes in the Territory near 12,000.

May 15. Saw Mr. Corbin who lives [in the] house west of Mr. Burleson's, a Unitarian in sentiment, was the first Merchant in Milwaukee (in 1836) who had on a stock of goods from N[ew] York, was unfortunate in trading by crediting his goods, afterwards engaged in forwarding, grocery and baking business.

May 18. Read today, Jos. Scott Kirkpatrick's "Private thoughts on Theology", published at Dubuque 1839.⁸³ There is much bad grammar and bad use of language. The foundation of his errors is in relation to original condition of Adam who acted then instinctively and ignorantly. He supposes Satan told the truth, Gen. 3:5,⁸⁴ and that the Lord speaks literally in Gen. 3:22⁸⁵ and that Adam did not have the complete image of God until

⁸²Gov. John Chambers' message of May 1, 1844. *Vide* Benj. F. Shambaugh (ed.), *Messages and Proclamations of the Governors of Iowa* (1903), 1: 308-309 for complete text.

⁸³The full title of this twenty-eight page pamphlet is: Joseph S. Kirkpatrick, *Private Thoughts on Theology to the Serious Enquirer after Truth*. Russell & Reeves, Printers. Du Buque, 1839. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, has a copy.

⁸⁴Genesis 3:5. . . . for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil.

⁸⁵Genesis 3:22. And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever:

his transgression which says the writer was "the very finishing stroke" that stamped in him the image of God and consummation of the great design of man's creation." So that "the account of what divines term the fall is in reality the plain and simple narration of man's creation." The death in Gen. 2:17⁸⁶ according to Mr. K[irkpatrick] is spiritual death only. Mr. K[irkpatrick] further discourses on the free volition of the mind—supposes the atonement has no influence on the gov[ernment] of God, but only on the mind of sinner as a motive to him to repent, and that there is no such thing as punishment (properly so called) in Gov[ernment] of God, but only consequences of sin.

Br. E. Alden has spent a few days with me, informs me that [the] brethren met in April at Denmark [and] concluded that it was important to make a beginning in relation to a College and appointed Rev. Asa Turner (p. 21) their agent to collect funds in the East for the purchase of a college site and to raise a colony. Rev. Mr. Boal was ordained in April at Black Hawk by Des Moines Presbytery. Mr. C. R. Fisk after having succeeded in the erection of a house and meeting house at Black Hawk has lost the favor of the people and is about leaving. He is a son of Rev. Mr. Fisk of Wrentham, Mass. Br. Alden is very much encouraged at Tipton; has formed a church of three members—is contented.

Mr. Pangburn and family have all been to meeting regularly since death (p. 62) of their little boy. Before that had not been to meeting since I came here, and had not been in the memory of his oldest neighbors here. He confesses his sin.

May 28. Visited last week Maquoketa Cave (p. 50) in company with Bs. Holbrook and Alden—in the sight of the natural bridge felt the inadequacy of all descriptions I had given of it. Thro fear of exaggeration I had not told the half. In our company were Mrs. Holbrook, Mr. Van Horn and his sisters, Mr. Dennison and his sister, Mrs. Montague. The passing thro the cave immediately

⁸⁶Genesis 2:17. . . . but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

below the bridge was an occasion of exciting interest. We had with us a few dim candles. None of us had ever heard any particular description of the cave. It was literally terra incognita—a branch of the Creek runs thro the cave which keeps it wet and muddy. On we went more and more venturesome thro wet & mud. Having gone about 500 feet we came to a bend of the cave to the right where the water obstructed the farther progress of the ladies. Br. Alden, Mr. Van Horn and myself waded through the water and soon reached the mouth of the cave at the other end. The cave must be some 600 or 800 feet long. Farther down the ravine we entered the mouths of other caves but having unfortunately put our lights out were unable to make farther explorations.

On returning in crossing South Fork at Phillipps Ford my horse which was in Mr. Holbrook's wagon lay down in the water, broke one of the shafts. Mr. H[olbrook] and myself got into the water, freed the horse from the buggy and dragged it to shore. Fortunately, Mrs. H[olbrook] had exchanged her seat in the buggy for the horse I was riding.

Last week attended Iowa North Association at DeWitt. [There] were present Brs. Holbrook, Alden, Emerson and self, and delegates from churches in Andrew, DeWitt and Maquoketa. A day of small things. But oh, how rapid and great the increase of the next twenty, nay even ten years. The subject of a union of Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in Northern Iowa was discussed—Brs. Holbrook and Turner appointed to correspond on the subject and report a plan of Union.

June 17. Have got behind in writing up my journal from want of time. Spent the first Sabbath of this month in Mineral Point. This settlement the next oldest to that of Galena in the mines. There was a stockade there during the Black Hawk war. The ministers who have preached there are Messrs. Chaffee, Adams, and Cooke. The last, a brother of Parsons Cooke of Lynn, Mass., was in Michigan City. His removal to Mineral Point was con-

trary to the views of Mr. Badger; is regarded as an able preacher but harsh on those whose opinions differ from his. His manner not prepossessing. Mr. Gallahan labored there when in this region—is to be expected some of his converts are gone back and others (Mr. Bracker, Mr. Tilly) are decided & useful Christians. Mr. Curtis Beach is the main pillar of the church, from N[ew] York State, a successful merchant, regarding himself as a steward of the Lord. Mr. Hatch, one of his clerks, is a promising young man. Mr. Carter [is] the chorister, his wife is a member of the church. Mr. Rhinerson, his wife a daughter of Mr. Mosley.

June 3, [I] attended a three days meeting at Elk Grove in Mr. Henry Curtis' barn. One of the most solemn and blessed meetings I ever attended; Mr. Henry Curtis and wife, Horace Curtis and their father, a man of gray hairs, Capt. Dehckerst and wife and nephew of same name and wife, and others came forward and avowed themselves on the Lord's side.

On Friday, June 7, Br. J. J. Hill arrived in Dubuque; last week, June 10, I went up to see him, was much pleased with the energy, activity and soul of his wife. I hired a buggy and drove him to Clayton Co. Went to Floyd's by Bent's furnace, 20 miles N. W. of Dubuque, whence 17 miles to Millville on Turkey river at the mouth of a creek, the Little Turkey. Millville is about four miles from the mouth of Turkey river. We found the river very high and not fordable; swam my horse, took our wagon apart and carried it over on a skiff—found Mr. Emerson, one of the mill owners, a very smart and polite man; became acquainted with Major Sands [?] a large landholder in that region. Spent the night with Mr. Grebell, Pennsylvania Dutch. The road very bad and full of slues between Floyd and Millville. Jacksonville, the County Seat of Clayton, is situated on a high rolling prairie, good timber at the distance of a mile on two sides of it. Stopped with Mr. James Watson, native of N[orth] Carolina, raised in Missouri, lived in Dubuque, was elder in Presbyterian church there, an upright man,

has a large flock of sheep in partnership with Mr. Thompson of Dubuque. His wife a fine woman of gentle manners, in feeble health. Spent the night with Mr. Gay, an excellent and faithful brother, formerly a member of church in Princeton, Ill. and now of Potosi, W. T. Mr. Kirkpatrick, member of [the] church in Potosi lives with him. Called on Mr. Kinney. Mr. Banfield keeps public house.

Thursday, 13th inst. Rode to Boardman's [a distance of] 13 miles. He was native of Vermont, educated under Presbyterian principles, engaged in [the] milling business in North Eastern N[ew] York and in Canada, came some eight years ago by way of Green Bay to his place, went up Turkey river in a boat in search of mill privilege and selected his present site, the river runs over a rock bottom with rock sides, some ten feet high and a little beyond this are higher banks, whence a level plain extending back to bluffs 100 feet high. A dam can easily be built and there are excellent sites for building mills. There is a natural way for constructing a channel in which to carry water down along the bank. There are some ten or twelve families in the neighborhood, but Mr. Boardman thinks there are several sections of good farming land still unoccupied. Mr. Bronson and family live with Mr. Boardman. I told Mr. Boardman in relation to the enterprise now on foot to establish an academical institution in Iowa and that its friends were looking round for a favorable location. He expressed gratification that his place should be visited with reference to this, and a willingness to dispose of part of his interest there to such an object.

On June 3, this region was visited with an extensive and destructive hurricane. At [the] mouth of Lytell's creek the house of Jesse Lade was thrown down and his family much injured. Stout oak trees were thrown to the ground, injury was done in Clinton, Cedar and Iowa County. House of Mr. Snow at DeWitt was thrown down. At Albany, Moline, and other places in Illinois injury was done.

On returning from Boardman's last week, crossed the Turkey a mile below Boardman's, crossed the Volga and Elk creek near Wyman's settlement by a saw mill and rode to the Colony Settlement in the edge of Clayton and Delaware thro much timber till 9½ P. M. in [the] dark evening when [I] came to the house of Mr. Mallory, where scared up the people and lodged; a large family [of] eight or nine sons, a pine log house. Mr. M[allory] brought up a Presbyterian but now a Nothingarian, from N[ew] York; ancestors from Conn't. Mr. Morlin, a better family to stay with, a mile this side. Mr. Montgomery in that settlement is an O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterian. Mr. Cole, Universalist preacher, impotent in his limbs, has settled in that neighborhood; proud and conceited man—of considerable reading. Friday, June 14, rode all day in most severe rain, by Floyd's, 24 miles, and reached Dubuque just before dark. One mile West of Floyd's passed in the road one cross some twenty-five feet high and a smaller one some ten feet high in front of a Romish Mass house. Thus in all the journey of some 175 miles I passed but one meeting house and saw but one preacher (with the exception of those in Dubuque) and that meeting house was a Romish one and that preacher a Universalist.

July 22. Am again far behind in my journal, have not had opportunity to make a record.

The church at Mineral Point have given Mr. Warren a call. They blundered in sending for me while he had their application to him still under consideration. He was an old personal friend of Mr. Beach and the man of his choice.

At Platteville, on the 26th of June received a call from [the] church in Potosi to settle with them; visited them and found a good degree of cordiality and unanimity towards me among the people. I thought I should leave the matter to the decision of the A. H. M. S., but in [a] letter received today from the Society nothing is said on the subject, though in my report to them on May 9th I asked their advice. Saw Mr. Peet in Dubuque last week.

He advised strongly my going to Potosi and guaranteed me the sanction of the A. H. M. S. in so doing. I wait only for more light.

Mr. Brown, school teacher in Mineral Point, is a worthy young man—not polished but naturally of good strong inquiring mind. Mr. Hallow, Primitive [*sic*] Methodist preacher, an amiable man.

In Platteville heard Mr. Ravenaugh, presiding Elder, lecture on Temperance—an easy fluent speaker, rather pompous, gairish and haughty—native of Kentucky.

Mr. White who owns the house Br. Stevens lives in and boards with him, was an Indian trader in Milwaukee.

In Potosi, Mr. Lyon [*is*] a very pious man, praying much, belongs to Primitive Methodists, also Mr. Greenwood.

Of the members of [the] Presbyterian church are, Mr. Cuisins, (two brothers) Mr. Bristow, native of Kentucky, converted under Mr. Peet's and Mr. Holbrook's labors there, Mr. Neavill, native of Ohio, where was brought up with Calvinistic Baptists.

Spent 4th July at Dubuque—rained severely. Heard addresses of Messrs. Green and Merrit and of Br. Holbrook. Oh, it was delightful to hear the memories of our Puritan ancestors spoken of with veneration and love this side of the Mississippi. The Sabbath School celebration was very interesting. I enjoyed it much—Mr. Holbrook urged on the children the importance of studying the Bible, which offended some Papists who were present.

Visited Bloomfield S. School July 14. It contains 32 children and 6 Teachers.

The country was very wet the last of June and the first part of this month. The Maquoketa very high, crops destroyed. The two last Sabbaths have been very pleasant. My congregation has generally been about fifty in four different places.

Was glad to meet in Dubuque Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley (p. 61); he intends locating in Wisconsin. Mr. Peet is pleased with him and his qualifications for usefulness.

July 23. Enjoyed a sweet and profitable season of prayer $\frac{1}{2}$ mile West of Deacon Cotton's yesterday—committed my way unreservedly to the Lord.

August 17. Rode to Tete Des Morts [on] July 25, so called from the legend that a band of Indians was driven by their foes to a precipitous bluff near the mouth of the creek whence they cast themselves on the rocks beneath, preferring destruction in this way to falling into the hands of their enemies. Spent the night with Mr. Potter's family. Mrs. P[otter] seems to have been converted. Mr. P[otter] unwilling and I know not but unable to lift the voice of prayer in his family; two interesting boys, Nelson and Philip.

Crossed the Mississippi at [the] mouth of Tete Des Morts in a skiff in the rain, and walked to Galena thru the mud. Enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Kent. Rode to Potosi in stage, fare \$1.50; dined at Menominie (Mr. Gilman's, an old settler). This is one of Br. Lewis's preaching places. Crossed the Platte river at Junction of Big and Little Platte. On the other side is Paris where are some ten good dwelling houses, but one family; at one time a little business was done there, now none.

July 28. [I] had a large congregation at Potosi, the house full. Visited thro the week Mr. Grigsley, lived in Missouri (under the influence and a great admirer of Dr. Nelson, has a second wife, has united with the Methodists—belongs to Presbyterian church); Neaville, Bristow, Mosehead, Ayres, (here saw Mr. Sawyer and sister, native of New Ipswich, N. H. now residing in Denmark, I. T., and Mr. Case from Ohio [who] has lived some two years in Denmark, I. T.)

July 29. Rev. E. Adams came to see me. I rode with him to Cassville, stopping over night with Mrs. Booth, from Lester,⁸⁷ Mass., Methodist family, Br. Adams is laboring in one of our most thickly populated counties, the people are western, and the ground occupied by O[ld] S[chool], Cumberland Presbyterians, Seceders, &c., so

⁸⁷Refers probably to Leicester, Mass.

that if a more open door for usefulness should be set before him, it would be his duty to leave.

At Cassville I saw Mr. Street. He had preached his farewell sermon to the church and expects to remove his family in Sept. to the neighborhood of his relatives at the Old Agency in Wapello Co., Iowa. Dined with Mr. Richards, his wife a daughter of Mr. Curtis, has been unfortunate in his affairs. Cassville has a very pleasant location, good landing, will be a fine town when the back country is settled. Spent a night with Mrs. McCartweigh (sister of Mrs. Kilbourne), a good woman, married last spring to Mr. Mc[Cartweigh] who was a widower with large family and sceptical.

Dined with Mr. Fred Sprague on Grant river, a very intelligent Christian from Ontario County, N. Y., lived many years in Michigan.

Monday morning, August 5, by daylight started for Beloit, in company with Miss Fisher. Mr. Rice took us to Platteville 16 miles, whence in a wagon with Br. Stevens and Holbrook to New Diggins, 16 miles, where fell in with Bros. Turner, and Adams, to Mr. Clymer's, 14 miles on the Eastern edge of Gratiot's grove where spent the night. The next morning over the prairie to Winslow 19 miles, breakfasted with Mr. Kneeland, brother of Mrs. Meacham near Cascade. Winslow is on the Pickatonic. The property chiefly owned in Boston. Mr. Gardner, Hardware Merchant, a large owner, a good mill; drove that afternoon thro Oneco where is Rev. Mr. Hazard to Sugar creek Grove, put up at Mr. Pierson's, 26 miles, saw Mr. Moffet who has recently purchased the farm [and] intends to have 300 Acres in wheat this fall. [He is] from N[ew] Jersey and Orange Co., N[ew] York, lived in Milwaukee, belonged to Mr. Miter's church and paid 200 dollars for the meeting house there. The next morning, Aug. 7, drove to Beloit eighteen miles, thus 109 miles from Potosi to Beloit. At Beloit enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Bicknall, who keeps the Beloit House and of Miss Fisher's family.

Beloit is a beautiful village well laid out, spacious

streets, on the East bank of Rock river—the buildings are neat. The Congregational church is a very fine stone building, plain and handsome and commodious.

The Subject of a College in Wisconsin and Northern Illinois has been talked of for several years and premature steps have frequently been taken, but nothing decisive and satisfactory accomplished. In Convention in Cleveland in June were several interested in this object and Rev. T. Baldwin and a convention of friends to the cause in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa was proposed to be held in Beloit Aug. 6 to consult in establishing Colleges and more particularly on their location. In pursuance of an informal call in this way, some sixty gentlemen were met in Beloit. The Rev. A. Kent was appointed Chairman and Mr. Jason Marsh of Rockford, Secretary. Convention opened with prayer by Rev. S. Peet.

It was universally agreed that Iowa should have a College by itself, but much discussion was had and much sectional prejudice manifested as to [a] union of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois in establishing one College. *Each* seemed to be very willing to unite with the other, if the other would unite in building the college on *their* side of the line. It was however, finely agreed on that it was expedient for Northern Illinois and Wisconsin to unite in establishing one College. It was proposed to establish the institution on the line, but finally agreement was come to on proposition of Mr. Kent to establish both a College and a female Seminary—Beloit and Rockford are the rival places for these institutions. A committee of ten was appointed to examine and report on [the] subject of [the] location of them to the next Convention, which is to consist of each minister and a delegate from each church in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, to be held Oct. 29 at Beloit.

I became slightly acquainted with most of the gentlemen present. Mr. Clary, pastor of the church in Beloit, seems to be a thorough, active and efficient man, a clear mind, his wife a sister of Rev. J. Burchard [later insert

in pencil—"a mistake"]; Mr. Clary was formerly in Watertown, N[ew] York. [Attending the meeting were:] Rev. H. Foote of Racine; A. Gaston (Delavan) of amiable appearance; H. Lawrence of Elkhorn, in Lane Seminary with [the] class of Rev. O. Emerson, lately in Toledo, Ohio, which he left in consequence of its sickliness; Marcus Hicks of Chicago, an active stirring man.⁸⁸ N. Wright of Belvidere, of solid character and substantial worth; Hiram March, Instructor in Galesburg, of practical common sense; C. Waterbury of Freeport, opinionated and dogmatic; Ebenezer Brown of 12 mile grove, of good judgment and warm and generous heart; O. W. Norton, of Roscoe, of N[ew] York Theo[logical] Seminary; Lewis Benedict of Picatonic; H. Taylor, has bought a farm near Picatonic; N. C. Clark, Elgin; R. M. Pearson, Grand De Tour; J. B. Potter, Rockford; S. Smalley, Amazon; T. Baldwin, Alton; J. J. Minter, Milwaukee; A. L. Chapin, Milwaukee; O. B. Clinton, Aztalar; S. E. Mims, Madison; E. W. Hewitt, Milton; C. Nichols, Lafayette; C. E. Rosenkrans, Troy; C. H. A. Bulkley, Janesville; L. Bridgeman, Pewaukee; E. B. Turner, Jno. C. Holbrook, E. Adams [from] Iowa; L. H. Loss, Ohio; besides lay gentlemen from various places. Mr. Loss made some valuable remarks on the subject of common school and academical education. Mr. L[oss] has become principal of an Academy at Beloit. Returning we came to Cummings in Rock grove 29 miles, to Winslow 15 miles, to New Diggings by way of Gratiot's mill on Wolf creek thirty-four miles, and to Bellevue by way of Galena 26 miles. Visited Bellevue, Charleston and the Forks this week and returned to Cottonville yesterday.

Aug. 20. Cottonville. A very heavy rain last Saturday night and Sabbath morning. Rode in the rain to county seat, but four persons present. Had a prayer meeting—went on to Maquoketa and had a small congregation.

⁸⁸A marginal note of Wm. Salter opposite this paragraph reads: "*Vide Iowa Transcript, published at Dubuque, Aug. 30, 1844.*"

Rec'd yesterday a letter (Aug. 3) from Mr. Badger advising me to remain in Iowa.⁸⁹ I trust it is of the Lord, and tho in many respects the field in Potosi would have been a more desirable one to labor in, I cheerfully shall endeavor to bear the heat and burden of the day here.

Cottonville, Sept. 12, 1844. Went to Dubuque, Mr. Kilbourne's (where took tea, Mrs. K[ilbourne] confined,) and Fairplay where enjoyed hospitality of Mr. Rood August 23. Next day [went] to Platteville where made known to Br. Stevens the contents of my letter from Mr. Badger. Br. S[tevens] was much affected in view of the suffering conditions of [the] church in Potosi, thought the advice of the A. H. M. S. injudicious, and was rather of [the] opinion that I ought to go notwithstanding. Went to Potosi that afternoon and spent the Sabbath [and] had a large congregation in the forenoon, some 150. The Church expressed much regret in view of my declining a call and unanimously and feelingly renewed their expressions of attachment to me, and of [the] desire that I might become Pastor of the Church.

Monday Aug. 26. Rode to Cassville, enjoyed hospitality of Mr. Fred Sprague and Mr. Richards; crossed the river Tuesday morning, was landed in the mud, and traveling through slues, mud, &c., "seeking dry places" over the bottom below [the] mouth of Turkey river which has been overflowed most of the season. Crossed the Turkey in the dirty bottom of a frail canoe, swimming my horse and reached Jacksonville⁹⁰ that afternoon. Br. Hill⁹¹ has made a good start, secured the affection and confidence of the community, and has encouraging prospects, for all which due credit must be given to his amiable, cheerful, happy and happy-making wife. A Congregational church was formed Sept. 1. Watson and Gay were elected deacons. The Articles of Faith and Covenant are generally those of the Wisconsin Convention. The members are: Br. Hill and wife, Watson

⁸⁹This letter is quoted in Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 671.

⁹⁰Called Prairie Laporte Post Office in 1839, name changed to Jacksonville, December 12, 1843, and to Garnaville, May 27, 1846.

⁹¹Rev. James J. Hill remained in Jacksonville until November 4, 1849.

and wife,⁹² Gay and wife⁹³ and two daughters,⁹⁴ Kinney and wife⁹⁵ and Kirkpatrick.⁹⁶

Rev. A. N. Wells, Chaplain at Fort Crawford, Prairie Du Chien, (18 miles N[orth] East) was present and preached one sermon from Ezek. 18:31.⁹⁷ He is a man of many excellencies, of very benevolent and tender feelings, generous soul and of very general knowledge. Preached several years in Brownville, N[ew] York—graduated at Union College where was Tutor, studied divinity with Dr. Nott. Was the first Protestant minister in Detroit and Pastor of First Presbyterian Church there 12 years—it was *thought* he had an anemism on his heart and was obliged to cease preaching. *This* has proved a mistake, but his constitution is shattered and he has to be very careful of himself. He broke off a few years since at once from an excessive and constant use of tobacco. He describes his sensations at that period as painful and distressing in the extreme, and as nearly making him delirious, but now he has no hankering for it; is fond of sporting, killed squirrel and pigeons; was brought up to trade of a saddler. Mr. Lockwood, Elder of Presbyterian church at Prairie Du Chien and brother of Mr. Lockwood of Dubuque came over with Mr. Wells; manifests an interest in every good work.

Had a Temperance meeting at Jacksonville [on] Aug. 31 at which Mr. Wells and self made addresses.

Mr. Mason Noble,⁹⁸ lawyer, native of Mississippi, lived in Grant Co. W. T., a growing young man, intelligent, a desire of popularity leads him at times astray from the path of high morality, expresses an interest in the general weal of society—of gentlemanly manners—married this summer, his wife from neighborhood of Alton.

⁹²James Watson settled on sections 17 and 18 in Garnaville Township, Clayton County, and gave the site for the town when the county seat was located at Garnaville.

⁹³John M. Gay and wife, Sarah.

⁹⁴Nancy J. Gay and Mary Gay.

⁹⁵Alfred Kinney and Mrs. Penely Kinney.

⁹⁶Hugh L. Kirkpatrick of Potosi, Wisconsin.

⁹⁷Ezekiel 18:31. Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart, and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

⁹⁸There was an attorney, Reuben Noble, who came to Jacksonville in 1843, but I find no Mason Noble.

Dr. Andros⁹⁹ from Mass. a wicked man; gentleman, kind-hearted, his father a Congregational clergyman yet living. The Dr. has a boy named after Dr. Storrs of Braintree, Mass. Mrs. Andros much of a lady in her appearance. Mr. Whitman a promising young man. Mrs. Kinney had a son baptized whom she named after Br. Hill.

Monday, Sept. 2. Went to Prairie Du Chien with Mr. Wells, Lockwood, Hill and Mrs. Hill thro a beautiful prairie country, well timbered, which must in a few years be thickly settled. Prairie Du Chien presented a beautiful appearance from this side of the river as the rays of the setting sun were reflected from the garrison and other neat white buildings, crossed in ferry boat landing at the lower town—spent the night with Mr. Lockwood's pleasant family, Mrs. L[ockwood] a second wife. Tuesday morning visited the garrison.¹⁰⁰ Mrs. Wells, a second wife, very much discontented, native of Hudson N[ew] York. A Miss Salter from Philadelphia has been visiting a sister (wife of Lieut. ———) in the garrison this summer. She is now visiting a brother Dr. S[alter] at Moline, Ill.

Mr. Wells was well acquainted with Mr. Gale (now of Galesburg, Ill.) Finney, Burchard, thinks if Mr. B. had enjoyed the benefits of a good education he would have made one of the most eminent ministers in our country—or it may have been that a good education would have inflated his vanity and ruined him. Mr. Finney had been an opposer of religion and when he pretended to be under religious impressions, pious men thought he was making fun of them and begged him to desist until in admiring wonder of Divine Grace they were compelled to ask "Is Saul also among the Prophets"?

The Father of Mr. Clary of Beloit was a pious deacon, old school and opposed to new measures and protracted

⁹⁹Dr. Frederick Andros is said to be the first settler in Garnaville Township, locating on the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 20, township 93, north, range 3 west, in January 1836. He moved to McGregor in 1865, and later to Mitchell, Dakota. *Vide* Interstate Publishing Company, *The History of Clayton County, Iowa* (1892), p. 786.

¹⁰⁰For a history and description of Fort Crawford, *vide* Bruce E. Mahan, *Old Fort Crawford and the Frontier*, Iowa City, 1926.

meetings—a revival was in progress and he did not come to the meetings. One day while harvesting his oats his feelings changed, he drove to meeting and after [the] sermon told the people that if he ever experienced religion he did that day in his field. The revival went on powerfully—it was reported that the old deacon had given up his old hope and obtained a new one. But, explained the Deacon, I said if I ever experienced religion I experienced it *again*.

Mr. Wells is very sociable and has a fund of information on all subjects.

Tuesday Sept. 3. [I] crossed the Wisconsin at Brunnett's [?] Ferry—saw a Frenchman there [a] native of Canada who has been there 26 years—dined at Patch's on [the] prairie (where they have been settled nine years), rode to Lancaster ¹⁰¹ 20 miles. Br. Lewis preached from Heb. 2:3¹⁰² [on] *The Great Salvation*. There not being a quorum present of [the] Mineral Point Convention, Convention adjourned to Platteville [on] Oct. 2. Enjoyed hospitality of Mr. Mills.

Bro. Stevens and Lewis were united [in the judgment] that I ought to go to Potosi. Br. Rice informed me of the strong desires of the church in Potosi that I should come there and of their proposition to support me independently of the A. H. M. S., but as I have regarded the advice of the A. H. M. S. as an indication of Divine Providence, I could give no encouragement. I learn that Rev. Mr. Kendall of [the] last class at Andover is coming into [the] Mining region, and I strongly recommended him to Br. Rice, and hope he may go to Potosi. Mr. Holbrook has a call from [the] church at Mineral Point—he postpones his decision until his return from the East.

Arrived at Dubuque Sept. 5—found Mr. Lancaster (from Missouri, Springfield and Jacksonville, Ill.) a Campbellite, preaching in [the] Presbyterian church to

¹⁰¹The plat of Lancaster was recorded May 1, 1837. An excellent description of the Wisconsin territory over which Mr. Salter traveled at various times may be found in Rev. Alfred Brunson's, "A Methodist Circuit Rider's Horseback Tour from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin, 1835," in the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 15: 264-291.

¹⁰²Hebrews 2:3. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; . . . ?

large congregations. He has formed a church. Mr. Mobley, Cashier of Miner's Bank of Dubuque [is] the pillar of the society. Mr. Lancaster was a Methodist Preacher, a fluent speaker, powerful voice—he succeeded in gaining the itching ears of Dubuque.

Spent a few hours with Mr. Kent day before yesterday, Sept. 10. He expresses concern for Potosi and doubt as to the question of my duty to go there. He suggested the probability of Mr. Holbrook's going to Mineral Point and in that case the expediency of my supplying Dubuque. O that the Lord may guide our steps.

The Lord's hand is over me for good, preserving me from dangers seen and unseen. I am under fresh obligations to be entirely devoted to the work of the Lord. In His providence the door of Wisconsin seems to be shut against me. I will trust in the Lord, and by his grace do good.

The people at Beloit and Picatonic have proposed to subscribe very liberally if the seminaries are located in their respective villages. O that we had such a population in Iowa. At these places they engage to put up a suitable building at cost of about eight and six thousand dollars.

In Dubuque made the acquaintance of Mr. Franklin Knight of Washington. He is the publisher of facsimile copies of some of General Washington's papers and is traveling to sell the work. He was the first publisher of the *Literary and Theological Review*, edited by Leonard Woods, Jr.¹⁰³ He says an article by Bp. B. B. Smith of Kentucky on Christian Union was extremely injurious to the circulation of that work. He disposed of the work soon after Pres. Woods left the editorship of it. Mr. Knight mentioned that he called to see Pres. Woods at Brunswick this last spring, and asked him in relation to his true position with regard to the rumors abroad about his Episcopal & Puseyistic notions. You know me and my opinions, replied Pres. Woods,

¹⁰³Franklin Knight, publisher of the *Literary and Theological Review*, edited by Leonard Woods, Jr., *vide* sketch in F. L. Mott, *A History of American Magazines* (1930), pp. 624-625.

when we conducted the Theol[ogical] Review, and my opinions are as they then were.

Mr. Knight has been Assistant Secretary of the American Colonization Society, and informs me of a division in that Society between the friends of Mr. Greeley and those opposed to him which resulted in the election of a new Secretary. Elliott Cresson of Philadelphia was at the head of those opposed to Mr. Greeley. Mr. Knight thinks that Mr. Cresson is not actuated by a benevolent spirit, but is selfish entirely in his views and protestations.

The friends of Mr. Greeley organized a new Society, "Society For The Colonization and Civilization of Africa In The District Of Columbia And Maryland." Mr. G[reeley] is Secretary. Its funds are mostly paid to [the] American Colonization Society. Mr. G[reeley] has been the great pillar of the cause of African Colonization—had he now abandoned or opposed this cause, it would have fallen—by this new organization his friends who are very numerous, especially at the South, are retained to the help of the general cause.

Mrs. Davis (sister of Mrs. McCloy) passed thro' here today on her way East. She has lived in Toledo, Ohio, a very pleasant lady—expresses much interest in and for the work of the Lord in the West.

Sept. 13. I have become acquainted with Mr. McCuen—a native of Greenfield, Saratoga Co. N[ew] York but moved to Canada when a small boy—lost his parents—was a horse boy on the Welland Canal—had no education, when 18 years old could not read—learned blacksmith's trade, was converted and educated himself, and is a very intelligent man, of generally good judgment, of natural talent, has a fluent and ready command of the English language, has lectured on Temperance in Lockport, N[ew] York, Freeport and Galena, Ill. Has lived this summer with his brother in Tete Des Morts where [he] was sick. Has spent about a month in Mr. Parmaly's family. His wife (native of Canada) has been quite sick. They buried an infant child last week. Mr. Mc-

Cuen is moving to Maquoketa and will spend the winter with Mr. Chandler's family, near Doane's.

Sept. 19. Saw old Mr. Herrington last Sabbath. He was a native of N[ew] Hampshire near Keene, moved to Montpelier, Vt. His wife pious from her youth. Spent one year with his son near Bellevue and was very sick. Has a son in Burlington, Vt., some children in Ohio—is undecided where to live himself—seems to be a good simple-hearted, candid man, attended a 40 days protracted meeting of Mr. Burchard in Vermont. Visited yesterday Capt. Silsbee, a man of very disagreeable appearance and manners; gave him two N[ew] York Observers. Called at Mr. Sawtell's; Mrs. S[awtell] thinks she is a great deal better than most who profess religion and is well enough off. Called at Mr. Hawkins' who is living in Mr. Sawtell's old log house. [He is] from Mercer Co. Penn. Mrs. H[awkins] has been for three years a member of the Presbyterian church (O[ld] S[chool]), has nine children, William (aged 14) a pleasant boy. Attended last evening a prayer meeting at Mr. Knapp's. Mr. Whittemore (a brother of Mrs. K[nap]) present; a Baptist Preacher from Maine arrived this week; commenced preparing for the ministry rather late, studied at Hebron Academy and Baptist Seminary at West Thomaston, Maine. Too close application injured his health. [He is] of pleasant manners and good intelligence. His mind seems to be a good deal under the influence of religious truth—he designs settling in the country if Providence opens a prospect of usefulness before him; spent the afternoon with me.

Cottonville, Sept. 24. Spent the last Sabbath in Dubuque—enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Bissell. She was of the Lansing family in Lansingburg, N[ew] York, an intelligent lady, of refined habits. An interesting family of children, Mary, Helen, Anna, and Henry. Mrs. B[issell] has generally Roman Catholic servants in her house. She had one who was kind hearted and attached to her family, but very ignorant. There having been at one time much talk about Mr. B[issell's] being opposed to the

Papists, Mrs. B[issell] asked this girl what the Bishop said in relation to her family; the girl somewhat reluctantly told her that the Bishop said that Mrs. B[issell] was a good woman but he wished she was a Catholic—and the girl then asked Mrs. B[issell] if she would not read some of the Bishop's books if he would send them to her. It is plain that this idea could not have originated in the mind of this ignorant woman, but must have been suggested to her by the Bishop.

The Bishop calls on Mrs. B[issell] and always wishes to see the children. Jno. Foley is a clerk with Mr. Bissell, a very steady and upright youth, and [in] religion [is a] Papist. Mr. Evans' [family] are natives of Ware [Weare] N[ew] Hampshire; were clerks with Mr. Bissell.

On my return called on Mr. Carson and Foley who live on the East side of Flint Hill. Mrs. Foley was by birth a Protestant, but now a bigoted Papist.

Called on Mr. Montague, native of Vermont, raised in Westhampton, Mass., moved to Chautauqua Co. N[ew] York, [is the] brother in law of Mr. Palmer at Andrew. A Baptist, good man—seems interested in advancement of society—has considerable self-esteem and knows as much as anyone.

Sept. 26. Visited yesterday Mr. David Young, a pleasant visit. John, the oldest boy was aged 15 in Feb. last. The excessive rains and freshet this season have hindered Mr. Young in building his mill. The water was at one time all over the bottom on which his house is built and to the middle of the lower story of his mill. Mr. Elwood, a Methodist from Pennsylvania, carpenter, is working there; an intelligent young man.

Mr. Buck is a very amiable and interesting young man. His father in Pennsylvania [is] a very pious man in the Presbyterian church (N[ew] S[chool]). The young man is a hatter by trade [and] has a claim West of Gen. Cabbage's. Mr. Young has a brother John, a smart man, eloquent speaker, warm-hearted abolitionist [who] desires to come West. Of a similar character is Mr. Davidson (in Ohio) a brother of Mrs. Young.

Mr. Whittemore preached here (Deacon Cotton's) last evening on Christmas Character, [from] II Cor. 5:17.¹⁰⁴ His sermon was neatly and systematically prepared and in good taste.

Sept. 28. Finished yesterday a sermon calculated for the latitude of our General Association. It is the first sermon I have written out since I came West. I notice the effects of my habit here in the carelessness of my style. Modes of expression which a year ago I would not have tolerated, now are spontaneously put on my paper. Still I experienced some gratification when the task was completed.

Brighton, Washington Co., I. T., Oct. 4, 1844. Mr. Whittemore preached for me last Sabbath at Andrew. An attendance of 40. Monday, Sept. 30, left Maquoketa for meeting of General Association at this place. Came by way of Alger's Ferry, Allen's Grove, Hickory Grove, (in the South end of which spent the night with Mr. Porter, member of Baptist Church in Davenport, from Muskingum Co., Ohio, an intelligent inquiring Christian. His sister was seriously injured in the hurricane in June; the house (Mr. Baker's) she was in being blown down), and Blue Grass Point and Bloomington, where [I] enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Robbins. Bloomington is improving, much building going on. A meeting house for Br. Robbins' congregation [is] going up at [a] cost of 900 dollars; was introduced to Mr. Brownell. Wednesday morning (Oct. 2) started in company with Brs. Robbins and Hitchcock for this place; came by way of Fredonia, Columbus City, Louisa Co., and Washington. Mr. Lucas, delegate of the church in Bloomington, came along; [he is] from Ohio, an intelligent and active Christian.

Fredonia is at the forks of the Cedar and Iowa rivers—where is [a] steam saw mill and ferry. Columbus City is two miles below on [the] prairie—a few good dwelling houses, but no trade, nothing to build up a town. Washington, the county seat of this county, is a pleasant

¹⁰⁴II Corinthians 5:17. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

prairie town. The Court was in session, became acquainted with Judge Williams,¹⁰⁵ a very sociable, companionable man, full of talk—of very little dignity of character, polite and gentlemanly. I should judge had a good mind, and clear discernment of the relations of things. Was introduced to Mr. Hall,¹⁰⁶ lawyer of Mt. Pleasant, self-educated man, of no religious character, of high standing in his profession, a delegate to Convention for forming a State Constitution, [I] reached this place Thursday Oct 3 at 9½ A. M. when found many of my brethren assembled. Br. Gaylord [is the] Moderator of this Association. Resolutions were adopted on Sabbath School Libraries, Slavery, the Sabbath, the Political destinies of Christians, the establishment of a newspaper (to advocate the cause of Morality, Freedom, Education, Religion, etc.), and on the Bible cause.

An interesting discussion was held on withdrawing Church fellowship from slaveholders. Brs. J. A. Reed and Spaulding and Julius Field (agent of A[merican] Bible Society) [were] against such action.

Oct. 5. Reports of the state of religion were attended to. 120 members in Church at Denmark, where [they] are erecting a brick meeting house. Br. A. Turner reported the death of Mr. Abner Kneeland of fever about four weeks ago. Mr. Houghton riding by with his wife one afternoon called at Mr. K's—went in, and tho told that Mr. K. was doing pretty well, found his extremities already cold. He seemed to be in [an] unconscious stupor altho on being aroused he recognized those around him. He died early the next morning. The Secretary of Mr. K. died about two years ago (Mr. Twombie), swearing and praying by turns on his death bed.

The infidel influence in Washington is declining. Mr. Sturges, the delegate of the Church there, is an interesting and intelligent young man, was a member of Wabash College with Mr. Flathers; has taught school. Mr. White,

¹⁰⁵Joseph Williams, associate judge of the Supreme Court, *Vide* Edward H. Stiles, *Recollections and Sketches of Notable Lawyers and Public Men of Early Iowa* (1916), pp. 37-45.

¹⁰⁶Jonathan C. Hall, together with four other delegates, attended the Constitutional Convention in Iowa City from October 1 to November 1, 1844.

delegate of [the] C[hurch] at Louisville, County seat of Wapello Co., [a] native of Amherst, Mass., lived at Alton and acquainted with Br. E. B. Turner, expects to teach a school this winter. [He is] an intelligent, gentlemanly man.

Br. Spaulding reports a Fourier Association on the Des Moines in Mahaska Co. among whom he has preached once or twice.

Eddyville is the largest settlement in Wapello Co. where [there] is a neat meeting house erected by one man for any and all denominations. Mr. Woodworth of [the] C[hurch] at Crawfordsville, a decided Anti Slavery man, from Warren Co., N[ew] York, where [he] was acquainted with the Wrights at Maquoketa.

Only one half of our Andover Company viz. E. Adams, Lane, Robbins, Spaulding, and myself are present.

Br. Jagger,—[a] native of Southampton, Long Island, his daughter, who has unfortunately lost her reason, the wife of Br. Burnham,—of [the] Danville C[hurch] [is] a warm hearted Christian, and a brother of Rev. Mr. Gaylord, [a] native of Norfolk, Conn't. of church under [the] care of Dr. Emerson, now of Andover. Yesterday afternoon there was a Council held called for [the] installation of Br. Burnham¹⁰⁷ over the Church here. Br. B[urnham], converted in 1827, makes a faithful minister.

On the subject of a newspaper I thought one of a religious character to be sustained by our people in Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Iowa desirable and feasible. But our brethren think we must have one peculiarly for Iowa and of a more general character, tho I doubt its success.

[The] Iowa College Association met and Rev. A. Turner, Agent, presented his report. In Boston he met with the friends of the Society for promoting Collegiate and theological education in the West who advised the abandonment of the plan for establishing a College by a Colony and lands, and the concentrating effort at some important

¹⁰⁷Rev. Charles Burnham.

point. The friends of that Society assured our Agent of its patronage so soon as we had started things in a proper train. Our College Association appointed E. Adams, A. Turner, and Boal a Committee on location.

Have enjoyed here the hospitalities of Mr. Washborn.¹⁰⁸ Mrs. W[ashborn] a very pleasant woman, member of the Church here, has two boys, about 15. Mr. Beach, Mrs. Waters, Mr. Hart, Moore, Bushnell and Ingham are interesting families in the Church.

Cottonville, Oct. 15. On return from [the] General Association came thro Washington and attended (Oct. 8) [the] first Annual Meeting of the Iowa Anti Slavery Society. Aaron Street, Jr.,¹⁰⁹ President, of Salem, a Quaker, of plain unassuming manners, [and] Wm. Lewelling,¹¹⁰ Recording Secretary. Mr. Jessup, Assistant Secretary, both of Salem. Mr. Vincent,¹¹¹ minister of Seceder Church in Washington, of prepossessing appearance, an able preacher, Mr. Anderson, member of Seceder Church lives $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of town. Mr. Bales, Quaker, from vicinity of Indianapolis, was present. There seemed to be the prospect of a harmonious and serviceable meeting.

Came over dreary prairie to Iowa city (30 miles) crossing English river at McClun's mill. Called on Br. Woods¹¹² and took dinner. Attended session of the Convention for forming a Constitution. Mr. Leffler¹¹³ of Burlington presided with dignity and fairness, but few old men in the Convention. A large majority voted to lay on the table a resolution for having the meetings opened with prayer. There are some competent men in the Convention but the greater number are ignorant and poorly qualified.

Came up on the Military Road to Cascade (60 miles) where [I] addressed the Temperance Society and came

¹⁰⁸L. G. Washborn, and wife, Elizabeth.

¹⁰⁹Aaron Street, Jr., in March 1839 helped lay out the village of Salem and was the first postmaster.

¹¹⁰Also a Quaker.

¹¹¹Rev. George C. Vincent, *Vide* Union Historical Company, *The History of Washington County, Iowa* (1880), p. 433.

¹¹²Dr. W. W. Wood of the New School Presbyterian Church.

¹¹³Shepherd Leffler. For Biographical sketch, *vide* Stiles, *op. cit.* p. 119.

to Maquoketa by way of South Fork Mill where called on Mr. Cook's family.

Found Br. Woods at Iowa city very favorable to a union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists in Northern Iowa. Became acquainted there with Mr. Andrews, a young Scotchman, tailor, intelligent, warm hearted, Anti Slavery.

Association passed a vote requesting Gov. Chambers to appoint a day of thanksgiving, and in case he should not appoint one, designating the last Thursday in December a day of thanksgiving. Association appointed me delegate to General Convention of Wisconsin and Br. Hitchcock [as] substitute. A. Turner, E. Adams, and Salter were appointed to correspond with A. H. M. S. and desire the appointment of Rev. J. S. Clark (in case Mr. C. would consent) their agent in Iowa.

Oct. 18. It has snowed nearly all day—very cold for this season.

Oct. 30. The Northern Iowa Association met at Cascade Oct. 23d. In consequence of the non attendance of Dr. Woods nothing was done in relation to a union of Pres. and Cong. in Northern Iowa. Mr. Philip Bevan¹¹⁴ of Charleston was licensed to preach for six months. [The] 24th inst. came by Romish Church in the Irish settlement to Mr. Alexander's on Lytell's creek. Saw Mr. Brown, a young man from North of Ireland, where [he] was raised in a Presbyterian Church, seems a good man, and is desirous of uniting with this Church.

With Br. Asa Turner commenced three days meeting on Friday evening at Andrew. People gave good attendance. Mr. Young and family and Mrs. Margaret Means united with the church. Mrs. Bradley,¹¹⁵ Caroline Davis, Gloriana Butterworth,¹¹⁶ Sarah Ann Cotton, Jerusha Hadley, Mr. Palmer's daughter and Robert Reed expressed themselves determined to serve the Lord. There was much feeling in the congregation.

¹¹⁴Vide Philip D. Jordan, "Philip Bevan—Minor Poet of Ohio," in *The Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, for April 1931.

¹¹⁵Mrs. Philip P. Bradley. Vide Western Historical Company, *The History of Jackson County, Iowa* (1879), p. 725.

¹¹⁶Perhaps Nathaniel Butterworth.

Sabbath afternoon I rode to see Mr. Rice but the Doctor (Clark)¹¹⁷ and *his* friends were unwilling that my conversation should be held with him, and yesterday I learned that he died on Monday morning. He had been a member of [the] Methodist Church in the East, became careless and worldly and here had thrown off the restraints of religion. Six Sabbaths ago I met him with Mr. Cheney's boys as I was riding to meeting from Deacon Cotton's to Andrew. I invited them to go to meeting with me but they replied they were going to meeting at Montague's. I learned afterwards that they went to gather hickory nuts and that Rice in throwing a club into the tree strained himself and was seized with a pain in his side. He afterwards exposed himself, was laid upon a sick bed and is dead. Dr. calls his disease an ulceration of the liver.

Have enjoyed very much the visit of Br. Turner. Familiar acquaintance with him has increased my appreciation of his work.

Nov. 16. Visited Br. Holbrook this week who returned [on] 8th inst. from the East, he raised some 800 dollars for the Church in Dubuque, expenses about 150 dollars. He has a call to settle with Ch[urch] at Mineral Point, the A. H. M. S. advise his remaining in Dubuque.

Dec. 4. We had four days [of] cold weather commencing on the 23rd November. Have observed Monthly Concert and much interest has been manifested; have sustained for the past few weeks a weekly praying meeting.

The land sales advertised for January next are causing much excitement. Settlers are clubbing together to protect one another in claim of half a section; if they make out in this the effect will be to keep out settlers and prevent, or postpone the time of a good settlement. Rev. Horace Eaton, Baptist, aged 33, from N[ew] Hampshire, studied at N. Hampton Baptist Seminary, has preached in Bedford, N. H., came into this neighborhood

¹¹⁷Dr. M. H. Clark, said to be the first resident physician of Andrew.

last month, of pleasant manners [and] solid substantial character, [has] been three years in the ministry.

Dec. 13. Observed yesterday as a day of national Thanksgiving, according to recommendation of Gov. Chambers.¹¹⁸

In Bellevue became acquainted with Mr. Trott, a descendant on his mother's side from Gov. Winslow, from Boston, (where attended Old South Church) and N[ew] York where was member [for] eight years of Central Presbyterian Church. An active intelligent man and may become a useful one. Mrs. Trott, an intelligent lady, daughter of Mr. Whitney, keeper of public house at Niagara Falls. She is a Universalist. Is rather close and I fear will not be popular in the west.

Visited Dec. 21st Mr. Harris on Farmer's creek. He was a native of Bridgton, N[ew] Jersey. His mother an Episcopalian. [He] has lived in Missouri and near Galena, came into this country in the fall of 1834 and settled on what is now Mr. Boone's claim. Indians were thick, he had no neighbor nearer than Mr. Baker one mile from Bellevue. Mr. Harris and Mr. J. S. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Potter are elders in their Church. They have over one hundred members. Mr. Harris seems to have much of the spirit of Christianity, a kind disposition, an active inquiring mind, preaches every Sabbath.

Jan. 8, 1845. The Maquoketa Temperance Society held its annual meetings Jan. 1. It now embraces about 100 members, [with] H. G. Haskell, President, W[illiam] S[alter], Secretary. It was voted to petition the County Commissioners to grant no license for a grocery for any sum less than one hundred dollars as authorized by law. I circulated a petition of a similar character about Andrew and got some fifty subscribers. The grocery keepers were offended thinking their craft in danger and have got up a remonstrance.

A Baptist Ch[urch] was organized at Andrew [on] January 5 by Rev. H. Eaton consisting of nine members. Deacon Montague and wife, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Knapp,

¹¹⁸*Vide* Shambaugh, *op. cit.* 1: 309-310.

Mr. Franklin, Mr. Mark and three others. Mr. Harding was present, [who is] a Baptist Preacher who lives S. W. of Bellevue.

[On] Jan. 6 a meeting was held at Andrew of citizens of the county for the protection of one another of claims of half-sections of land until 1848. There was a large collection of people and a deep interest manifested in securing possession of their lands.

Jan. 19. There has been great excitement thro the county the past week. Many of the settlers were on the road or about being on the road for Dubuque, but on Tuesday news came that the land sales were indefinitely postponed. Many are disappointed, some are glad. I regret the postponement because the excitement will all have to be gone over with again, the settlement and improvement of the country will be retarded.

Feb. 5. Visited Mrs. Reed (Mrs. Van Horn). She married last summer, and being disappointed, I fear, and sick, her mind has lost its proper balance. Very melancholy case. Visited in the Buckeye settlement. They have a good school there this winter taught by Mr. Hunter from Cortland Co. N[ew] York, who is a Methodist. His parents [are] O[ld] S[chool] Presbyterians and live up Deep creek. There are ten schools kept in Jackson Co. this winter. Visited Mrs. McFarland who is living in Jno. Jonas' house on Copper creek at his diggings. She was [a] member of [the] O[ld] S[chool] Pres[byterian] Ch[urch] in Alleghany Co. Penn.

On the Prairie six miles beyond Dunham's visited Mr. Hull from Jackson Co., Mich., and from Vermont, and his son in law Mr. Richardson. There will probably be a settlement about them on the head of Sugar creek in a few years. Mr. H[ull] was brought up among Congregationalists and desires to have meetings.

Visited Cascade last week. Found Br. Turner rejoicing in the conversion of sinners. This work commenced on Whitewater where was a powerful awakening. The revival obtained on Bowen's prairie, but none in town were converted, tho there were cases of awakening. Br.

Holbrook's preaching was in power. Two Mr. Pate and wives, Mr. McGinty and Mrs. Boyd united with the Church on profession. Mr. McG[inty] promises to be a stable, useful man. Mrs. Jerusha Jackson united with the Ch[urch] by letter from [the] Ch[urch] in Dubuque. She was [a] member of Brainerd Ch[urch], N[ew] York, a lovely woman, bright, intelligent, and of apparently living piety. Mr. Jackson [is] a pleasant affable Kentuckian. They live on the South Fork in Delaware Co.—fifteen miles from Cascade. Mr. J[ackson] says there is a good chance for a large settlement about them, there being timber and water power.

Mrs. Leek united by letter from [a] Ch[urch] in Ann Arbor, Mich. She is a sister of Mr. W. S. Brown, lately of Andrew and Judge of Probate of this county. Mr. Leek is a very wicked man.

Mr. Livingston of Upper Scotch Settlement from [the] Red river froze to death on [the] prairie Friday last, above Cascade. He was of intemperate habits.

Came home yesterday by way of Saw Mill where they are doing considerable business and about laying off a town to be called "Canton".

Br. Turner cautioned me against some blunders of rhetoric and elocution into which I have fallen; Oh tempora! O mores!

Feb. 27. Bishop Loras of Dubuque told Mr. Hubbell of Charleston that if he would give his son who is idiotic in mind and helpless in body, aged 10, to the Church he would cure him but that if he should take him away from the Church his disease would return. How disgraceful [is] the attempt to promote superstition in this 19th century.

Visited [on] Feb. 10 Mr. Gray at Savannah. He came there last fall, was a member of Genesee Presbytery, N[ew] York. Was opposed to ecclesiastical action against Oberlinism, for which was regarded by some as a Perfectionists; is Anti Slavery; [and] has lectured on Temperance with Sewell's plates; says that Dr. Lord when in N[ew] S[chool] Presbytery was the leader of action

against Oberlinism. Mr. G[ray's] health is rather feeble. His wife [is] a pleasant lady. Prospect at Savannah is not very encouraging.

Mr. Bevan at Charleston thinks of studying entirely, and of moving into town which Br. Emerson recommends.

The ice went out of the Mississippi at Charleston [on] Feb. 19th.

Deacon J. Jenney called on me this morning. He is [a] member of Br. Adam's Ch[urch] in Davenport, was from Chester, Vermont. An intelligent man. Apparently of sterling character.

March 1. The past has been a very mild winter, but few cold days—no snow of any consequence. It was predicted last fall from the number of bears that it would be a cold winter.

The following schools have been kept in this county this winter, at Maquoketa by Mr. White and Mr. Steen,¹¹⁹ in [the] South Settlement by Mr. Mears, Burleson's S[chool] H[ouse] by Mr. Davis, Copper creek by Mr. Hunter, Charleston by Mr. McIntyre, Bellevue by Mr. Anson Herrington, Andrew by Mr. Hindmann, Farmer's creek by Mr. Tyson, in the Forks by Macaulay, Germain's S[chool] H[ouse] by Mr. Whittemore, ten schools.

The first steamboat at Dubuque this season was thru March 1st.

March 20. Visited Br. Holbrook last week. There is a little interest in a few minds in the claims of religion. He expected Rev. Z. Eddy of Mineral P't to preach for him this week. His church is about erecting a house of worship at [a] cost of 2000 dollars—came here [on the] 15th thro a snowstorm as far as Deacon Cotton's—rode to Dewitt last Sabbath morning, administered the ordinance of Baptism to Mrs. Frances Work [and] returned yesterday which was a very severe and blustering day.

March 24. On Thursday last after attending the funeral of Mr. Marshall, a messenger came from Bellevue informing me of the death of Mrs. Jennings. Mrs.

¹¹⁹Mr. Steen was disliked and taught only about a month.

J[ennings] was from Burlington, Vermont, aged 22 in July last. She came here in Nov. 1843 in the bloom of health. She possessed a fine person, an intelligent mind, a kind heart and engaging manners. She was lovely and pleasant in her life. She was an affectionate wife. There were but few females in the county I esteemed more highly. She felt much interested in and sympathized with my efforts. She gave promise of leading a useful life. But God has called her into the eternal world. She left a little son now three months old. She died of general debility. She suffered from ague and fever last fall, took cold after her confinement and gradually sunk away. Her friends and myself thought she would recruit with the return of warm weather; but God destroyeth the hopes of man. The Doctor's loss is very great and Bellevue seems to hold but little of any worth now that she is taken away. I saw her about the middle of February. We came into this County about the same time. She is taken, I am left.

March. 28. Attended Mr. Howe's funeral at Bellevue yesterday. He was present at Mrs. Jennings's funeral on Friday last and seemed as fair to live as any one present. He was a man of bad habits which had subjected him to attacks of pleurisy. This was his fourth attack. He was under the influence of liquor when attacked. By nature he was a kind, clever, smart man, but [he] destroyed his property and character by intemperance. He left a wife and two small children.

April 8. Visited Tete Des Morts [on] March 31st. Called at Stevens; Mrs. S[tevens], a daughter of Cheney, says she is a Restorationist; a conceited woman. Had an interesting conversation with Mr. Potter. He seems to be converted, is naturally diffident; he engaged in prayer. His two boys, Nelson and Philip, need education. Visited Mr. Milne, brought up in Ch[urch] of England, his wife formerly a Methodist, but now disaffected, [and also visited] Mr. Brown's and Kelley's family. Mr. K[elley] recently lost his only boy. His children have all been sick with scarlet fever. Mrs. K[elley]

[is] a sister of Mr. Potter. Mrs. P[otter] [is] from Floyd, Oneida Co., N[ew] York. [I] visited Galena [on the] 2nd inst. when [I] gave [a] lecture on Education—made the acquaintance of Mr. Geo. F. Magoun¹²⁰ from Bath, Maine, graduate of Bowdoin, studied Theology at Andover and N[ew] Haven. Mr. M[agoun] has made himself well acquainted in the cause of Education and is enthusiastically interested in its advancement, is a man of warm, ardent feelings, clear understanding, benevolent soul and Christian affections—a great addition to our moral and religious influence in this region. I trust Divine Providence will open a wide door of usefulness to him. [I] became acquainted with Mr. French, a gentlemanly, intelligent Frenchman, has been engaged in Teaching 30 years. A Catholic—says the Romanists would rather not have the Bible read in schools, because it will be making it too common a book, but that if the Bible be in schools that the children read the Douay version. Mr. French is an exceedingly polite gentleman. I shall be glad to prosecute his acquaintance.

Took tea with Mr. Bitter in Galena. He is a native of Saco, Maine, and owns town property at Bellevue, [and he] desires [the] establishment of a Congregational Church there, for which [he] offers to give a lot for House of worship.

April 14. The last month has been very dry and pleasant, no rain for four weeks, fine showers this afternoon.

Alonzo Spaulding has I trust been lately brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He appears humble and prayerful and determined to live as becomes a child of God. The name of the Lord be praised.

April 17. Mr. Barnett has been in to see me this evening—raised in Washington Co., Vermont, near Montpelier, aged 26, thinks he was converted seven years ago and united with Methodist Church in which [he] was brought up; is a serious minded industrious young man, lived in Apple River diggings some months, came into

¹²⁰Rev. George F. Magoun, author of *Asa Turner and His Times*, Vide Douglass, *op. cit. passim*.

this neighborhood last fall. He gives promise of usefulness.

April 21. Visited Sabbath School in South Settlement yesterday afternoon, 36 scholars present, a pressing want of Teachers.

May 3. Visited [the] 1st instant a mill site three (2½) miles below Doane's, where on [the] South side of Maquoketa the bluff comes to the river and on the north side there is a bank four feet above highest water, in company with Gen. McDonald and Thos. Cox. [It will take] considerable labor to put in a secure dam. There is a large body of iron ore two miles north near Watkins. Mr. Watkins was raised near Richmond, Virginia, lived in West long; at St. Charles, Missouri; drinks badly at times.

May 5. Yesterday [was] a very beautiful Sabbath; [and I] had a congregation of 60 in the morning. An Educational meeting this evening which was addressed by Mr. Decatur.

May 10. Northern Iowa Association met at Albany, Whiteside Co., Illinois, 6th inst.—a very interesting and profitable meeting. In crossing the Mississippi [we] were in imminent peril of being drowned in consequence of high winds and waves and leaky boat. If it had not been [for] the Lord who was on our side we should have dwelt in silence. Br. A. B. Hitchcock makes a good business moderator. Became acquainted with Mr. Smith of Lyndon, was from Otsego Co., N[ew] York and Oberlin; a plain, practical, common sense, clear mind, an interesting speaker, rather opinionated.

May 29. Returned last evening from a missionary tour round the county, visited twenty-five families.

Mrs. Forbes on Brush creek, one mile from Andrew, has a brother, Mr. Trowbridge, a Baptist minister settled at Beloit, W[isconsin] T[erritory]. She was brought up in [the] Pres[byterian] Church. Mr. T[rowbridge], a native of Vermont, [was] one of the earliest settlers in [the] neighborhood of Chicago.

Mr. Trott, in digging a cellar by [the] side of his store

in Bellevue, struck upon a skeleton. The teeth were in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Rudolph's mother on Brush creek is entirely blind. She lost the use of one eye some thirteen years ago and of the other five years ago, is 63 years old, [and] a native of Germany. His wife is [a] member of Seceder Church, and was in childhood at school with Mr. Vincent.

Mr. Vaughn, [is a] native of Virginia, [and] his wife of East Tennessee, [and] neither of them can read, have no Bible.

June 2. I had yesterday in the afternoon a very interesting union meeting of the three Sabbath Schools (the one at Mr. Doane's, this place, and Bloomfield) at Mr. Sam'l Wrights. There were 111 scholars present. They were generally attentive and seemed interested. The meeting was a very encouraging one. There were altogether about 200 persons present. I preached on the 5th commandment. Presents were distributed to the children.

June 4. Visited yesterday afternoon the site of an Indian village or council fire on the south bank of the Maquoketa $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile below the mouth of Mill creek—situated on a high level bank. Saw a number of holes probably used for burying corn, there were indications that fire had been in one of the holes as there were cinders on its sides. Mr. Decatur supposed that the Indians had used these holes for baking, thus making a fire on stones and then baking their meat upon the hot stones as in an oven. We picked up a stone cut very much in the shape of a large axe. There were a number of cedar posts in the ground placed so as to make a triangle thus

. . . in which mayhap some important council was
once held. The burnt stones at one side showed us where the fire had been. There are also indications of an Indian town on the other side of the river. How few memorials the savage leaves behind him.

Detroit, Michigan, June 21, 1845. Left Deacon Cot-

ton's on my route hither June 11th. At Galena fell in with Rev. S. [or L?] H. Hayes of Frankfort, Maine, with whom I was formerly acquainted at Bangor. He is of of amiable disposition, clear and tasteful mind, and warm heart. It was good to meet an old friend in that new world. Also [fell in] with Rev. S. Thurston, Searsport, Me., where he has been settled 20 years, a warm hearted, kind feeling man, an easy fluent writer and speaker, and with Rev. Wm. Atwater of Middlebury, Conn't, a good sober man. Their Company was very delightful and entertaining besides relieving the tedium of traveling. At Chicago became acquainted with Rev. R. W. Patterson, has a smirk on his face, a man of clear logical mind, decided in his Presbyterian preferences. Had a very pleasant company on the voyage from Chicago to this place. Dr. Lindsley preached one evening, and one evening we had Educational addresses. Rev. T. M. Hopkins of Racine, W[isconsin] T[erritory] has many correct views, is opinionated, remarked to me that he thought the Convention in Wisconsin would, as the country grew, resolve themselves into their original distinctive organizations. The subject of establishing a religious paper at Chicago under [the] care of Rev. Mr. Walker (formerly of the Watchman of the Valley, and of the Hudson Observer) was discussed. The general feeling is that such a paper is needed and might be sustained.

I am generally pleased with the deliberations of the Convention. Rev. A. T. Hopkins is one of the most promising men, he is aged 40, heard him preach, has an animated style, rapid delivery, he is much interested in and properly awake to the cause of academical education in the West. Dr. Lindsley of Marietta College is of lovely spirit, a prudent practical mind. Dr. Beecher is full of courage and hope. Prof. Stowe is rather dogmatic, a man of wonderful activity and energy. Dr. Beman has got a hobby in his hymn book, "The Church Psalmist" on the merits of which he dilated before the Convention, in very bad taste, as I thought. He is a most accomplished

Christian minister of dignity and grace in style and manners, of remarkably well balanced mind on all subjects but that of his hymn book. Mr. Basset and Mr. Backus made some rather injudicious remarks on slavery, and yet I could hardly blame their intemperate expressions on so dreadful an evil. Mr. Blanchard¹²¹ of Cincinnati is a promising man—he is one of the foremost in the Anti Slavery enterprise, is an earnest enthusiastic speaker. Mr. Hallock, Superintendent of the Sabbath School in [the] Pres[byterian] Ch[urch] of Detroit, [is] an excellent devoted man, has been the superintendent for many years. [I] met with Mrs. Raymond, daughter of Capt. Nash of Norwalk, Conn't, and her mother.

Enjoyed in Detroit the hospitality of Mr. King's family. Mrs. K[ing] [is] an affectionate kind lady. The little daughter Jane [is] an interesting child.

In Buffalo [I] visited in Mr. Hopkin's family. Miss Jane Brush is affianced to Br. Turner. She possesses a cultivated mind, an amiable disposition, excellent judgment and warm heart and unites many excellent qualities in her character. She promises to be an inestimable blessing to Br. T[urner] and to our moral and religious strength in Iowa. In Albany [I] called on Miss Stone, [a] cousin of Miss Brush.

N[ew] York. [I] arrived home Wednesday morning, July 2. Found all well and desire to be grateful to the Great Preserver of Men.

Nov. 12, 1845. Visited Mr. Smith (his wife an aunt of Calvin Davis) who is living in Mr. Flather's house. Mr. and Mrs. S[mith] were members of a Congregational Church in Wolcott, Vermont, in a neighborhood burnt over with Millerism.

Dec. 3. Visited this week Mrs. Macloy, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Haines, Mr. Nimms, Mr. Estabrook.

Nov. 1, 1845.. The subscription for me at Andrew

¹²¹Rev. Jonathan Blanchard (1811-1892) was graduated from Middlebury College in 1832, taught at Plattsburg Academy, studied at Andover and Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church there, and in 1845 he was elected president of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, and in 1860 became president of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois. He was a strong temperance advocate and a violent abolitionist. *Vide Dictionary of American Biography.*

amounts to \$35—at Makoqueta to \$54.50. The two Churches ask for me from the A. H. M. S. \$310.50. The Application [was] forwarded to Br. Reed [on] Dec. 29th.

Jan. 1, 1846. I preached 146 sermons the last year, 10 of them funeral sermons.

William Salter's
Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire 1845-1846



WILLIAM SALTER AND MARY ANN (MACKINTIRE) SALTER
From a daguerrotype made about the time of their marriage in 1846.

William Salter's Letters to Mary Ann Mackintire 1845-1846

Lake Michigan. August 8, 1845.

My dear friend:

How are you this rainy, foggy day? . . . Few objects are calculated to affect our minds with exalted conceptions of the Great Supreme as vast bodies of water. . . .

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. August 9.

I am now, my dear M., comfortably settled in the study of Brother Chapin of this place, and I gladly resume my pen to converse with you. I intended to have written out my letter in the steamboat but was hindered by unexpected interruption. My last¹ told you of my progress as far as Detroit. You will be interested in hearing of my subsequent adventures. We have been favored with delightful weather. The lake has been very calm. The first evening after we left Detroit, I was requested to preach, and at the hour appointed a very attentive congregation to the number of eighty, assembled in the cabin,² and I spoke to them "Of Him in whose hands our breath is".³ The next evening we had an address by Rev. Mr. Kinney, of White-water, Wis., with devotional exercises on the subject of education. I found on board two other clergymen, one a Methodist from Ireland, and the other a Lutheran from Germany. With the latter I became much acquainted, and I must give some account of him. I noticed a man with unshaven face, and from that fact formed rather an unfavorable opinion of him, but I soon after found him with a Greek testament, and introduced conversation with him. I could not speak German, and he could not talk English, so we were likely to continue ignorant of one another, but as an interest in him had been awakened in me, I felt unwilling to give him up, so proposed to talk Latin. I held several hours talk in Latin with him, and learned

¹ Apparently, this letter is not extant.

² Of the Steamer New Orleans.

³ The exact date was August 6, and he spoke from Daniel 5:23. But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy Lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

the following, among other interesting facts. He was educated in Halle University, under the best instructors as Knapp, and Gesenius, and has been in the ministry of the Lutheran church twelve years, came to America last year and a few months since buried his wife. This affliction seems to have unsettled his mind, and to have led him to embrace some strange views in religion—vide. Mark 16:17-18; John 14:12; James 5:14-15.⁴ These passages seem to have led him to think that the prayer of faith would have saved his wife. He told me in his own simple Latin that he prayed for his wife and called the physician, but of no avail—his prayers were not of faith, and his wife was taken away. Hence his conclusion that he has not faith. Now he is determined to seek after faith, to seek God until he finds him. He is coming into this New World to live away from men in solitude. I sought as well as I could to explain the true nature of faith, as being simple confidence in God, a belief that he will do what he says, (anything more than this being superstition i. e. a belief in something beside and beyond that which has a foundation, vide, the derivation of the word in the Lexicon.) But the poor German's mind was fully made up and I could not convince him. We talked over many subjects, and I found him possessed of many high and generous sentiments. I need not assure you how much I enjoyed this adventure. My heart went forth spontaneously in sympathy with this stranger yet brother of the human race. I was very happy to confer a favor on him in getting a reduction made in the price of his passage. He took me warmly by the hand and his eye beamed with feelings of gratitude and good will. I found that many of our passengers were on their way to the copper country on Lake Superior, among them was a son of a

⁴ Mark 16:17-18. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

John 14:12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

James 5:14—15. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

professor Olmstead of New Haven who projects a tour from the west end of the lake to the waters of the Mississippi. He seems to be a young man of promise, and is enthusiastic in his devotion to geological studies. He presented me with a copy of the last edition of his father's *School Philosophy*. You have heard of Mackinaw. You have looked at it on the map. I trust another year your eyes will see it. The shores of Michigan are generally low and sandy. This island possesses high rocky bluffs. At the south end is a little village and over it on the bluff is the U. S. garrison. The whitewashed walls and barracks, contrasting with the green of land and water, make a picturesque appearance. Here we saw a few Indians, and half-breeds who presented degraded specimens of what intemperance and the vices of civilization will do for the savage. I ascended the bluffs; north was a corner to Lake Superior, southeast was Lake Huron, southwest was Lake Michigan. These immense lakes in a few generations will be covered with fleets. As the bays of New England are lined with sails, so must these waters bear on their bosoms thousands of vessels and multitudes of immortal men. O my country, what a destiny is thine, and as I am linked with all the past as the men of the Mayflower and of Bunker Hill lived and toiled and died for me, and I enjoy the benefits of their labors, so the millions of future time may be blessed through the humble efforts which God may enable me to put forth in laying now the foundations of many generations. When I visited a garrison of troops and saw the instruments of death I cannot but mourn that the day has not yet come when nations shall learn war no more, and I cannot but lift up the desires of my heart that the Prince of Peace may become the Prince of the Kings of the Earth.

I arrived here last evening at seven o'clock, four days from Buffalo. I called at a bookstore and found a gentleman who was seven years ago with me in the University of New York. He was then preparing for the ministry. I was thinking of something else. We have not seen each other since. Both our plans in life have been changed,

and we meet in a place which had then but just begun to have a name. I have a few old friends here. I had proposed to have gone West as far as Madison today, but it being a little uncertain about my being able to get there before Sabbath morning, I shall remain here until Monday when I leave for Galena where I hope to arrive on Wednesday afternoon. I am invited to preach three times tomorrow, twice in the Presbyterian and once in the Congregational church.⁵ Rev. Mr. Chapin, who has kindly invited me to his home, was in the class before me in the New York Theological Seminary. He is a lovely man, a finished scholar, and much beloved by his church. I happened to preach here two years ago and preached the only good sermon I ever wrote, as a consequence I have the reputation of being something of a preacher here, hence I am called on to deliver myself tomorrow, and you may expect my reputation after tomorrow will be "gone for" in Milwaukee. . . . You will believe me when I tell you that I do mean to study this winter and to prepare some sermons that I shall not be ashamed to preach and which you will not be sorry to have me, if the Lord will help me.

The Presbyterian and Congregational churches here are perfectly harmonious, about the only difference between them is that one is on this side and the other on the other side of the river. The geographical and other questions than those of "ism" decide to which church anyone will go. . . . Mr. White of the Congregational church ranks among the first of the ministers in Wisconsin. He is a clear-headed, sound, and acceptable preacher. There have been several warm days this week. . . .

One of my fellow passengers, Judge Doty of New York, is on a very melancholy journey. A son-in-law of his, a clergyman, left home in May, attended the Old School General Assembly at Cincinnati, and started on a journey up the Mississippi and home by the lakes. He was last

⁵In the Milwaukee Presbyterian Church he preached from Psalms 90:9, For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told; and from I Peter 4:10, As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. On August 10, in the Congregational Church he preached from John 1:29. The next day John saith Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

heard from at Madison, Iowa, early in June. There are some circumstances which have occasioned the fear that there has been foul play somewhere. Judge Doty is on a tour of inquiry and search. . . .

I feel more and more a confidence in the Divine Government that God will do what is best for me in relation to the field of my labors. My desire is that I may never do anything else but stand and see the Salvation of God. When He calls, I know he will sustain me, but woe be unto me if I lean to my own understanding. . . . I am sometimes afraid that in my letters I may be betrayed into some extravagances of expression by my feelings which a dignified Christian reason would not approve. In this I really desire to write nothing which in after life we might not review with conscientious satisfaction and approbation. . . . Mrs. Chapin is a lady of cultivated mind and of great dignity of character. She was from Berkshire Co., Mass. . . . Good evening, my M., quiet and pleasant sleep, divine aid in your devotions in the closet and in the house of God be yours, a holy, useful and happy life. My love to your parents and to George. Adieu.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, August 16, 1845.

My dear Mary:

O what a change in eighteen days from you to this study and this log cabin. I had hoped to have made you out a long letter this evening, but how little do we know what is before us. I arrived here this afternoon and found that the kind family in which I board had this morning buried their beloved and only son. That bright little boy whom I left two months ago the hope of his parents and in health and vigor now sleeps beneath the clods of the prairie.⁶ He was a promising child of six years of age, one of our most interesting Sabbath School Scholars and perhaps the last of all the children in the neighborhood whom we should have been willing to give up. I sat down and wept with these afflicted parents. It is a severe

⁶ The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw.

stroke, and as I have spent nearly two years in the family, I could not but make their sorrow my own.

My last left me at Milwaukee. I had the benefit of Bro. Chapin's criticisms after preaching which I must have you compare with yours. He says my style needs simplicity, and a conversational, every day air; is too stately and wants more action in delivery. I came to Janesville on Rock River, 65 miles on Monday. For twenty miles from the Lake the country is heavily timbered and broken, after which are the most beautiful prairies. At Janesville I found an old friend, Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley with whom I spent a very pleasant night. He was a New York student. I found him boarding in a very pleasant family and in most comfortable quarters. He complains of his "hard field," as does everybody. The ministers in Milwaukee, perhaps one of the most eligible places in the West, tell me they are not by any means on a bed of roses. Rev. Bulkley has a lively and cultivated imagination, I expect has read more than he has mastered, has a fine library. He is gathering a small church and doing good. The next day I came to Wiota, a little mining village where I found lodging in the garret of a log cabin in which were five beds and "one" on the floor. Wednesday at 2 p. m. I reached Galena and enjoyed the hospitality of Brother Kent. Mr. K. is a pioneer of the Upper Mississippi, he came to Galena 16 years ago, held on under great and many discouragements and has now an active, flourishing church of 255 members. Thursday morning I came by steamboat to Dubuque whence by stage to this place today. Br. Holbrook corresponds with the Ladies of Park St. Church who assist in his support. He is a very animated and interesting writer. I should be glad if in some way you could get hold of his letters. He has recently engaged the ladies to make up a box of articles to be sold at a fair in Dubuque for the benefit of his meeting house. He is the missionary who makes "a plea for the West" in the August number of the *Home Missionary* page 80. He is a man of great ardor and zeal and perhaps colors a little too highly, so that you may sometimes receive what he says *cum parvo grano salis*. . . .

This is Iowa. The change is great and when I think of what I have proposed to you that you should leave the best of homes and the best of lands to be the wife of a humble missionary in so humble a work I almost tremble at my presumption. You thank God in your prayers that you were born in this age of the world, and yet you are willing to put yourself five generations back and be as those who two hundred years ago settled New England. But this is a great work and I trust is of God and blessed be His name if He has put it into my heart to be willing to endure privations and hardness here. Men and history may both blunder as to the use of our lives but if God sees our efforts to be of some avail we shall have the plaudits of Him whose smile is better than that of ten thousand worlds. And He who puts us into this ministry will sustain us in it. God will not give—Sabbath evening.

Here my candle expired last night and not wishing to disturb the family I retired. I have just been looking through Payson's⁷ life to see if I could have his sanction to taking up my pen this evening. First, as was natural, I examined chapter 12 (Tract Society edition) but no light in the matter, then chapter 17, but nothing there. At last, I found something to the purpose on page 159, and now I am *in medias res*. Payson's has been a favorite memoir of mine. He was a minister *in earnest*. I was about saying last night that God will not give us willing hearts to come and labor here and then desert us but will give more grace as our day may require. Let me have your feelings about this Sabbath writing. My conscience commends this use of it. . . . We had a delightful shower this morning which in some measure refreshed the parched earth, a beautiful day. In consequence of my late arrival yesterday and a Methodist camp meeting four miles off . . . my congregation was very small today. This afternoon I took my text in Romans 1:10⁸ and gave a report of what was said and done in the Western Convention at Detroit. There has

⁷ Asa Cumming, *A Memoir of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D. Late Pastor of the Second Church in Portland*. There are several editions. Mr. Salter was using the one of the American Tract Society, New York (1837).

⁸ Romans 1:10. Making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you.

been a good deal of sickness through the county this summer. There has been oppressively warm weather here. I feel anxious to hear of your health and of your mother's. . . . The exact condition of matters in Burlington is as far as I learn as follows: Br. Hutchinson⁹ is their stated supply. His year is up next November. In consequence of ill health he has now a summer recess. The church is feeble. Their house of worship unfinished. A deacon and leading man in the church is a political newspaper editor and has not much influence and is not highly esteemed as a Christian.¹⁰ An Old School Presbyterian minister is soon expected there. Burlington is an important and growing town of 2500 inhabitants. The case is only presented to me through the A. H. M. S. in case of failure of Brother Hutchinson's health that they would like to have me go there. But the church will have a mind of its own, and I am told feels its own importance very fully. In Burlington there is much of Kentucky and Southern society and influence. I rode in the stage with one of Mr. Adams¹¹ congregation yesterday. He says they are expecting Mrs. Adams to return with him to Davenport. Rumor in Andover and elsewhere said that she was a Miss Gould. You have seen Brother Alden¹² no doubt. You remember that one good turn deserves another. Let me hear how he is getting along. I have been talking most of the evening with this bereaved family. Mrs. Shaw is a member of my church and a woman of very lovely quiet, meek and amiable spirit. Her three surviving children have the whooping cough and summer complaint, the same disease which carried off her son. It seems as though she could hardly restrain her grief. She mourns, but does not complain. How near death seems in that house whence one has just been taken out to his long home. The little boy was laid out in my study. I seem to hear the

⁹ Rev. Horace Hutchinson, a member of the Iowa Band.

¹⁰ James Gardiner Edwards, editor of the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot*. A file of this newspaper, the property of the Burlington Public Library, has for some years been housed in the vaults of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*. These files were presented to the library through the efforts of Mr. Salter. For an itemized list of this collection see: ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 7:314.

¹¹ Rev. Ephraim Adams, a member of the Iowa Band and author of *The Iowa Band* (New and Revised edition) Boston, 1868.

¹² Rev. Ebenezer Alden, a member of the Iowa Band. Vide ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 6:576, 584, 585, 589, 590, 598.

angel's whisper as he warns me that soon he may bear his commission to me. God help me so to live with a conscience void of offense towards God and man that at any time I may be prepared to give up my account. A preparation to live is the best preparation to die.

This is a beautiful evening. The full orb'd moon walks the Heavens queen of the night. . . As I am so lately from you I probably think more of the privations of this new country than I shall after I shall have in a few weeks become fairly introduced again into the harness. Many of my people receive me with very warm hearts. Mr. Shaw's little boy wanted to hear me preach again. Three men who were sometimes in my congregation and whom I saw but a short time before I went away are now in their graves. How loud the admonition to be faithful. . . O, how delightful to acknowledge God in all our ways. How correct the sentiment of the noble Robert Hall¹³ in those two (I had almost said) best sentences in the English language, which I have often studied and which I know you will love to study: "God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions, is continually growing more extended and refulgent by having transferred to it new elements of beauty and goodness, by attracting to itself as a centre whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. *It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.*" This God is our God. . . Your daguerreotype is before me. . .

Yours most affectionately,
Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Saturday evening, August 23, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

. . . Your rich, precious (O, for a new language) letter from Oxford, mailed the 6th., reached me Wednesday afternoon. I could hardly repress my feelings. I wanted to get on the wide prairie and give thanks. . . These

¹³ Robert Hall (1764-1831) an English Baptist divine whose fame rests mainly on the tradition of his pulpit oratory. *Vide Dictionary of National Biography*, 24:85-6.

things, and death and sickness in this family, and some sickness in the country made me feel I cannot tell how bad until I got your letter. And then we are five weeks apart, i. e. before we can write and get an answer. . . . The Eastern Mail comes here twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. . . . I think if you and I could get hold of Uncle Sam together he would be apt to make tracks powerful fast for one while. . . . This evening at sunset I went and visited the grave of the little boy whose death I mentioned in my last. Over his new made grave and with a sense of my own mortality I had great joy in looking up and dedicating anew my life to God and in supplicating upon you his blessing. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa] Monday. August, 25, 1845.

Good morning, my dearest friend. How are you this pleasant morning? Did you enjoy a pleasant Sabbath? We had a beautiful day here. At 10 a. m. our Sabbath School met. Our superintendent was absent from sickness, many of the children sick, but few of our teachers realize their responsibilities, only 15 scholars were present. I promised a copy of the New England Primer (from your donation) to all the children who would be punctually present on the four Sabbaths of the next month. I hope this will serve to provide a large attendance, and prepare the way for doing good. At 11 a. m. I preached a funeral sermon for the death of Mr. Shaw's child. The house was crowded, a complete jam, about seventy present, and many at the doors and windows. My congregation is very serious and attentive. It might startle you in the course of the service to hear a child cry or to see a mother, unable to quiet her child, go out with it. *But you will soon get used to these things.* They can't be helped in a new country. I always tell parents to come to the meeting and bring their little ones with them. I have a little choir and tolerable singing for the backwoods. In the afternoon I resumed the account of my "journey", told them, among other things, of my visit to the Sabbath School¹⁴ in Mass-

¹⁴ The Winthrop Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

achusetts which had sent us such beautiful Library Books. I have thus made two sermons out of my "*prosperous journey*". My people think I have seen and done great things. And the *least of all* has been told them. *Poor blind mortals*. They will open their eyes one of these days. The Methodist Circuit Preacher was here at 6 p. m. and organized a class of ten members. They are disposed to be sectarian and push a little with their horns. . . .

Dr. Alexander¹⁵ of Princeton in the *New York Observer* (under signature of A. A.) is one of the most heavenly writers I have ever met with. He excells all men in facility and appropriateness in introducing the language of the Bible on every subject. I heard him preach several years ago on the sufferings of Christ. His style is very simple and tender. The truths of the Bible seem to be in him as an ever gushing well of water. His delight is in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

Wednesday evening. August 27.

I have been sitting an hour trying to read the life of Evarts,¹⁶ but with my eyes half the time looking down the road for the stage and with my mind all the time on that sofa, anxiously anticipating information of your whereabouts and whatabouts. . . . And now the stage comes. Hurrah! Hurrah! (But my son, don't disturb the neighborhood.) . . . I walk over to the post office and with the most consummate equanimity of speech and countenance ask for my letter. "Nothing for you." . . .

The Methodist Preacher last Sabbath evening told us that the death of Christ accomplished two objects. 1—it took away the *sin* of the world, i. e., the sin of Adam, then the death of Christ was the reason why Adam did not die the very day in which he sinned, and *thus infants are saved!* 2—it took away the sins of the world. He urged all to join the church because men are more likely to be converted in the church than out of it, the church being an hospital where there are physicians to doctor the sick.

¹⁵ Dr. Archibald Alexander (April 17, 1772-October 22, 1851) the first professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 1:162-3.

¹⁶ E. C. Tracy, *Memoir of the Life of Jeremiah Evarts*. New York. 1845.

And all these preachers are in the eyes of many, just as good as you are and better too. Has not this, my Mary, a great tendency to exalt a man and make him think more highly of himself than he ought to think? One of the severest trials of ministers in such a field as this arises from the fact that most of the people, on account of being used to such preaching as I have given you a specimen of, make no kind of requisition on a minister to study and rightly divide the word of truth. Great occasions, it is proverbially said, make great men. He must be a dull preacher who can't preach well before an educated and enlightened congregation who will estimate what is said. O the difficulty of studying to preach well when there is no immediate pressure to do so. There is but one collegiately educated man in this county, and he does not come to meeting more than half a dozen times in the year. If it be the glory of the Gospel as of old that it is preached to the poor, it has that glory here. It is not an ignoble enterprise to elevate the unenlightened. I met a little boy today and asked him why he was not to Sabbath School last Sabbath. "I dirtied my clothes," he replied, "and could not come." "I am sorry," I said, "you will get them clean and come next Sabbath, won't you?" "Yes, sir, if I can get a cap, I'll be sure to come." We had an interesting prayer meeting this evening, about thirty present. We are suffering delay in not getting brick for our Academy¹⁷ as soon as we had anticipated. The brick makers are expecting to burn their kiln in a fortnight after which we hope to go right on and get upon building. I have thought some of having a study built this fall which may answer another year as an addition to *our house*.

Though there are many humbling things in this new country, it is after all a glorious work and one in which I would not change places with "*15/16ths*" of the ministers of New England. The future is all bright. I feel confident

¹⁷ Rev. Salter saw the need of a school in Maquoketa and persuaded members of his congregation to donate land, material, and labor. Meanwhile, Rev. Salter collected \$300 from friends and relatives in the East. The Academy was incorporated by act of the legislative assembly, January 15, 1846. The building was completed in 1848, and Rev. George F. Magoun, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Galena, delivered the address. Eventually, the property was turned over to the public school system of Maquoketa.

that if I can hold on the Lord will give me in ten years a flourishing church and large congregation. The country is rapidly filling up. Many strange faces have come in during my absence. Among others a merchant with a small stock of goods from Springfield, Mass. But we come here not because the field is inviting and easy, but because it is hard, expecting to endure self-denials and not repining at any privations, if so be we may save souls and extend the name of Christ, building not on others' foundation. I rejoice in feeling assured that these are your feelings. I believe I have no other desire than to be in the highest possible degree useful. I desire to be the child of Providence. God probably knows better than I do where I can be most useful. I want to feel that the best way to prepare for future usefulness is to do the best you can in present circumstances. I feel renewed strength and confidence in having your prayers. . .

Maquoketa. August 30. Saturday afternoon.

. . . As my horse is lame and I have been disappointed in getting another I must go afoot to Andrew. It is most 6 o'clock. In my next I will write particularly of the many interesting things you speak of. I am afraid there will be a long space between your receiving my Detroit and Milwaukee letters. If I have any time Monday morning, I will fill out this sheet. Goodbye, my Mary, the thoughts of you will make my walk short. *Ora pro nobis.*

I am yours,
Wm. Salter.

I got about one half mile on my way and met one of my church here who had compassion on me and engaged to go up to attend meeting at Andrew tomorrow and carry me, so I returned and have the pleasure of talking with you. . . . My health has been very good though the warm weather has been somewhat enervating. We have abundance of wild plums and delicious melons. . . .

Your Wm.

Maquoketa. Jackson County, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1845.
My dear Mary:

Saturday evening has come again and I have half a sermon to write, and the multiplicity of cares this week has prevented my taking up my pen "toyouwards" hitherto, so that now I must be hurried when I ought to have time to express my best thanks for your *two* letters (am not I rich?) received this week, those of August 18th and 25th, and the last received tonight in ten days after it was mailed. I guess Uncle Sam has profited by our threatened chastisements and begins to find out that the route between No. 7 Union street and this prairie is one of the first importance. You write of many interesting matters which perhaps I ought to talk over first, but I presume to opine that you will want to know what I have been doing the last week. Last Sabbath morning I rode to Andrew and preached in the courthouse (a log building) to a small congregation of forty, but some of the excellent of the earth are in that church. I have two families in it who for moral worth and devotion to the cause of Christ are not excelled in Iowa. They come regularly six miles to meeting, and really hunger for the bread of life. I cut a little account of one of them from an Ohio paper and sent it to you in a "Transcript" the last mail. Some of your friends may be interested in seeing from it that the people are not all "heathen" in the Far West. The other family named "Young" are pure gold in the ore, plain, honest, and good, from Pennsylvania. Mrs. Young was brought up in Mr. Duffield's¹⁸ church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who, by the way, was a very faithful, useful pastor. He is now in Detroit. You will be delighted to attend prayers in this beloved family, hear all the children sing and unite with Mrs. Y., children and all, in calling upon the name of the Lord. I preached twice. The Sabbath School has declined during my absence owing to sickness and other causes, and I was requested to form the whole congregation into a Bible class which was done. We are to study "the Ro-

¹⁸Rev. George Duffield (July 4, 1794—June 26, 1868), for thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Detroit, author of many theological books, and of the hymn, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 5:489-90.

mans". I have one very intelligent and gentlemanly lawyer in my congregation there from Virginia.

... I commenced early in the week a sermon on Josh. 24:15,¹⁹ but could not make it go. Yesterday I took up Psalms 144:12.²⁰ ... My subject is education. It should be thorough, preparatory to usefulness in life, and to another state of existence, and the whole applied to our Academy here which is commended to the prayers and generous benefactions of my people. My text in the P. M. is what Christ said to Matthew. What a text for your pulpit. Almost equal to Isaiah 53:1.²¹ But about my journey. In the P. M. I rode to Deacon Cotton's²² and found my appointment had not been sufficiently circulated to get a congregation. Mrs. Cotton has just returned from the East (western New York) bringing her mother with her, aged eighty years. The old lady endured the fatigues of her journey remarkably well. She was one of the first settlers on what was called the Holland Purchase in Western New York. Her husband in 1802 erected the first frame barn on the purchase. Men came to the raising of it a distance of thirty miles. How wonderful the growth of our country. Monday morning I borrowed a horse and rode to Bellevue, found most of my friends having the ague. Rev. Mr. Smith who has gone there this summer, a Bangor theological student, has the ague, and the family in which he boarded being sick, he has gone into the country to stay, so that I did not see him. He must have a hard time. Bellevue is one of the most abandoned places I was ever in—a most dreadful population. The only evidence I have that I have preached the truth among them is that they hate me. I can assure you that it is very trying to know how to get along with wicked men here. I treat them kindly and take trouble to gain their confidence, that if by any means I

¹⁹ Joshua 24:15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your father served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

²⁰ Psalms 144:12. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

²¹ Isaiah 53:1. Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

²² Samuel Cotton, a descendant of John Cotton, Puritan preacher. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, New York. *Vide Salter's, Sixty Years*, p. 263.

may save them until I feel that necessity is laid upon me to repair their vices when a torrent of abuse is the only reward of my faithfulness. I have had much of this experience. The leading physician of this county is of this character. Once he was polite and affable, but reproof has wounded him and now he never passes me without curling his lip in scorn. Living among such men one is able to appreciate and unite in the prayer [of] Psalms 26:9.²³ Good night, my dear.

Sabbath evening.

If "the morning and the evening" are the first day of the week then the second day of the week has come. . . . I have had a pleasant Sabbath, a beautiful day, a house full of people, and some attentive hearers. . . . Judge Wilson²⁴ of the District Court for this part of the territory came along here with his wife (who is a member of the church in Dubuque) just before the hour of meeting on his way to hold court in a county below. He and his wife came into meeting in the course of the services, after which they got their dinner and went on their journey. A pretty example for a judge surely. I had 30 at Monthly Concert this evening. . . .

I am in hopes of getting out a good sermon one of these weeks on the text "My Kingdom is not of this world." I spent last Monday night with Mr. Magoun²⁵ at Galena. He has nobly and enthusiastically thrown himself upon the rising current of education in the West. He promises to be one of the most useful men of the county. We talked nearly the whole night about everything. Primarily measures are on foot for getting up the new church in Galena. It will consist of some choice spirits and will afford a most desirable field of usefulness. They will be very particular about their minister. He ought to be first rate. . . . I went to Dubuque on Tuesday and entered at the land sales 80 acres of land for the gentleman I board with

²³ Psalms 26:9. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men.

²⁴ Supreme Court Justice Thomas S. Wilson. Vide Edward H. Stiles, *Recollections and Sketches of Notable Lawyers and Public Men of Early Iowa* (Des Moines, 1916) pp. 45, 571.

²⁵ Rev. George F. Magoun was the author of *Asa Turner and His Times*, Boston, 1889; and was the first president of Iowa College. Vide ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series, 3:53, 86, 92; 6:357; 7:68, 370-371; 8:190.

who is unfortunately in some pecuniary trouble.²⁶ I did it entirely to relieve him and have no advantage from it. I had a very hard horse and finding myself sore from riding, I came directly home on Wednesday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. September 12, Friday afternoon.

My dear Mary:

The wind has been blowing very severely all day, and the heavens are brewing a storm. I have had but little success in my studies. Many things discourage me among my own people. I have too much reason to complain that they all seek their own, rather than to help one another, and to advance the cause of Christ. Here, where all that love the Saviour ought to love one another and strive together for the faith of the Gospel, there exist alienations and divisions. In reading the fifth [chapter] of Matthew, I was led to think that if I should require my people before coming to meeting to be reconciled to their brethren (verse 23-24)²⁷ I should have a very thin congregation. Contention about lands and one thing and another distract our community very much. I asked a very intelligent gentleman who was here this week and who has purchased some property in the neighborhood, from Cincinnati, if he would not move his family out soon. No, said he, I think I must wait until you get a little further along. Isn't that encouraging? . . .

Is Mars indeed the God of War and does he indicate the approach of that dreadful scourge upon our land. I pray not, and yet I watch with fearful anxiety the belligerent elements on the South West. Who does not hang his head to own himself an American who [is] looking at the course our government has taken to perpetuate and extend slavery. I tremble for my country, said an infidel, in view of the enormities of slavery, when I remember that God is just. And has not the Christian who believes God

²⁶ Mr. Shaw.

²⁷ Matthew 5:23-24. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

governs among the nations, reason to fear? There are few evils to be so dreaded as war. What a commentary on the little Christianity in our land is the existence of so much desire for war. I am going to *fire a charge* on the subject as soon as I can "make ready."

I suppose some of your friends will have to study their geography to find out where Iowa and especially Maquoketa is. You must make them all interested in this land, and tell them you will find something for them to do here. There is one interesting thing about Iowa, to wit: that it is the only part of the country West of the Father of Waters which is *free*, thus affording both a more promising field of labor and a more desirable home to all who believe that the Messiah's kingdom "shall break in pieces the oppressor". Psalm 72:4²⁸ It is washed by that river of which that prophetic observer of our country's progress, Jeremiah Evarts, said nearly twenty years ago, "that in a hundred years, it will be more traveled than any other thoroughfare in the world." Still as I have often told you—our work is one of self-denial. By the way, I saw in Evart's life, pages 195 and 196, his observation on the difficulties of planting religion in a destitute portion of Tennessee through which he traveled. They apply very nearly to this country. These difficulties are discouraging and yet they are the very reason why we must labor and toil here. The greater the difficulties, the louder the call to self-denying effort. . . .

I have two very excellent ladies here Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Shaw, women of intelligence, good sense, and worth. But I feel that our great effort must be in behalf of the rising generation. If we can be instrumental in establishing our Academy aright, we shall not have lived in vain. In relation to the education of our public schools, strenuous efforts will be needed to have it of a Christian character, and if this cannot be accomplished, we shall have to abandon those schools and work in our own way. You know and I *know* the importance and influence of female education. We want mothers to build up the church and to

²⁸ Psalms 72:4. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

save the state. In all these enterprises I shall feel strong in your cooperation. . . .

I have had no opportunity to preach my Western sermon since I saw you. I preached it in Buffalo and in New York. I shall get up a new sermon on the subject for this latitude next month. I am also plotting a sermon on the original condition of man. Do you think the Garden of Eden was located on a prairie? If not, you may have your eyes opened on the subject another year. . . .

I rarely get fatigued in preaching. I believe it is my business as it is my enjoyment. Mondays I generally spend in reading papers and in little things, though I look at newspapers as matters of the greatest importance. They are of wonderful power in controlling public sentiment. I want they should all be under a Christian influence. There are few objects of greater moment to my mind than the reformation of the Press. I hope we shall be able to do something in this cause one of these days. I am very thankful for papers from you. . . . My relatives were all from Portsmouth, N. Hampshire, where the family has been for several generations. There was a Dr. Salter, clergyman, in Mansfield, Ct. some 60 years ago after whom Dr. Storrs was named, but I know nothing of his family. Those whose names were in the *Puritan* you sent me I know nothing of. . . .

Most affectionately yours,

Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa, September 20, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

I have much to write you. . . . It is now Saturday night and nearly 11 o'clock. I have had a week of joy and of grief. I want to go over all with you, but I have not time. Last Sabbath I preached three times to small congregations, Monday a. m. I visited a little, and then set my face toward Cascade. On my way I visited Mr. Alexander's family. They are an excellent family, Scotch Presbyterian. The girls have attended the Romish school in Dubuque because there was no other school in the country.

I could not but think of you as I was reminded by my preaching in this neighborhood last winter when I had one of the girls to ride to meeting a mile and a half on my horse behind me. I passed through a settlement of Irish Papists where is a log church and school and resident priest. I believe this is one instance of the execution of the plan formed in Europe to Romanize the West of which you have seen notices. I had a delightful visit at Cascade, spent Tuesday there. We talked and sang together....

I found some new cases of sickness on my return home. We are called to mourn a very distressing death in this village. Though I might have mentioned that while at Cascade, I heard of the death by lockjaw of Mr. Alexander, the father of the family I have spoken of above. He died in Dubuque very suddenly. He has left a large family. The other death was that of Mrs. Plato on yesterday morning. She was a widow lady, sister of Mrs. Hall. There were many extremely melancholy circumstances in her decease. I hardly dare to write of them. I was completely unnerved yesterday so that I could do nothing. I was with her when she breathed her last. She was sick but five days, taken with rather a severe bilious fever, but the immediate cause of her death was unquestionably injudicious medical treatment. Her funeral is to be attended tomorrow. I have been engaged all day in preparing a sermon on Romans 14:8.²⁹ She was a very useful woman in my little society here, one of the kindest friends I had here. She was very active and intelligent, a good Sabbath School Teacher. The Lord seems to have no mercy on us. Taking away the best of our Society. Not that I murmur, for this I would never do, but it does seem to be a dark cloud in the prospects of this country. Mrs. P was expecting here in a fortnight from the East a son and a sister. Her heart was set on seeing them. But inexorable death would not wait. It is most twelve and I have not time for reflections... Goodnight.

²⁹ Romans 14:8. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, or die, we are the Lord's.

Sabbath eve.

The soft light of setting day seems kindly propitious to my thoughts of the precious one far away. All is peaceful and serene. I trust it is the emblem of the peace of your soul. I had a large congregation this morning, about one hundred, a sad service it was to me. I trust I shall be made better by it. In preaching this afternoon from Luke 21:34-35⁸⁰ I could not but illustrate the state of mind in which we ought *always* to live by the fact Mr. Crosby mentions in his sermon on your grandfather's⁸¹ death, that a few hours before his death he said, "Seventy and seven years *have I been waiting* for this crisis." By the help of Heaven's grace, let us so live. . . .

I must go and visit a sick man and then to prayer meeting, after which I will write a few lines if I can get out of this preaching strain.

It has got to be past midnight . . . and the bedside of a sick man is a poor place whence to write you. But I am in a good school. The lessons I learn tonight will come in play perhaps when you want a little nursing. My patient is a Rhode Islander. A sketch of his history may add a short chapter to your ideas of the motley mixture of society in the West. He fell out with some of his family at home, and came here where he has been engaged like a true Yankee in all kinds of business to get a living by his wits, keeping school, *talking*, and trading. He is *irritable* and cross and has made himself obnoxious to many of our people. He is a Unitarian; he has a severe attack of bilious fever. I am doing the best I can for him, but I find myself a poor nurse. . . .

You understand from what Mr. Badger told you the relation of the A. H. M. S. to churches in the West. The Society does not direct or dictate either to church or minister. It advises. The church at Burlington probably feel very independent and high-minded. I have never preached to them. My conduct in relation to the whole matter will

⁸⁰ Luke 21:34-35. And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

⁸¹ Amos Tufts.

be, as I know you will wish it to be, directed, I trust, by that Latin motto which we fell in with at the McLean Asylum. I have Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. The light of my candle is about dim enough to tell you my cloudy views of his speculations. But as I write for your comprehension, I had better wait for the light of day and for a time when my mind has rested from the labors of preaching. My portfolio is I believe *perfectly* a sanctum. I have all confidence that the family I board with are not busy bodies. I have a lock and key to it. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, September 25, 1845.

My dearest friend:

I have been in vain trying to write a sermon this week There are troubles also in the community. You never know what to expect or rather what not to expect in so new a country. When you begin to think that the prospects of society are good they are perhaps all clouded over in half a day. I have a sore trial with one of my elders, he has been behaving very bad, and we shall probably have to cut him off. I had a pretty good attendance at prayer meeting last evening. . .

You ask about ministers around me. Mr. Kent is a dull preacher, always writes, but can make a very fervent appeal and tell a rousing story for the West. I. D. Stevens of Platteville, W. T., 60 miles north east of this, is now in the East. The West has a competent advocate in him. He was for many years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. among the Indians at Mackinaw and St. Peters. Rev. Mr. Wells, chaplain at Prairie Du Chien, would charm any congregation with the felicity of his style and the grace of his address. J. J. Hill in Clayton Co. is of rather a heavy, slow cast of mind, but Mrs. Hill is all soul and go ahead. You know of Mr. Holbrook as a forcible animated preacher, a vigorous writer and devoted to his work. Brother Boal of Marion, I have never heard. He, however, has a good reputation. Brother Turner has a well-balanced mind and preaches good plain sermons. Brother

Emerson is a very zealous animated preacher, unfortunately sings a little when excited, I mean has a singing tone. He labors at Albany, Illinois and in Dewitt, 20 miles s. east of me. Brother Adams preaches a serious, sober, dignified and instructive sermon. Brother Robbins is a plain, clear and interesting preacher. In the South, Rev. D. Lane is in my opinion, head and shoulders above his brethren. I think he always writes. He has a discriminating strong mind, is of the highest moral excellence, and commends himself as a man of God and minister of Christ to every man's conscience. I had a letter from him last week in which he informs me that he is going East very soon for his wife's sake. She has the dropsey and is considered dangerous. He hopes that "home" and the sea air may benefit Mrs. L. . . .

Saturday afternoon. September 27.

I had just mended my quill when I was interrupted by a call from the new Methodist preacher who has just arrived on the circuit. . . . Our association is at Davenport October 21. I shall probably preach in Dubuque Oct. 12.

. . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 4, 1845.

Dear Mary:

. . . . This week has been of chilly blustering weather, and a little cold with the sickness and death around me have perhaps too much perturbed me. Having heard that Mr. Smith, a missionary of the A. H. M. S. at Bellevue who came into this country in June is sick, I went to see him. I found him just recovering from ague and bilious fever. He thinks that he cannot have his health in this country and so is about returning home (Litchfield, Maine). I endeavored to encourage him and urged him to go *home* with me, promising to nurse him the best I could, but his heart is set in getting by his mother's fire-side. He thought of leaving this week. . . . I got some cold in riding, was overtaken by one or two showers, and should have rested this week, but have been called on to

visit the sick and attend three funerals. I am much better today. So much sickness is indeed very distressing. There are very few families in which some are not or have not been sick. The whole country shares in the calamity. I saw this afternoon a gentleman from Rock River who says there is much more sickness there than here. I hope the people may learn righteousness, but at present the sickness is so extensive that little else can be thought of than the care of the sick. I cannot but hope that as cold weather is setting in health will return. I feel that I cannot be too thankful for that kind Providence that has so constantly watched over and sustained me while sickness and death have visited so many. How loud the admonition to work while it is day for night cometh when no man can work.

You will probably be amazed when I tell you that the last of my written sermons is number 24, and two years in the ministry! I had letters this evening from New York from my father and brother, and Sister Mary which speak of Mr. Shackford of Burlington who heard of our matters in Charlestown. He was on his way West. He was from Portsmouth, N. H., and is probably acquainted with some of your friends. He spoke of my good fortune in the highest terms. Mr. S. was agent to collect funds in aid of the church in Burlington. He raised \$450.00, is deacon of the church. An excellent man.

The sickness of the country is hindering every kind of labor. Our brick are just burned, but it is now so late that it is found we shall not be able to erect our building this fall. I have engaged to have me a study built for about \$135—14 feet by 22—nine feet high room. It is uncertain about my leaving here and in case I should I think I could sell without loss. I have a very pleasant location. If we remain here, I will build a brick house in front of it next spring, and this may serve as a kitchen.

Some of my friends want me to go East. But I have never allowed myself to think in earnest of the matter. My father in his last expresses the wish that in a year or

two I would think of settling in the East. He has always wanted me to feel young, telling me that I should not be in my prime till I was past thirty, and that I ought not to marry much before that age. You will not indulge the thought, my dear, that I came West from any disrelish for the privileges of cultivated society. I deem it as sacred a trust to guard well the temples which the fathers founded as to lay in regions beyond the foundations of society. The work in both places demands the best men. I desire to be the child of Providence. . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Dubuque, October 13, 1845.

Dear Mary:

How are you this rainy Monday morning, October 13, 1845, . . . ? Now I have my pen in the study corner of Mr. Holbrook's³² sitting room. . . . I came here from home on Saturday, a very raw and chilly day, got some cold which was a poor preparation for preaching yesterday. Preached to a congregation of seventy-five in the Baptist meeting house. The Congregational Church is getting along very well with their house, will have it finished in December. Mr. Holbrook has had to oversee its erection and attend to almost everything about it. Ladies in Park Street Church, Boston, and in Hartford, Ct. are sending out boxes of articles to be sold at a fair this winter here for the benefit of the house. The Ladies here have also a society to sew for the same object, of which Mrs. Holbrook has the superintendence. She by the way, I may say, is a native of Farmington, Ct., but lived several years in Jacksonville, Illinois; is a good housekeeper. On my arrival here, I heard that Brother [E. B.] Turner has had a bilious attack. I am only now waiting for clear weather to go out to see him. The church here is small for so large a place, there being about 2,000 population here, only 50 members. The Methodist church here has by far the most wealth and largest numbers of any Protestant society. . . .

³² Rev. John C. Holbrook, *Vide THE ANNALS OF IOWA*, Third Series, 1:527; 7:594, 602-604.

Last week we had at Andrew the annual meeting of our County Bible Society during the session of Court. You would have laughed to have seen me lodged in a log cabin with some twenty persons, some few on beds and many on the floor. But the good landlady gave me the best bed in company with an old gentleman from Delaware, formerly an Indian agent in Illinois. He had been at one time a prisoner among the Indians and expecting to be shot, but was rescued by a friendly tribe. Our Bible Society is small and but a few take any interest in it.

One of the old settlers has just been in to see me. He was here 13 years ago when nothing but grass and brush were here, where, as he says, "are now four story brick buildings and back in the country is a four story mill." He is an old miner. If, he says, this place be so changed in thirteen years, what will it be in a century?

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa, October 16,
1845.

Good evening, Mary:

. . . .My last left me on the eve of going to Cascade. I was in hopes it had cleared up, but was disappointed and rode twelve miles in the rain. I was in a buggy and tolerably well protected so that I suffered nothing serious. I stopped at a good woman's on the road, a member of brother Turner's church who begged me hard to tarry over night (I stopped to warm), but I could not. I found Brother Turner better though weak. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Davenport, Iowa. October
24, 1845.

My dear Mary:

How do you this pleasant Indian summer? It is just two years ago since I landed in Iowa. May I not say Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I am reminded of a walk I took two years ago this morning up the bank of the Mississippi at Burlington in company with Brother

Turner. We got into a retired place and leaning against a prostrate tree, united in prayer to God, giving up ourselves to the direction of his Providence, and asking, Lord, what wilt thou have us to do? Verily, I have been led in a way that I knew not and may I not indulge the hope that it has been of the Lord.

Here am I this morning in the home of Brother Prescott, an excellent colporteur of the American Tract Society who is laboring in this region. His wife is an active intelligent woman and useful Christian. Brother Hill and wife are also here. Mrs. Hill is a daughter of Deacon Hyde of Bath, Maine, an enthusiastic, cheerful, contented, affectionate spirit, thinks the world of Iowa and of her field in Clayton County. She says she has no desire to go back to New England except to see her father and mother We have had a tolerably interesting Association, but owing to the absence of Brother Adams, who has not yet returned, the minister here, things have been more at loose ends than would otherwise be the case. The only two subjects of interest that have been discussed were those of a union with Presbyterianism, and of Education. Brother Robbins had not prepared his paper on fellowship with slaveholders on account of sickness in his family and congregation, and he was excused until the next meeting.

Last Monday night Brother Turner and wife arrived at Maquoketa. They tarried the night which I enjoyed very much with them. Mrs. T. was very happy at being introduced to your daguerreotype. . . . Tuesday we rode here 40 miles, most of the way over a burnt prairie, rather a dismal prospect. No town on the Mississippi is more handsomely situated than Davenport. It has a population of 900, but they are divided into all the different sects. The Congregational church is small and though it has some excellent members the church has but little character in the community. It would seem strange to you to be in a place where Methodists and Campbellites and Romanists were the leading sects. Rev. J. A. Reed, lately appointed Missionary agent for Iowa, has just taken up his residence

here. He was a native of New Windsor and a New Haven student, Conn. He has been for a number of years in the West, was formerly at Warsaw, Illinois, and last at Fairfield, Iowa. In relation to Burlington he says that last summer Brother Hutchinson's health being very poor, he was advised by Brothers Asa Turner and Lane to give up that field, and in that case those brethren proposed that I should be sent for, and Brother Turner corresponded with Mr. Badger on the subject, who recommended it. But Brother Hutchinson's health being now very much better, so that he says he feels as well as ever he was, he has resumed his labors with a prospect of continuing them. Brother Reed, however, says that he thinks that though Brother Hutchinson may remain this winter there, he will not stay much longer. In this state of things I think that we ought to disabuse our minds of all apprehension or concern on that subject. I feel very happy that I have never opened my mouth on this subject, so that any of my brethren could suppose that I was seeking great things for myself. What a delightful consciousness is that of having the feelings of Psalm 131:1.³³ When I see how comparatively little the brethren on the river towns are doing, I cannot but think that in usefulness I may not be behind them and indeed that my own field promises well in comparison with theirs. . . . I am going as far as Dewitt today to spend the night with Brother Emerson. He has been suffering dreadfully from the ague and is now thin as a shadow. Some of the brethren are thinking they will have a joke with Brother Alden about his house if he comes single handed. The Association appointed the first Wednesday in December a day of fasting and prayer in view of the suspension of Divine Influences. We adjourned to meet at Tipton the first Monday in May.

. . . . Mr. Hill is building a house, 26 by 38, which will cost him 700 dollars. A part of it is finished and they are living in it. We have talked over the plan. . . . All the members of the Association report that their labors have been greatly interrupted by sickness. It is now ten o'clock.

³³ Psalms 131:1. Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

A boat has arrived on which Mr. and Mrs. Hill are going up the river, and Brother Emerson is getting ready for riding home. . . . I preached here from last verse of I Cor. 14, on doctrine: that the New Testament does not give us a definite and full form of Church Polity, and that God requires wisdom and discretion at our hands in managing our church affairs. All things must be done in order, but wisdom is needed and profitable to direct in *what order*. Sermons were also preached on the nature and advantages of revivals by Brother Robbins. Reasons why we should not be ashamed of the Gospel by Mr. Hitchcock of Moline, Illinois—the character and conduct and testimony of witnesses for God on the text: “Ye are my witnesses” by Brother Hill.

Ever yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. October 31, 1845.

My dearest Mary:

. . . . This has been like most other days in the West, a mixed day with me. There is no dull uniformity here. I arose about sunrise from my bed on the floor, having resigned my room last night to a gentleman and his wife from Prairie du Chien. I read from Dr. Hewes of Paul on Mars Hill. . . . After breakfast. . . I got into my study and notwithstanding that the children have been very noisy and a few interruptions . . . I read an interesting lesson in my Greek Harmony of the Gospels and wrote about the third of a sermon, when 4 o'clock called me to an adjourned meeting of my church, at which the resignation of one of my elders was accepted, the other was excommunicated from the church, and it was voted that we hereafter be governed according to the usages of the Congregational Churches. This is the second excommunication from the Church, both of the offending members being somewhat prominent citizens in the neighborhood and being the only ones in the church who subscribed ten dollars towards my support. I have had a severe trial with these men. They have been great stumbling blocks to the advancement of religion. Both

united with the church by letter from other churches. I trust and believe the Lord will overrule it all for good. After this meeting came on supper and chopping a little wood

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, November 8, 1845.

My Mary:

I have just got home from a curious week's work. I told you in my last that Br. Reed was to spend the last Sabbath with me. He preached to a house full. We now meet in a private house and as I looked upon the various substitutes for seats which the people occupied, I could not but think of Paul and his companions at Melita, who escaped from the wreck "some on *boards* and some on *broken pieces* of the ship." Monday morning I rode to the eastern part of the county with Brother Reed to explain the destitutions or rather to make him acquainted with them. We visited a number of scattered families who were sorry that Mr. Smith had left them as sheep in the wilderness and who were anxious to have one sent among them to break the bread of life. Tuesday P. M. we rode into Bellevue where I had previously sent in an appointment for Brother Reed to preach. Who do you think was the first man I met? Brother Alden. Even so. I may have mentioned that I promised to go sometime or other on a journey to Wisconsin with him, and he had taken that time for the business. We found an awful state of stupor as to the interests of religion in town. There were but a dozen to meeting. Brother Alden's plans made an entire change in my arrangements for the week, so the next morning we crossed the river and rode to Galena, where we had a very pleasant call in the family of Mr. Kent.

. . . . That P. M. we rode to Hard Scrabble, W. T., and spent the night with Mrs. Curtis. She has two stepsons in the ministry at Adrian and Ann Arbor, Michigan. We learned here that we were only eight miles from New Diggings, so the next morning we rode thither and found

Brother Lewis on the eve of going to attend a funeral, whither we accompanied him. There were already 50 or 60 graves in the burying ground. After this service, we had a very delightful talk. . . . P. M. we rode to Platteville within a few miles of the Platte Mounds described in the *Home Missionary* for October. Last year I rode over them several times, or rather around them. They present a singular and wonderful appearance. We spent the night at D. J. W. Clark's who, as we wanted to see Magoun, hunted him up and brought in also Miss Johnson and two Miss Buels. We had a piano and good music which made the evening pass off very pleasantly. . . . I came home on the stage (a very black chilly day). . . .

Your own. Wm. Salter.

[The following description of William Salter's study in Maquoketa is extracted from a note written to Miss Mackintire by Rev. E. Alden, Jr., a friend of Salter and Miss Mackintire.]

[Br. Salter's Study, November 12, 1845.]

. . . . I must ask you to imagine a bedstead, light stand, trunks, bookcase, stove, and a couple of chairs, crowded together into an unfinished apartment a trifle over 6 by 10 feet. You will readily suppose that Br. Salter and I are placed in close proximity. . . .

Yours sincerely,

E. Alden, Jr.

[Here Rev. Salter takes up the writing.]

Friday evening, November 14.

. . . . I don't know as I have told you that I have an air tight stove. It is a common mere sheet iron one and heats and cools very quick, but firewood is cheap here. . . . The health of the country is much improved, although there are many cases of ague yet, generally owing to exposure and carelessness. . . . I am ecclesiastically connected with the Congregational Association of Northern Iowa, as you will see by the *Congregational Almanac*, so that it is perfectly proper to call me a Congregationalist, and I very

much prefer that connection to belonging to either the Old or the New School Presbytery in Iowa. . . . In Iowa the old School body have been very unfortunate in having as their leaders two very bigoted and sectarian ministers who are very jealous of the spread of Congregationalism, and who even misrepresent our character, and it is to be feared take pains so to do. . . .

You know fully about my pecuniary circumstances. I have nothing but a salary of 400 dollars a year. I have a library which cost me \$150, and a *horse*. And when my study is built and paid for, I shall have that and perhaps \$100 on hand. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. November 28, 1845.

Dear Mary:

. . . . Oh, if we had such settlers as New England first had, we might hope that this wilderness would bud and blossom. But alas, the wicked and the worldly and the backsliders are the main settlers of this country, and what can be expected unless God remarkably interposes but moral desolation? Not only must ministers and teachers, but pious merchants, farmers and mechanics must come here with the main intent of doing good. And those that take care of the Lord's cause, He will take care of. I preached a Thanksgiving sermon this week to a very small congregation, a written sermon however. Most of the people were in their fields husking their corn. I have a written sermon for tomorrow morning, though it was written six months ago. I have been very much disappointed in not having my study finished. This is indeed the *West*. Only think it is not yet covered. I think I have learned this much, however, to wit—to go to work about building my house the first thing in the spring and to see that it is in a fair way before June. In consequence of a man getting intoxicated while burning a lime kiln, his lime proved a failure and our schoolhouse is in statu quo, the bricks being on the ground instead of in the wall. Thus

I have many things to vex and try my patience. I bear up under them the best way I can.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. December 3, 1845.

My dear Mary:

This day has been observed in my church here as one of humiliation and fasting by recommendation of our Association in view of the low state of religion. I preached a written sermon. . . . from Luke 5:35,³⁴ adapted to this longitude and as you may well suppose no wise suited to Eastern Churches. . . . Monday and Tuesday afternoons I devoted to visiting. Shall I introduce the people to you? Here is Mrs Macloy in a small and disagreeable house by the side of a millpond just recovering from an attack of inflammation upon the lungs. She is a good woman, has experienced a reverse of fortune and passed through the furnace. She was of the Bellows family at Walpole, N. H. Mr. M. failed several years ago, "he took to drink," and though he has made several temporary reformatations, and now only once in a while uses the poison, his character is much injured. He was excommunicated from the church here last spring. He does business in a slovenly way, so that his family suffer. Mrs. M. returned this fall from a visit to New Hampshire. She seemed much pleased with my visit and urged me to call as often as I could. She has three daughters (young girls) who are in desperate need of our Academy. I next called on Mrs. Marshall, a widow in a very uncomfortable cabin. She has four little children; is of an extremely covetous disposition, so that though she has means enough to make herself comfortable, yet it seems that she would rather want than part with her money. Going $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile down a "hollow," I came to another poverty-stricken cabin and on knocking and pulling the string I entered the habitation of a Virginian who for forty years has been moving west with the West. I found the old lady in one corner, suffering from ague and from a severe cough. She has seemed to

³⁴ Luke 5:35. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.

be declining for some time. Though she has lived all her days in ignorance, she professes a hope in the mercy of God, that she may find beyond the grave a more comfortable world than this. On another bed were two young men, one afflicted with the ague, and the other with an inflammation of the kidneys. I gave what instruction I could, and rode on a mile to visit another family where sickness and death has been this fall. At one time the whole family had the ague. Mr. Haines had been a Christian in the East (New Hampshire) but has backslidden in this country. He hopes however that his afflictions have been sanctified to him, and now expresses himself determined to serve the Lord. In another family in which I visited is a young woman who for many years has been confined most of the time to her bed from a confirmed diseased state of the digestive organs. . . . You may ask if I like pastoral visiting. I may reply that I like it as a matter of duty, and as enabling me to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and men, and after performing it I come back to my books with a keener relish and I trust with some thankfulness in my heart that God has ordered my birth and education in so much more favorable circumstances than are those of the mass of men. I am led to feel a deeper interest in the improvement of the social condition of the poor. I am sure this is one of the great problems . . . which the latter half (and I trust it will be the better half) of the nineteenth century is to work out. Oh it is too bad that there should be so much suffering and want in this rich world. It may be, however, that this is one of those "organic evils" for which nothing can be directly done, and which the silent influences of the Gospel must cure. What think you, Mary?

Friday evening.

I have just returned from fulfilling an appointment at an embryo village, called because of contention there: Harmony. Had a small room of 30 people who gave good attention. I had "freedom" in extemporaneous discourse, presenting some of the reasons for our being Christians

(I Peter 3:18).³⁵ I was urged to come again, but thought it not best to leave an appointment. The place is two miles east on the river Maquoketa, and sometimes called Bridgeport, from there being a bridge there. In the neighborhood is a Mr. Chandler who was one of the Canada rebels who was sentenced to be hung. At the intercession of a daughter his sentence was commuted to banishment to Van Diemen's land whence he made his escape some three years ago. I came home by moonlight. I ride horseback. I hope to buy a buggy next fall. The roads have been beautiful this fall, and in riding I have often thought how much I should enjoy your company. . . . They are putting shingles upon my study today. It is very cold work. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. December 19, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . It has now been excessively cold for four weeks, and having made my calculations for being in my study a month ago, I am poorly accommodated as I now am. I am expecting, however, to have my study plastered the first mild day, intending to have only one rough coat put on this winter, and I shall soon be better off. I shall ride tomorrow to Mr. Young's (10 miles) and after preaching on Sabbath at Andrew and Dr. Cotton's and visiting a little, except to spend Christmas with Brother Holbrook (at which time his church hold a fair) where I hope to meet Brother Turner and wife. I shall be home again last of next week. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Sanctum Sanctorum
Maquoketa, Iowa. December
27, 1845.

[Dear Mary:]

. . . . I must tell you a short history of a regular Western

³⁵ I Peter 3:18. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

week's life. Last Saturday afternoon and evening I rode to Br. Young's; I had some business with him as one of the Committee of the Andrew Church to circulate a subscription for my support. He was from Mercer Co. Penn., when the antislavery fever here was high. . . . So we talked till after midnight on the great subject. Sabbath I had but small congregations at Andrew and Deacon Cotton's. The whole country is filled up with families who are Universalists or ignorant persons who have never been brought up to respect the Sabbath, or attend public worship. . . . Monday and Tuesday I visited a number of families six or eight miles west of Deacon Cotton's. Found one old settler whose history is quite a romantic one, Dixon by name, a native of Virginia, lived in St. Louis or thereabouts during the last war. He has traveled five or six times from Missouri to the Selkirk³⁶ settlement on the Upper Red River which empties into Hudson's Bay, driving cattle. A great portion of the way he has traveled on the high ridge which divides the streams flowing into the Mississippi from those flowing into the Missouri. He is an intelligent, gentlemanly man. Tuesday evening I preached to a cabin full in which I spent the night, where [I] found a Mr. Bradley and family from Boston this last summer. . . . Wednesday I rode into Dubuque, walking occasionally however (to tell the truth) and getting my feet warm. I purchased some bedding, and had a pleasant evening at the Ladies' Fair, where, however, I enjoyed most of all a good talk with Jane. Br. Turner stopped to preach on the road and could not come in until Thursday. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. January
1, 1846.

A happy New Year, my dear Mary. Only think of it, this is 1846. I trust you are well and have a heart to

³⁶ Dixon and McKnight drove cattle from Pittsburgh, Van Buren County, Iowa, to the Selkirk settlements, afterwards called Pembina, the first town on the Red River of the North after it crosses into Canada. The Dixon and McKnight trail, 1822, is shown in a map owned by the Wisconsin Historical Society. The Iowa State Department of History and Archives has a copy of that portion of the map relating to the trail in Iowa.

praise the name of the Lord. If so, let us unite in that inimitable doxology, "praise God from whom all blessings flow." I never could write poetry and it is several years since I made a rhyme, but as I am in the West and this is New Year's the following just now popped into my head:

Five moons are past, my chosen friend,
And soon the other five will end;
Then let us meet no more to part,
And hand with hand, and heart with heart,
We'll join ourselves as long as life
To be your husband and my wife.
What think you, dear, of this proposal?
Please let me know in rhyme or prosal.

After a severely cold December the weather has moderated a little and today has been an old-fashioned rain-storm. The rain comes pit-pat upon my roof. The wind is rising and with every heavy gust my house shakes a little. It was so late in the season I could not get the underpinning laid, so that the house stands on stone only at the corners. With my thick boots³⁷ I tramped down to Mr. Shaw's to supper (about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile) and back again. The road has become very muddy. I borrowed a lantern to light myself back again to bed. My study is delightfully situated on high ground overlooking the embryo village; three-fourths of a mile north is the Maquoketa and its timber.³⁸ South stretches off the boundless prairies, West is a beautiful farming country, there being a beautiful grove at a mile distant in that direction. East on the other side of the road is the five acres belonging to the Academy, on the highest point of land in which is the site for the Institution, being the highest point of land in the neighborhood. And still farther east, (a little north) is No. 7 Union street. The road in front of the

³⁷ On November 12, 1844, he purchased the following items: overcoat \$5; shut-in, air-tight stove \$5; fur cap \$3; a pair of boots \$2.37 $\frac{1}{2}$; and on December 3 a pair of leggings costing \$1.00. A leghorn hat, purchased June 23, 1845, cost \$2.50.

³⁸ Rev. Salter built his study on the two acres of land he owned. Mr. Shaw had given him an acre and he had purchased an adjoining acre for \$25. The house cost \$125.00, and its underpinning \$25. He paid \$63.50 for digging and walling the well, and \$18.21 for lining it with 5025 bricks. The cedar fence posts cost \$55, and he paid Mr. Shaw fifty cents to set out two maple trees. His taxes for 1846-7 were \$6.25, and he figured the total cost to be \$318.46.

house is the stage road from Dubuque to Davenport. My study door is some 80 feet from the road. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

[Maquoketa.] Saturday afternoon
January 10, 1846.

My dearest one:

How do you this beautiful, clear, comfortably cold weather? . . . Well, my dear, this has been a busy week with me. Last Sabbath I had a congregation of over fifty at Andrew. On Monday I visited and preached seven miles west of Deacon Cotton's.

Eve.

Here Br. Turner came, and I was glad to see him. He is sitting by me. We have just returned from preaching. He gave a good written sermon on the character of Balaam. Tuesday of this week I visited several schools, and returned here in the evening. Wednesday was pretty much devoted to reading up newspapers etc. In the evening we had an interesting Temperance meeting, a good written address from our schoolmaster, and good singing, that is, good for this country. Some twenty signed the pledge and among these one who has been at times in the habit of drinking excessively. Thursday and Friday I expected Br. Turner here but as he did not come, I had to preach those evenings and visit some during the day. Yesterday afternoon we had a church meeting and seven united with us by letter. I had hoped there would have been some interest among the people at this time, but they are generally stupid though the attendance in meeting has been pretty good and there is a better state of feeling in the church than there has been for some time. There will be no difficulty in getting locks on our doors. I have one on this, but the cabins of the people are often without them.

I shall want to hear Father's lectures on economy, but from your last letter, for I have been so fortunate (here I left off to have a talk with Br. T[urner] about our house, the privations of the Missionary, etc.) as to have received yours of the 20th Dec. [on] the 7th inst. I know not but I

must talk to him on the same subject, for a house that cost 1,000 dollars will make many eyes stare in so new a country, and 500 dollars of furniture will give some the impression that we are very proud. This reminds me of the inquiry of a man who got me some wood and was in to see me this week. As he looked at my small library, [he said], "Why, you keep a great bookstore, don't you?" To a reasonable extent we need not expose ourselves to the prejudices of the people. As you say, we want comforts. Extravagance is as bad taste as it is bad policy. And yet for the Far West I am comparatively well off in having a few families who having themselves been used to comfortable circumstances elsewhere, will not be surprised or prejudiced against us. And this place, I think, is destined to improve so rapidly that we shall have many good families in the neighborhood. There are nine families living in what is called [the] town. The country around is settled in every direction by a rapidly increasing population. A valuable mill privilege on the South Fork of Maquoketa, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from town, is now being improved. I think that in case of building as you propose, if we should want to sell immediately we might find difficulty in obtaining a purchaser, but in a few years we should probably be able to sell to some advantage. In this state of things, as you may well suppose, I feel some delicacy about going ahead. . . . You will think it strange that I have not had time this week to read Milton, but I will do so tonight.

There are over 3,000 people in this county. It is universally admitted to be the next best county after Linn in northern Iowa for agricultural purposes. Andrew contains some fourteen families. . . . I have to visit a great deal more than I like. I would much rather be in my study, but the work, though humble, is great. Unless we can outvisit, outtalk, and outpreach Methodists, sectarianists, and errorists, Congregationalism can't live, much less flourish here. Why, a man told Br. Turner that he never heard of a Congregational church before. He verily thought Br. Turner was starting some new sect, and

when Br. Turner told him there were Congregational churches in New England over 200 years old, he looked up in utter amazement. . . . I ride to Andrew horseback and preach in the uncomfortable log courthouse. . . .

[Yours, Wm. Salter]

Maquoketa, Iowa. January 23, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . Last Saturday at Andrew I found a letter from Burlington, giving a sad account of things there. I wish I could read it to you. . . . Br. Hutchinson's health has failed again, so that he has not preached since the middle of last month. The letter says, "Mr. H[utchinson] has signified his wish not to be considered any longer as our minister, nor can we indulge the hope that he will ever preach again." How hard to have a minister out in this wilderness laid aside. Br. H. is very much beloved by his brethren here. How disturbing it must be to Mrs. H. I am not acquainted with her, but reports give her a high character. The letter is from Mr. Albert Shackford,³⁹ formerly from Portsmouth, N. H. He has a sister in Cambridge (Mrs. Stacey, I believe) who used to be a fine girl. He says, "truth is trodden in the dust and orthodoxy is a reproach in Burlington." His brother (C. C. Shackford) who was formerly settled near Boston and at whose installation Mr. Theodore Parker preached his famous sermon which was one of the first developments of modern Unitarianism, preaches to a "Moral and Spiritual Reform Society," which, however, goes vulgarly under the name of the "India Rubber and Free and Easy Church." He is popular and has a large congregation from the very men who ought to be under orthodox preaching. Br. Hutchinson's congregation is represented as scattered and his "little church discouraged." The letter invites me to "come to Burlington, and see its condition, and ascertain if there I could not be more widely useful than anywhere else in Iowa." . . . I have sought wisdom from above. I

³⁹ The complete story of this correspondence, together with the letters, may be found in the author's article, "Notes on the Salter-Shackford Correspondence" in THE ANNALS OF IOWA, Third Series 18:412-419.

am sure I have no desire to go to Burlington unless it is plainly the Lord's will. . . . Yet the Lord knows what is best. I have committed the matter to Him, and trust I shall never ask any other question than, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" I had engaged to preach for Br. Turner the third Sabbath in February, so that I cannot leave here until the 18th of that month, when I propose to go in the stage to Burlington, as I have written Mr. Shackford. I shall probably spend two Sabbaths there, leaving to return here the 2nd. of March. . . . I should say that I desired Mr. Shackford to write me if that time would be agreeable to the Church for me to visit them, and I shall probably hear by the 2nd of February. . . . Burlington is, I know, a hard place. My energies will be far more taxed than they are here. But in those things I rejoice that the power of Christ may abound in me. But it is strange that just at this time as I have at last got fixed for study, and as I am on the eve of arranging to build, this invitation should come. . . . You wish me to be where the Lord would have me. If the Lord makes the way plain, I shall go cheerfully and gladly. We should find much more society there, and if I can be adapted to the state of things there and reach the folks that we must reach in order to effect much, it will be a grand field of usefulness. But the Church must be united, and they must want me for their pastor (as I told Mr. Badger in New York last summer). . . .

We have beautiful winter weather this month. No snow of any account, not enough for sleighing. Happiness depends upon the mind, not upon circumstances. People here are very poor, but as happy as any I ever met with. They have their own joys. A crop of the finest of the wheat makes them as happy as a successful year's business pleases the Milk street merchants. . . . I have written this week a sermon, "Sin and Its Consequences," Romans 5:12,⁴⁰ and laid it away. . . . We have no Sabbath school in the winter. Deacon Cotton was superintendent at Andrew, and Mr. Fletcher [?] here in the summer. Good

⁴⁰ Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

men, but not competent. I have but few good teachers.
Saturday night. Jan. 24.

. . . . My dear come and hear me tomorrow. Take a seat on that *hard* bench. We have no pews in this country. In the p. m. I will tell you of the evils of covetousness in making a man (1) discontented (2) envious (3) of a grasping disposition (4) leading him to fraud and crime (5) or perhaps engendering a miserly disposition (6) in being fatal to the existence of religion as (a) it prevents conversion (b) is forbidden in the church and (c) is excluded from Heaven—the application, I don't know what it will be, for I have yet to write that. I believe my sermons are on no particular model—I aim at variety of style, and have not sense enough to be anything else than “*Preacher*” Salter, as is the universal title of the clergy in this country. By the way, that word lets you into the knowledge of a minister's business here. He must *preach*. If he can't do that, this is no place for him. Br. Holbrook has sent me an invitation to his dedication next Thursday. I shall probably go if the weather is good, in which case I will write you from Dubuque on Friday. . . .

Your affectionate,
Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. Feb. 17, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

The Antislavery folks have sent me their missionary paper and as it is part of my religion to read all sides and then think for myself, I will give you a thought. . . .

Wednesday p. m.

I returned Monday after an interesting time at Cascade where I exceedingly enjoyed a visit with Br. [Edwin B.] T[urner] and had a congregation of 100 on the Sabbath. I preached six times, some seemed to be affected. Br. T. has some difficulty in his church from the prejudices from an Associate Reformed Presbyterian who objects to singing by the choir, and to the principle of total abstinence and to all new measures. Br. T. has done a great work in

Cascade, gathered a church in the midst of much opposition and out of the most unpropitious materials. . . . You will be pleased to hear that we have very comfortable weather now. The roads are in good order and I am expecting a tolerably pleasant though long and lonely ride to Burlington. . . .

Monday morning, February 23. Bloomington, Iowa.

. . . . Shall I tell you about my journey? I left home as I had arranged on Thursday. The weather became cold and before noon a regular Yankee snowstorm from the northeast came down upon me. I wrapped myself as well as could be in blankets and buffalo (being in an open wagon) and reached Br. Adams at Davenport before night. I there found Br. Emerson of DeWitt and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Davenport is a favorite place of many of our brethren for the location of our college. The next day I came in an open sleigh to this place where I expected to have met the Burlington stage, but it did not come through, not being able to get over the Iowa River, it is supposed, in consequence of the running ice. So I am here. I am happy the Lord ordered it so, as Brs. Robbins and Alden went to Burlington to see Br. Hutchinson last week and were there to supply yesterday. It is also supposed that Br. Reed is there. The Congregational church have a neat house here, built mainly by themselves at a cost of \$800. I had a congregation of about 100 yesterday who gave good attention.⁴¹ I was requested to preach again this evening.⁴² The Burlington stage is expected up today and if it comes, I shall leave in it tomorrow at 3 a. m. Br. Hutchinson is said to be failing very fast. Br. Robbins has a pleasant church here, a number of good families in it, but there is unhappily an Old School Church here dividing those who ought to be one.

⁴¹ Deuteronomy 28:1. And it shall come to pass if thou shall hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.

Romans 5:12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

⁴² Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

Your rhymes, my dear, are very good,
 And if I could, I surely would
 Reply to you in rhyme again
 And bless you for your gen'rous strain.

But ah these dull and wintry days
 Are slow to help a rhymester's lays.
 The snow and ice and frozen ground
 Afford a dreary prospect round.

Oh soar, my muse, to nobler things!
 And lend me, hope, thy blessed wings!
 That I may see next June at hand
 And Mary's heart and Mary's hand
 Fast bound with mine, in holy love,
 With rapt'rous joy like that above.

Then haste, ye lingering months away!
 And bring that bright, that blessed day.

The village at Maquoketa is north from my house. Houses are scattered over the prairies. . . . Our log schoolhouse is near Mr. Shaw's on the other side of the road. Now don't think of such a village as you ever saw, but only of a few poor houses near one another. . . .

This place is 60 miles from Burlington. If I get there this week, unless strongly urged, I shall return next week and be home March 5. . . .

Ever yours,
 Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. February
 28, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

. . . . This has been a sad week, but chastening and subduing are the lessons of life. I mailed a letter to you at Bloomington the first of the week. On Tuesday at ½ [past] 2 a. m., I took the stage for this place, and had a most cheerless and cold ride.⁴³ Just after leaving Bloomington we crossed Muscatine Island, a distance of 12

⁴³ The Stage fare from Bloomington was \$5.75, and Rev. Salter records his expenses on the road as \$2.25.

miles without a house. I made out to live with the aid of a Buffalo [robe] and with getting out and running, until we stopped at a cabin to warm. We went right in before day; the folks were abed. On reaching the Iowa River, we found it had closed the night before. It seemed problematical about the safety of crossing, but the driver unhitched his horses, led them, one at a time and then drew the wagon over. Sixteen miles from here our forward axle tree broke. . . . We arrived about 7 p. m. I found Br. Hutchinson much farther gone than I had anticipated. He is very much emaciated, nothing but skin and bones. I found Brs. Reed, Robbins, and Alden with him who had assisted him in arranging his temporal affairs. His physicians and friends and himself think him in the lowest stage of consumption. But there are some singular symptoms in his case. He has labored hard to satisfy the demands of his people and worn himself out in their service. . . . O what a change in him from 1843 when he came to Iowa. He was apparently in robust health and had the most flattering prospect of usefulness. Now he is a skeleton on the verge of the grave. . . . Since I have been here my time has been mainly engaged in taking care of Br. H. His equanimity and cheerfulness are truly wonderful and interesting. Mrs. H. is very much beloved and esteemed here and exerts a commanding influence even over those ladies who belong to the India Rubber Church. They have waited upon her with the most unwearied assiduity. [Mrs. Hutchinson's child having been prematurely born.] Her purpose is, I understand, in case of Br. H's removal by death to remain here and engage in teaching. I think she has been a teacher in the Newton Seminary, Mass. She is a lady of dignified manners and winning address.

I am again reminded by these things of the uncertainty of all that may be before us. . . .

Br. Reed and the other brethren left for their homes on Wednesday. Br. Ripley of Bentonsport preached here a short time ago with great acceptance to the people. I am

enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Starr,⁴⁴ formerly of New York, where I was acquainted with him though more intimately with the rest of his father's family (Mr. Charles Starr). Mrs. Starr was from Farmington, Ct., and is a very pleasant lady.

I have not had opportunity to become acquainted here enough to tell you of the state of things. Mr. C. C. Shackford has got hold of that class of people who ought to be under the influence of evangelical preaching and I have no reason to think that I could win them from him. They have shown their attachment to him by offering him a salary of \$500 if he would remain with them, which they will raise among themselves, while Br. H. has never received but little over \$100 from the people here. The Old School Presbyterian church here is small and its minister exerting no influence and about leaving. They raised, it is said, \$3000 in the East last summer to build a church, not only where it is not needed, but where it is doing harm. Let Eastern Christians take care to whom they give funds for the West.

We have very cold weather this week, and the river has closed up. I shall dread going home in the stage. The Church want I should stay two Sabbaths and longer, but unless there be special reasons I shall leave a week from next Monday. Br. Reed thinks I should do more good at Maquoketa than I could here in a long course of years; and many of the Brethren think it advisable that a strong man should be got here from the East. In this case and unless everything here should urge my removal, I shall not hesitate to dismiss the subject. . . . Br. Asa Turner's health is poorly. It is feared that he is in consumption. . .

I have visited in a few families here and find them pleasant. Society here is comparatively formed and cultivated from what it is with us. . . . The Methodists are now holding a protracted meeting here with much noise and stir, but the interest is confined chiefly to their people. . .

Wm. Salter.

⁴⁴ H. W. Starr.

Burlington, Iowa. March
7, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

I have barely time to mention that our dear Brother Hutchinson departed this life at 10 minutes after 3 this afternoon. I sat up with him the latter half of last night. He was very uneasy and complained much of pain, but seemed this morning as he had for two or three days before. About 12 o'clock an ulcer broke, it is supposed, in his lungs and he gradually sunk away in an unconscious state until he gently breathed his last. His funeral is appointed for Wednesday morning, and we shall send for Br. Robbins to preach his funeral sermon. . . . I count myself happy in having been able to minister in his last days to this departed brother. He was a consistent, faithful, and devoted laborer in the Gospel ministry, and has gone to his reward. He was regarded as first among his brethren who came to Iowa in 1843, and was called to occupy a most important post. Beyond a question he has worn himself out in his efforts to build up the church here. Oh, that his labors may be a memorial before the Throne and bring down upon us the richest blessings of Christ's Kingdom. . . . You will excuse me for not answering them now as I have many arrangements for Br. H's funeral to make.

I still walk in darkness as to my future prospects, but *Looking up* I find all light. I cannot think that I "*take*" with the people as a whole. I try to wish nothing but that the will of the Lord be done. Whether I shall go home next week is now uncertain. The ice is going out of the river, and in case steamboats come up, I may go up in one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Tuesday afternoon. March 10, 1846.
Burlington, Iowa.

My very dear Mary:

I was obliged to write you a few very hasty lines last week in the midst of duties devolved upon me by Br.

Hutchinson's death. I had a pleasant Sabbath, preached in the morning from Psalms 90:9,⁴⁵ and concluded with a brief reference to the late sad event. In the afternoon I preached from I Corinthians 15:3.⁴⁶ Let me take you to the place of meeting. Let us go down the street (Columbia) which runs to the river and a few doors from Water street, which is the River street [now Front street], we enter an old store and find ourselves in the Lord's House. The seats will accommodate a hundred persons. At one end in the corner is the desk. The singing is poor. The audience is attentive and apparently interested. There are a few educated hearers. Mr. Starr was of the class of 1834 in Yale College. His wife was brought up under Dr. Porter's ministry in Farmington, Ct. . . .

I have been so much taken up with Br. Hutchinson that I have not become very much acquainted here yet. But I see many things that would make this a desirable place of residence and that afford some reason to hope that if God should call me hither, I might be useful in the ministry. The Church here held a meeting last night, and though I have no direct or formal information from it, I have been given to understand that the Church feels united in desiring my services. In what shape the matter may come up for decision, I know not. We have left the matter with the Lord, and I truly believe we desire nothing but to know his will. I remarked to one of the deacons yesterday that it would perhaps be better for the cause for them to get a minister from the East, but to this he would by no means consent. Some are asking, How long I shall want to be gone in the East this summer? And when I reply, "Three months," they think that won't do. . . . I can't think of anything less, but the cause may require some sacrifice on our part. Would you let me stay

⁴⁵ See footnote 42.

⁴⁶ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

On Sunday, March 1, he preached from John 18:36: Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence; and from Romans 16:8: Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord.

On Sunday, March 8, he preached from Psalms 90:9: For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told; and from I Corinthians 15:3: For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

till July, and shall we return in September? I merely suggest these things now. There is a possibility that we may be called to meet them. The Church has suffered much from having Br. Hutchinson away a good deal and sick much of the time. They want a man that can and will hang on. They are about going on with the House of Worship. They have a tolerably eligible lot. The foundation was laid about three years ago. The House is to be 40 by 60 feet. Two men have engaged to go on with the building, putting up the walls and covering it, and this, it is said, will consume all the means of the Church. Should I remain here, I shall be in hopes to awaken interest enough in the community to have it finished this year. There is wealth enough here to do so, if we can only get hold of it. . . .

Br. Robbins arrived last night and is expected to preach the funeral sermon tomorrow. Mrs. Hutchinson is comfortable but very weak, and we feel will not be able to go out to the funeral. Her mind is composed and resigned. By a very kind Providence Mr. Hutchinson's sister reached here from Springfield, Illinois, the day before he died. It is hoped that Mrs. H. will remain here and engage in teaching. It is said that some of her friends in the East were unwilling to have her come to Iowa.

Boats arrive and depart and do business here on Sunday. The sight of the first boat that came up the river this season excited the wish to depart and hasten to youward. But I *must wait*.

. . . . C. C. Shackford is going East next month. His sympathies are not now with the Unitarians at all. He is rather Swedenborgianist; thinks the whole Bible the word of God, and that every verse has a spiritual meaning. He is an erratic genius. He preaches without pay, having refused the salary that was offered him.

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Lynx on the Mississippi
March 17, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I wrote you a week ago from Burlington. And now I

am starting home that I may hear from you and decide this eventful question, whether I ought to break up my present relations and settle on the church in Burlington. The Lord has graciously led me hitherto and though my visit has been a melancholy one in connection with the death of Br. Hutchinson, yet I have very much to be thankful for. Last Wednesday was indeed a sad day. The weather was disagreeable. O, the agony of Mrs. Hutchinson, as for the last time she gazed on the remains of her husband. Her afflictions are very severe. She came West contrary to the wishes of many of her friends, and now how desolate is her loneliness. She feels that she has nothing to live for. I can only commend her to the sympathies of a compassionate Saviour, and the mercies of a God of all grace. It is hoped that she will remain in Burlington, and open a school there next fall. She was unable to attend the funeral services at the church where Br. Robbins gave a hastily prepared discourse on the fact that this is not our rest from toil, trouble, and disappointment, and showing that the life of Br. H. was not exempt from the common lot. He had prepared a brief obituary notice of the departed which will appear in the *Hawk-Eye* this week. Mrs. Gaylord, Burnham, and myself also took part in the services. After the assembly at the grave had retired, Br. Robbins and myself waited as the narrow house of our Brother was filled up. Ah the thoughts that pressed upon me as I there stood—soon thus with me the dust shall return to the earth as it was, the oak shall send its roots and pierce my mould, and my clay shall be a brother to the insensible rock and sluggish clod which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon. . . .

I had a pleasant Sabbath. Preached two old sermons written in Andover.⁴⁷ After preaching in the afternoon there was a joint meeting of the Church and Society and a unanimous invitation extended to me to become the

⁴⁷On Sunday, March 15, he preached from Galatians 2:2-3: And I went up by revelation, and communicated unto them that gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them that were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run in vain. But neither Titus, who was with me, being a Greek was compelled to be circumcised; and from John 6:66-68: From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.

Pastor of the Church. This invitation was handed to me yesterday. The call is about as regular as could be expected in this irregular country. They desired to give it to me before I left, and so did not wait to circulate a subscription for me and consequently nothing is said about salary. They think the A. H. M. S. will grant them \$300 and that they can raise \$100 or \$150. Think you we could live on such a salary?

. . . . I believe that somehow or other the Lord has given me unusual favor with the Society in Burlington. At any rate, they profess it and their hearts seem much set upon having me as their Pastor. We had prayer meetings nearly every evening last week which were unusually well attended. There is some interest in a few minds on the subject of religion. . . . There are many things which make a residence at Maquoketa desirable—its quiet retirement, its pleasant situation, the prospect of our getting a comfortable home there and an affectionate people all (and especially the fact that I have lived and labored among them over two years and secured an influence in the country) attach me strongly to that spot. I am very sensible to what I shall lose by leaving there. But the importance of Burlington, the union of the Church there in calling me, the fact of its society and manners being more congenial to my early habits and the consideration that the emergencies of the cause there may serve to develop the faculties God has given me to their highest and most serviceable activity, lead me to think that the call is of the Lord—and if *you* and the A. H. M. S. and my brethren generally advise my removal, I shall accept the call. As this seems altogether probable, I will presume to request you to write me next at Burlington, whither if I go, it will be in a few weeks. The Church there has suffered very much from the failure of Br. H's health. For a long time his efforts were of an irregular character, things have become very much scattered, and there is now no time to be lost. The cause in Burlington will require an unremitting, steady, and protracted effort in order to make advancement. I can't tell

you how sad I feel to think my removal there will make it desirable that my visit with you this summer s'd be shorter than I had contemplated. . . . If I go to Burlington I am in hopes to obtain board in Mr. Starr's pleasant family. . . .⁴⁸

After waiting all day yesterday for a boat, I went to bed at 10, but was turned out at 12 with a report of a boat being on hand. So I sent word to Br. Robbins, and made haste and reached the river just as the boat was under way. I detained it till Br. Robbins and family came along when we put up stream. The river is now very low, lower our Captain says than he has ever known it before for 18 years at this season. We expect to be at Bloomington at noon, and I hope to be at Davenport to-night where I shall take the stage for home tomorrow.⁴⁹

The scenery on the Mississippi is interesting to a stranger, but soon becomes tedious and dull. Spring has as yet but developed on some sunny slopes few blades of grass. Nature seems dead. Nothing but islands covered with trees and sand banks appear around us. Yet in silent majesty this stream rolls on. In a few generations the wealth of the Indies will not surpass the treasures that will be embarked on this river. Everything in the West goes by noise. This is a high pressure boat. I was amused to see the mulattoes rattle every plate they put on the breakfast table this morning. At one table some of the passengers are earnestly engaged in card playing. Here sits your friend *solus*. . . .

Yours most affectionately,
Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, Iowa. March
21, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I arrived home on the 19th . . . I found the stage at Davenport full of passengers, so Br. Adams loaned me his horse and borrowed a sulky for me, and on Wednes-

⁴⁸ On March 16, he purchased from Mrs. Hutchinson a part of her husband's library for \$8.40.

⁴⁹ The fare on the Lynx from Burlington to Davenport was \$2.50.

day I came to Dewitt where I passed a pleasant night with Br. Emerson. Thursday morning I got five miles on my way and met the stage with Br. Turner and wife in, on their way to his father's near Alton, Ill., so I turned back, took dinner with them at Dewitt, had a pleasant chat and came on home. I have pretty nearly made up my mind that the Lord w'd have me labor in his cause at Burlington and shall probably write the Church accepting their invitation next week. I design removing thither, if the Lord will, the 6th or 7th of April. But how much have I to do by way of preparation. My people here have generally expressed a strong desire that I should remain with them. I believe the Lord has given me a place in some affectionate hearts here and it grieves me to think of leaving them. With them I have labored and prayed. Here I have toiled and suffered. I have reason to think that I have the confidence of the people in a large and rapidly growing section of country, and that in time I c'd do them great good. Here is my pleasant study, and a fair prospect of a comfortable and quiet home. Were, in these circumstances, a change a thing of my own seeking, I should distrust. Although my labors here w'd give me a promise of accomplishing much in the future, yet I trust they may be of service to me in Burlington, although my efforts there must be in many respects of a different character. At any rate, as Br. Emerson remarked, I shall be able to sympathize with my brethren in the country.

Before I leave I am anxious to visit a good many of my people. I must prepare a farewell sermon. I have a good deal of business with one man and another to settle up, property to dispose of, &c.

Burlington is a hard place, but I beg you not to think too bad of it. Don't for a moment imagine that we shall be martyrs in going there. As to worldly comforts, society, and this life we shall be more comfortably situated than we could be anywhere in the territory, unless Dubuque be excepted. If we can get the House of Worship finished this summer, I shan't want a better place

to preach in. There are many kind and clean hearted people, and if I can only get hold of those who ought to be under orthodox influence, I may do great good. There is a large community to work on, and though the present place of worship is full (holding about one hundred) yet when we get the church up, I shall have to gather in a congregation to fill it. A great deal depends upon a man's personal aside from his ministerial influence. People distinguish between a black coat and a fine man. My position will be a trying one. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa. Iowa. March 25, 1846

My dear Mary:

I have now decided one of the most eventful questions of my life and accepted the invitation to become the Pastor of the Church in Burlington. I have endeavored this day to draw nigh to God, specially humbling myself in view of my unworthiness and unfaithfulness as a minister of Christ and imploring the Divine direction and blessing in the new and trying scenes before me. We have to acknowledge God, thou precious friend, in this as in all our ways, and I cannot but think that this counsel is of Him. And yet I go forward "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." The union of the Church and Society, the advice of many friends, the congeniality of society in Burlington to our predilections, tastes, and habits, the wide field of usefulness, and the pressure there on my mental activity which I am conscious is developed, not self-moved but only on demand, and many little things make my duty tolerably clear to my mind. Let us then go forward, giving thanks to the Lord, and trusting in His holy name. . . . I shall commence my labors on the second Sabbath in April, and design preaching on that day from I Corinthians 2:2.⁵⁰ . . .

From the fact that the church in Burlington has given me a unanimous call, you may well suppose that they are not so critical as has sometimes been represented. The

⁵⁰ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.

people were extremely kind and attentive to Br. Hutchinson. He spoke to me of their kindness to him with deep emotion, and Mrs. Hutchinson is very much beloved and tenderly sympathized with. There is but one House of Worship in the place, that is a Methodist one, a plain brick building which will seat some 350, and is generally filled. They talk of enlarging it. Mr. Norris, their minister, is a man of good spirit from Maine. His wife is going East this summer. There are two German congregations, one Evangelical and the other Methodist. I mistake; there is a Romish House, but they have no priest now. This influence is comparatively small, though some leading political characters are connected with it. There is an Episcopal church ministered to by Mr. Bachelier, an old Andover student, and an Old School Presbyterian church of some dozen members. Their minister preaches $\frac{1}{2}$ his time, is from Kentucky, and it is said, is about leaving. The Congregational church consists of about 40 members. James G. Edwards (editor of the *Hawk-Eye*) and A. S. Shackford are the deacons. Mrs. Edwards was formerly a member of Dr. Wisner's church in Boston, and is a devoted Christian. . . . I preached in Burlington from John 18:36,⁵¹ Rom. 16:8,⁵² Psalms 90:9,⁵³ I Corinthians 15:3,⁵⁴ Gal. 2:15-16,⁵⁵ John 6:66-68,⁵⁶ generally with ease and to an attentive congregation. Whether they will listen with so much interest when I have ceased to be "a new thing" among them is problematical. . . . I find it a greater struggle than I had anticipated to break away from my relations here. Many are expressing their regret at my leaving them. Mr. Shaw offered to give me an

⁵¹ John 18:36. Jesus answered, My Kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.

⁵² Romans 16:8. Greet Amp'ias, my beloved in the Lord.

⁵³ Psalms 90:9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

⁵⁴ I Corinthians 15:3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.

⁵⁵ Galatians 2:15-16. We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.

⁵⁶ John 6:66-68. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life.

acre of land for which he has charged me \$25 if I will stay. One man who was excommunicated from the church last spring was in to see me yesterday and said he wants me to stay. I find I have formed a strong attachment to this study and to my plans for building here. One good mother in the church says she don't think I will go yet. Another thinks I will be back in a year. Mrs. Shaw complains of the people in Burlington, and Mr. Shaw says he shall feel discouraged, for if they send a smart man here, someone will call him away, and if they (i. e. the A. H. M. S.) send a fool, they don't want him. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Maquoketa, April 3, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had a hard struggle in breaking away from Deacon Cotton and Br. Young this week. The old men seemed to sorrow most that they should see my face no more. I shall have people of more polish and less roughness, but no warmer, no truer hearts. It seems strange that I am breaking away from them. . . . I must shave before it is all night. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How strange is this thing of a new home! Time in its rapid flight has hurried me here. I am surrounded by new friends, new associations, and am to engage almost in new pursuits. I am just prospectively anchored again. I moved this morning to Mr. J. G. Edward's.⁵⁷ Have unpacked my books, put the table into the middle of the room, now my first business and my first pleasure is to give you my first thoughts. Would that you were with me. . . . I must tell you of my journey. Last Sabbath I had a large and deeply interested congregation at Maquoketa. Br. Young and his two boys came 10 miles on foot to be present. In the afternoon I preached my farewell, and

⁵⁷*Vide* Philip D. Jordan, "The Life and Works of James Gardiner Edwards" in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, 23:459-502.

administered the sacrament. An interesting young lady was received into the church from the Methodist church in New York. As I briefly reviewed my ministry and pointed to the graveyard where but two years ago we had buried the first corpse and where was now almost a congregation of the dead, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. It was hard to leave so many good friends. They expressed the idea that I would come back and live with them in a few years. Monday of this week was a very stormy day. Tuesday it blowed a tempest. Wednesday afternoon I came to De Witt and passed a very pleasant night with Br. Emerson. The next day I came to Davenport. I found the Wapsipinicon was rising; in fording it the water came into our wagon box. I just had time to get dinner with Br. Adams, call on a few friends, and visit the ground for the location of the projected college when a steamboat (the Falcon) came in sight. The next morning at 9 o'clock, I reached Burlington. I do not board with Mr. Starr's family, as I had anticipated, in consequence of their intending to take Mrs. Hutchinson with them as soon as she can be moved and as they are also contemplating a visit East this summer. Mrs. H. has been quite sick since I was here and is not now able to leave her room, though some better. Ah, the severity of her lot! How dark the ways of Providence! She has my tenderest sympathies. Anything I can do for her shall not be wanting. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were Boston folks, they are very kind. I have a pleasant room in a one-story house. From my windows is a view of the Mississippi. In one corner are my books on some rickety shelves. In another my bed—on the east side a Franklin stove (it is quite cold today). The family is rather large, and I shall not be so retired as I could wish. But if you can form any idea of my situation you may think of it as tolerably pleasant.The streets are very muddy at present. Burlington is very different from Maquoketa, but hardly more so than it is from Charlestown. There is everything to be done here. Some one remarked yesterday that the church never had a minister who was here through the summer.

.... Mr. C. C. Shackford left for the East this week before I arrived, otherwise I would have desired him to call on your father. He is uncertain about his returning. It is rather to be hoped for our good that you can keep him East. He has property here, a steam flouring mill. My Church have not procured a better room for meeting, and we may have to suffer for the want until the church is built. Our singing is very poor, not any better than we had at Maquoketa.

.... My study hours are in the morning and evening. The mornings for research or planning, the evening for writing and light reading. I can make very good resolutions in entering upon my labors here. I well know that it will be enough for me to attend to this people, but in this country we have so much outdoor work for the whole country which can only be done at a sacrifice of much time, that I dare not prophesy how I shall manage. You will find out that my study is par excellence my home. I cannot tell whether I shall succeed in my studies and in preaching, but one thing I know, that I can never succeed in anything else. I should be sorry to make my own feelings and habits a criterion by which to judge others, for there are diversities of gifts, but I cannot see how anyone can succeed in the ministry unless he gives himself "wholly" to the work. It would be wicked to deny having at times some hankering after a pleasant settlement in the East, but I try to repress those desires which, like the fool's eyes, are to the ends of the earth. I shall never seek anything of the kind. As I came down the river and meditated upon the elements of future greatness in this valley, my spirit was stirred within me to do something to make this a goodly commonwealth, which should belong to the Kingdom of Christ and be to His praise. But our destiny is sealed. We are but the East over again, unless indeed there is a deterioration. I realize more deeply than ever the vast importance of influential men in the East. Our law in the West comes forth from your Zion. At present, however, if you are agreed, Burlington shall be

enough for the measure of our ambition. And in this uncertain world we will not presume upon tomorrow. . . .

Your, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 23, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do this pleasant afternoon? As I look out over the river and see the fresh green of young life on shrub and tree on its banks, I want you here to respond as I call it beautiful. . . . Our congregation was crowded last Sabbath morning. I am preparing for next Sunday on the necessity of Revelation from Job 37:23,⁵⁸ and in the afternoon wish to preach on the church as a House of prayer for all nations. In my morning sermon I design, with some irregularities, to go through a systematic presentation of divine truth. My afternoon sermon will be occasional and pro tempore. Thursday evening the regular weekly prayer meeting held at private homes. Friday evening of this week we design making an effort to advance the Sabbath School cause, and have a meeting appointed for that purpose. The attendance of our school is generally 60. We want more teachers and a new library. There is also a school in a destitute part of the town called "Lower Town," superintended by one of my congregation which is in pressing want of a library. I think it deserves a donation. And if your sewing circle has not dispensed all their charities yet, should be happy if they would send on a library. The singing in my church continues very poor. The ladies have a sewing circle to aid in building the church. They think of furnishing it. They meet every fortnight. . . .

Burlington has about 3000 inhabitants. The land rises from the river gradually. The fifth street from the river on the north part of town is on the bluff some 120 feet or more above the level of the river. Hawk-Eye creek, a spring run, a very little bubbling stream, runs through the south part of town, below which is the lower town built on more level ground. I am sorry I can't give you a draft.

⁵⁸ Job 37:23. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice; he will not afflict.

There are many large brick stores and some good houses with many very poor ones. A few families live in good style as people do with you, but most are poor. I don't know any town in the East like B. New Burgh on the Hudson which is more than twice as large, looks a little like it. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson is some better, was moved to Mr. Starr's last week. She is a woman of great fortitude. I generally call on her every day. . . .

Wm. Salter.

[Burlington, Iowa] Thursday
6 p. m. April 28, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I had planned a ride out in the country yesterday with Mrs. Hutchinson, but bad weather kept me home and it has rained all this day. We shall go the first pleasant day. She is mending very slowly. . . . I visited eight families yesterday with Deacon Edwards. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. April 30, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . Mr. Warren⁵⁹ went East this morning, via St. Louis. I gave him a letter to your father. He is a member of my congregation. A very intelligent man, broke down in business East, I understand, and came here in 1844. His wife, from Granby (not Granville) went East a short time ago. He had leased Mr. Shackford's mill which being burned down he is thrown out of business. Has gone East to get funds for a new mill. I hope he will succeed in raising them. He told me he meant to return immediately. Father can catechise him *in extenso* about Burlington. Mr. Starr talks of going East in two weeks. You asked about Mr. Starr's family. I suppose your questions now would apply to Mr. Edwards. They have no children, but an adopted daughter some 15 years old, besides Mrs. Prince, a sister of Mrs. Edwards [who] has two girls. There is also Mrs. E's mother, formerly from Portsmouth,

⁵⁹ Fitz Henry Warren.

N. H. Mr. E. has four printer boys apprentices. The house is small. Mine is a very good room. My bed is in the northeast corner. I have a bedfellow occasionally. Now Mr. Reiger, a German minister from the neighborhood of St. Louis where he is an agent of the Tract Society, is stopping with me. Several years ago, he had a German congregation here. Is a very amiable man. . . . I really do not know what street this house is on. It is, however, the next one north of Columbia. The house is in the west end of the lot at the corner on Main street (which as you correctly say is parallel with Water street, the second street from the river). Mr. Starr lives on Fourth street, i. e., the fourth street from the river. On the same street the new church is building, one lot from the corner of Jefferson on the west side of the street. . . . Mr. Shackford thinks you were very successful in studying the geography of Burlington in the *Hawk-Eye*. . . .

Ever yours, Wm. Salter

Burlington, Iowa, May 5, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

. . . . I preached my sermon on Christ and Him Crucified three times, viz., at Andrew, Burlington, and Maquoketa. Ain't I a Yankee? Adapting it, as was easily done, to different circumstances. I study and write in the forenoon. In the p. m. I want to chat and have some music and walk with you. The sewing circle meets here (at Mrs. Edwards) this afternoon. They desire furnishing the church. They meet once a fortnight. Mrs. Hutchinson is president. They have some 60 dollars in the treasury. Perhaps I shall be commissioned to buy carpets and lamps for them, and I will commission you. . . . I united with this church last week. It has now 42 members. I preached a preparatory lecture on Friday extemporaneous on "Christ and Passover." We had [a] full house on [the] Sabbath and an interesting day. A member of this church was led into dancing on a steamboat excursion this spring and it has made a good deal of talk. I called on her last Saturday. She professed penitence, and I hope that may

be the end of it. But isn't that unpleasant work for a minister? Jacksonville⁶⁰ is 100 miles from here. Mr. Edwards talks of going there to commencement the last of June, but I will wait until we can go together. . . . I expect to see Mr. Keith at Farmington next week at the annual meeting of the Denmark Association, with which the church is now connected. Mr. Shackford talks of going out with me as a delegate from this church. There are many, or rather a few good houses here, but none built for a minister. . . .

Shall probably soon ascertain if I can rent Mr. Parson's⁶¹ [house]. A man offered me a house on Fourth street this week for \$2000. It is an eligible situation, a new house not yet finished, and not in all respects in the best taste, but has some good things about it. . . . I want to ride out to Mr. Leonard's⁶² this p. m. He was formerly in the ministry in Ohio. Is an excellent man, one of the best in my church, lives three miles out of town, nearly all his family (two sons and their wives) are members of the church. . . .

To Mary Mackintire
from Wm. Salter

Shall August be the month, M. A.
To furnish us the happy day,
To give our hearts and hands away,
In marriage bonds? I pray you, *say!*

[Wm. Salter]

Burlington, Iowa, May 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . After a great deal of rain we have some fine weather at last. Yesterday was beautiful. I had full houses both parts of the day. Our afternoon service is hereafter at 2 o'clock in order to accommodate a few families in the country. But going to meeting here is

⁶⁰ Jacksonville, Illinois, where Jacksonville College is located.

⁶¹ A Burlington merchant.

⁶² Abner Leonard, with his two sons, David and Isaac, lived on a farm three miles west of Burlington. Although Father Leonard assisted in meeting the Burlington church debt, he, as time went on, sought to dictate church policies, and annoyed Mr. Salter by his criticisms of the pastor's preaching and even his style of clothing.

very different than it is with you. Our house is a gloomy store room and in the immediate vicinity of the steam-boat landing. It would seem as though the boats conspired to annoy us, for yesterday—the thing happens not infrequently—several boats stopped there while we were engaged in public worship. One of the boats had a band which played at the time a very lively air. We were exceedingly annoyed in this way during the communion service Sabbath before last. As to my studies, I prepared two sermons last week. I know this is too much for me to write to advantage every week and as I have a few old sermons, I can occasionally spare myself. I generally aim to prepare a good sermon. I mean to keep in some kind of a course of subjects. Now I have commenced with the existence of God, have preached on one of his attributes and on the necessity of Revelation. Shall have several sermons on the attributes and on the evidence of Revelation. I wish to devote most of the week to a sermon, and on Saturday to get off a kind of extemporaneous effusion. . . . I often find that a hastily written sermon is often more acceptable than a labored one. I believe it was so yesterday.

Mrs. Hutchinson's health which was very poor last week is now much improved. We moved her on Wednesday to Mr. Edwards', and as I am going to the Association today, she occupies my room this week. I rode out with her this morning. I took her to the cemetery where her husband is buried. It was an affecting hour. The Lord prepare us, my dear friend, to die. That will soon be to us a reality. Soon we shall enter upon the glories of eternity and experience what Paul and John and all departed saints have long enjoyed. . . .

I am expecting Mr. Shackford here soon who will go with me as a delegate to the Association. We shall go as far as Denmark tonight. . . . The weather is very pleasant and warm today, and I am expecting a fine ride. . . .

Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. May 19, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

How to do this chilly east wind? It has been cold enough this morning to sit by a fire, but I have been too lazy to make one. I have projected four sermons on the genuineness, inspiration, &c., of the Bible, which I suppose with a sermon on war and one on Home Missions, will engage my morning services on the Sabbath until my vacation. I had a pleasant journey and meeting of brethren at Farmington last week. The roads however, were in some places very muddy. The country is charming, consisting of beautiful prairies and pleasant groves. Br. Keith was present. He has left Missouri. He found the door closed in that state against the Gospel as a system of deliverance to him that hath no helper. I trust the attention of Eastern Christians will be turned to the propriety of sending ministers where the law that tolerates them (and I speak of the law of the churches) is a studied and absolute silence on the system of Southern Slavery. Would it not be well, would it not probably in the issue further the cause of liberty and religion if the slave states and slave-holding churches were given to understand that the Gospel cannot be let down, at least at the expense of the A. H. M. S. in accommodation to their prejudices and sins? I have just returned from a short ride with Mrs. Hutchinson up on the river road under the bluff. The country is beautiful in the flush of early life. It is a melancholy gratification to ride with Mrs. H. It does her a great deal of good, but she is so sad and she is not disposed to engage the sympathies of others. You ask of her character. She is dignified, reserved rather than communicative. . . . She is young, but little over 22, but has a very mature appearance and mind. Her health is very much better. She now thinks she will go East in the fall; expects to go to the Association at Dubuque. I preached my old sermon at Farmington on I Cor. 2:2,⁶⁸ telling ministers what they ought to preach. Don't you think I am a Yankee and a labor-saving man? It rained on Wednesday night and Thursday morning at

⁶⁸ I Corinthians 2:2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Farmington, so that the roads were muddy coming home. Saturday I wrote a sermon on "The Christian Life, a Warfare" from I Tim. 6:12,⁶⁴ being my 41st. written sermon. The sewing circle are in the other room this evening and chatting at a pretty good rate. Some of them asked me as I came in from riding if I had been to Boston? They joke me occasionally. I have written a letter to your father introducing Mr. Starr, who leaves on the next boat. It is uncertain when he will go to Boston, probably not till July. He is one of the best men here, and a very interesting man. I have charged him to call and see you. I hope he will get a few hundred dollars for the church. He and Dr. Ransom, one of the leading men in my congregation, have undertaken to build the church. They have their pay in subscriptions and from sale of pews. The doctor's wife is a member of the church and an excellent woman. . . . I hope Dr. Thompson will call and see me. My pulpit will probably only be partially supplied during my absence, and that by different brethren here, some of whom have engaged to give me one Sabbath. . . .

There will probably be a preparatory school at Davenport in a year or two. The Brethren generally have concluded that to be the best location, and the stakes are to be put down, it is supposed, next month. It is a beautiful place, and our college will be the only one of the kind on the Mississippi. The only objection to the location is its proximity to Galesburg. I have not yet extemporized here but once on the Sabbath when I did not make much of a go off, and probably shall not try it again at present. Mr. Starr, Mr. Shackford, Mr. Edwards are my main dependence here. Whether I can write a good sermon about the West remains to be seen. I shall try. I shall aim to show that the West will be just what others make it, and that they who will work the hardest and do most for it shall have it. Prayers and pains will save the West and the country is worth both. I don't want to beg if I can help it. . . . Burlington is on rising ground, but a great

⁶⁴ I Timothy 6:12. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

deal of low land on the other side of the river and above and below, as is everywhere the case on the Mississippi. Some call it healthy and some sickly.

Yours ever, Wm. Salter.

Burlington, [Iowa] Monday morning
May 25, 1846.

My dearest Mary:

.... It really at last feels like summer, and I long to be away. ... We have the news this morning of a battle between Gen. Taylor and the Mexicans on the 8th. I want to preach on the evils of war next Sabbath. I suppose there will be an end to trade from New Orleans, so we may have some difficulty in getting our freight around. I had hoped I should never see my country engaged in a war. Alas, for the prospects of humanity!

May 26.

And now we have another day warm and pleasant. The Mr. Leonard I visited is Rev. Abner Leonard whose name you see in the *Congregational Almanac*. He is an old man and has given up preaching. He is a good man, has a fine farm [now, 1934), the Deem's farm on the Agency Road], is a member of my church, was from Ohio. His sons live round him. We had a few strawberries by way of variety. They grow wild and are improved by cultivation. Mrs. Hutchinson does not gain her strength as fast as we could wish. We propose to ride out to the grave of Mr. H. this afternoon. Instead of preaching on the evil of war, I shall discourse, I believe, on the blessings of peace from I Kings 5:6,⁶⁵ as there is too much of a war spirit here, as in the West generally. I may avoid perhaps giving offense and secure the same object by telling what a good thing Peace is. The rooms in Mr. Parson's house which we shall probably rent are very small. There is unfortunately a cellar kitchen from which there is a dumb-waiter to the room which must be our parlor and dining

⁶⁵ I Kings 5:6. Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee I will give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sionians.

room, though I don't know but we can make our kitchen the dining room. . . . I don't know as I told you that my nerves or rather my limbs failed to sustain me a few Sabbaths ago in visiting a sick and dying woman after service. She was in a very close and small room, through which was no circulation at all, and was very low, and in much distress. I talked a little with her, but feeling the room too close for me, I went out to take the air, and returning again, talked and prayed with her. But I stayed too long and just succeeded in bidding her good-bye and in getting out of the room when I dropped into the arms of Mr. Edwards who was with me, who got me out onto the porch where the air and a little camphor restored me. . . .

Yours entirely,
Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. June 1, 1846.

My dear Mary:

How do you this chilly day, which is more like April than June? . . . Burlington is in the latitude of New York. The summers are probably some warmer than with you. We had green peas last week. I called at Mr. Parson's last week, but he had gone to St. Louis. Shall call again this p. m. His house joins the end of the church lot. The Church is on Fourth street, one lot from the corner, which is unoccupied and is 60 feet front by 120 feet, i. e. the lot. At the end of it is an alley some 8 feet wide and the other side of this alley is the house fronting on Jefferson street, but standing back some ways from the street. It is situated on a hillside and stands back in an angular direction, however, of a large brick house which Mr. P. is now building at a cost of some seven thousand dollars. . . . It is in the best part of the city. We shall be near some of the best society; Mr. Starr and Gov. Clarke, etc. I don't think we can get very good furniture here. . . . Mr. P's [house] was built two or three years ago. The rooms are small. Built in a side hill, it has a high stoop. Under it, I think, room is found for a woodshed. It has no blinds. Some of the houses have them. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson

moved last week to a Mr. Hendrie's where she has a pleasant room in lower town. She is mending slowly and is expecting to go to Dubuque with us tomorrow night on the Tempest. Mr. Shackford and Mr. Edwards will go as delegates from the church here. . . . I had a letter from the church at Maquoketa to this church. I joined up there by letter from Laight Street Church, New York.

. . . . I preached a good sermon yesterday morning on the blessings of peace, which was well received, I believe, but as [the] Methodists had camp meeting, and it was showery, did not have a crowded house. In the afternoon preached on stability of character as essential to success in life. I hope I may be able to exemplify more and more my own doctrine. O to have a heart more entirely fixed in God.

News came today making a requisition for a regiment from Iowa for Texas. I suppose it will make some hub-bub here, but I hope the whole affair will soon pass off. What dreadful business to be fighting this 19th. century! I do believe Christians have got to take a more correct stand on the subject. I see by a St. Louis paper that one of the Presbyterian preachers there preached to a regiment. I don't see how he could preach. A great many soldiers have been good Christians, no doubt, but whether God will tolerate such things much longer, I doubt. . . .

I have four Sabbaths more to preach here, my dear, before I hasten to you. I feel very anxious to secure a good hold before I leave, and though I am laboring hard, visiting a good deal, and writing two sermons a week frequently, my health continues good. I got on the scales at Shackford's last week, and found I weighed 139 lbs, which is very good weight for me. I am in hopes of a good meeting at Dubuque. The opening sermon is to be preached by Mr. Robbins. I shall expect to see Br. Keith, and hope to be able to go down and visit my old people at Maquoketa, spending a Sabbath with them. . . . Coming down [from Dubuque to Burlington] shall spend a day at Davenport, the 10th., at a college meeting. . . . The commencement at Galesburg is on the 24th. If I can

find time, I shall ride over there (40 miles) and spend a day.

Monday evening. June 1.

What a dreadful sound is this stirring drum. A meeting to enlist and fire up Patriotism tonight was held in the Methodist church. Strange place, indeed! But this is the West! Took tea tonight with Mrs. Sheldon,⁶⁶ an old widow lady, aged 72. She keeps a school of very small children, some 30 or 40 in number and lives alone. She was from East Windsor, Conn., is really an interesting lady. I visited her with my deacons and had a little monthly concert. She made a great fuss at the supper table for us which was loaded. Mr. Parsons wanted a little more time to consider how much rent I must pay. Our church has made no progress since Mr. Starr left. Everything looks uncertain. It is impossible to foretell the result. If the House is not enclosed by July 1, it will be pretty much a gone case with us, but we will do the best we can. and not be discouraged.

Tuesday. 4½ p. m. We have been to ride with Mrs. Hutchinson, called on the doctor with her, who advises her going to Dubuque. I must take tea with the ladies' society this evening. We have not many young ladies in our society. Hardly any. Most of the folks are young married people with small children.

Yours devotedly, Wm. Salter.

Steamer Tempest, Mississippi River
near Galena, Illinois, June 4, 1846..

My dear Mary:

We are en route for Dubuque. You cannot yet be much interested in this country, and I know not that any account of a journey would be of any concern to you, but as I have taken my pencil (there being but one inkstand on the boat, and the clerk being unable to spare that) and as nothing else especial occurs, and I want to say a word to you. I will tell you what I am about and perhaps

⁶⁶ Mrs. Ruth Sheldon.

it may not be an unpleasant episode from the common-places of my communications generally. I mailed you a letter Tuesday evening, after which I sat up till eleven o'clock, expecting this boat, but not coming, I went to bed and engaged in a sound sleep from which I was aroused at 2 a. m. by loud ringing of the steamboat bell. I got up, though with some reluctance, for really sleep is a good thing and I always love to have it through when I am at it, and struck a light, and dressed and hurried to the landing where I found the Tempest and learned that she would be off in some 20 minutes. So I hastened back to the house and got the folks up and down to the boat and about break of day we were on our way upstream. This disturbance at an irregular hour did not comport very well with my *staid habits*, so I could eat no breakfast and soon I was troubled with a toothache and vainly sought for relief in my berth, but a crying child in the next stateroom drove sleep from my eyes, so I worried through the morning in only tolerable style. At Bloomington we took on board Mrs. Robbins and child. Her husband having gone up by land with Br. Alden. I might have said that we have Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and their neice, Ellen Prince, a young girl of 14, and Mr. Shackford and Mrs. Hutchinson as our party. The scenery on the river is very monotonous, though with some variety. At one time we are sailing through islands, which are all very low and generally covered with a rank growth of timber and underbrush, at another time by the main shore of Iowa or Illinois, which is frequently crowned with high, rocky bluffs, 150 to 200 feet above the river. Sometimes the shore consists of high sand banks. About 15 miles above Bloomington commences some of the prettiest views on the Mississippi. They are on the Iowa shore, alongside of which is the channel of the river. There is a gradual slope from the river bank some 2 or 3 miles, which terminates in bluffs. This slope is frequently open prairie and is mostly under cultivation. It contains many pleasant residences. The situation of Davenport is very handsome. The projected site for a college is one of the

most beautiful and commanding that could be selected. On the island of Rock Island is the beautiful residence of the late Colonel Davenport. Opposite the head of this island, on the Illinois shore, is Moline, where by damming the Mississippi a great water power has been secured. Here is one of the finest flouring mills in the West. At Rock Island, there came aboard Rev. W. Jones, of Canton, Illinois. He is a graduate of Jacksonville College, and Lane Seminary, belongs to the Alton Presbytery and is going up to attend our Association. A young lady, Miss Shearer, is with him, who is, it is said, his *particular friend*. Last evening, he preached for us. The passengers gave very good attention. Audiences in the West generally are very attentive. We had pretty good singing. . . . This morning we had worship. On awakening this morning, found we were laying to on the Iowa shore just above Charleston and on inquiring the cause, learned that we had broken "the doctor" about twelve o'clock last night; (it is the regulator of some part of the engine). We were till after 7 remedying that evil, and are now going direct to Dubuque. The country above the Upper Rapids is very pretty. Here the river which elsewhere spreads out, shores and all, some 2 or 3 miles, passes along in a narrow channel, the banks being high on both sides. The land generally lies in handsome slopes. We have passed on our way many little towns, though towns hardly otherwise than in their names, which yet evidence the ambitious views of the people. Here we have New Boston, New York, Albany, and Buffalo, etc. In these Western boats the cabin is all on the upper deck in a long saloon with staterooms on the sides. I don't remember ever having been on a boat here without seeing card playing going on in one end of the saloon in the proximity of the bar. You would be amused at our Mrs. Edwards. She has brought along with her some of the purses made by our society and is selling them as she has opportunity. She is a lady of great energy and perseverance. . . .

Friday morning, June 5, 1846. Dubuque.

Good morning, Mary. We have still chilly weather, and

I have just had a fire made up and hope to be more comfortable. We arrived here at 11 a. m. yesterday. I am pleasantly quartered in the family of Mr. Bissel with Mr. Shackford. Mr. Bissel was from Pittsfield, Mass., and is a brother of the late Josiah Bissel, a distinguished philanthropist of western New York. . . . We have a full meeting of the Association and the prospects of an interesting time. A number of brethren are over from Wisconsin. Br. Lewis is here from New Diggings. He was an old classmate in New York University. We have been delighted to meet so many old familiar faces. I could hardly contain myself as brethren, one after another, drove up yesterday afternoon. . . . I have the thankless office of scribe, and have my hands full. A number of my old people from Andrew and Maquoketa are here, whom I am very happy to meet. . . .

[Wm. Salter]

Steamer Fortune. June 10, 1846.

Good evening, my dear Mary:

. . . . We had an interesting meeting at Dubuque. There was nothing special but good feeling and the presence of a good spirit. . . . The cruel toothache afflicted me very much however. I tried various remedies in vain until *vi et armis* Dr. Finley extracted it. . . . At Davenport we have been spending the day in talking about locating a college in Iowa. If we can carry out our projects it will be an important day, full of great results, to Iowa. May God bless our efforts to serve Him. But we have many embarrassments. Beyond a question we have one of the finest locations on the whole Mississippi. At this season of the year "you can't say anything else" of this region than that it is charming. But society in Davenport is very uncongenial to a literary institution of the character we wish to establish. And the people are very unwilling to assist in putting up a suitable building. We have settled upon Davenport as the location though with some conditions which, it is expected, will be met. The meeting is not through, but as I am anxious to be home in the morn-

ing, I left at 8 this evening. No other boat is expected down under twenty-four hours. . . . [The] Association adjourned to meet at Burlington the first Thursday of June 1847. . . .

Burlington. June 11, 1846.

Good afternoon, my dear. I got home this morning and found yours of 23 May in the office. The framing of the roof of the church is nearly completed, and it is expected to be raised next week. The Old School Presbyterians have their walls about half up, but I think we shall have the best house after all, as we have the best situation. . . . I have sold most of my furniture at Maquoketa. It was of but little account. I could not have removed it at present. If I come by the Ohio river, it will be still more uncertain when I reach you. Br. Lewis wants to go that way, and if the river is in a tolerable stage, I shall try it, so that, after all, I don't know what to say about your writing me on the way. . . . Mrs. Ransom returned last week. She did not go any further than St. Louis. . . . I learned that Mr. Warren has returned from the East and that Mr. Shackford's mill is to be rebuilt. Mr. C. C. Shackford is expected here soon. I never have used a cotton mattress. I sleep now on a corn-husk mattress and find it very comfortable. . . . I sit in studying and writing. I think as I was bred to books, I can probably get along in a study life with less liability to ill health than is the case with those who have commenced to study late in life and who have changed to habits of close application from those of active life.

Thursday evening.

I have called to see Mr. Parsons, and find him unwilling to engage to rent his house by [the] last of September, or at any definite time. He is building a new house and thinks it a little improbable when he shall get into it. His new house is yet to be plastered. On these uncertainties, he will rent his house for \$100 per year. This is a pretty good rent, but I do not think on the whole we can do better. The kitchen is pretty much on the ground floor

and alongside is a cellar. On the main floor are two rooms, one 11½ by 13 feet, the other 11½ by 15 feet and two very small bedrooms and a good pantry. There is one pretty good bedroom up [in the] garret and one very poor one and a storeroom. I think you need not worry at all about furniture till I come on. We can attend to it in a few days, and perhaps by the time I leave, we can know certainly whether we can have Mr. P's house, or if not he will write us at Boston. We have a prayer meeting tonight at Mrs. Sheldon's. I am preparing to preach next Sabbath on the necessity of regeneration—the Lord preserve us for usefulness here and for his glory hereafter. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter

Burlington, Iowa. Monday afternoon,
June 22, 1846.

My own dear Mary:

. . . . Last Friday I went to Yellow Springs, preached twice on Saturday, and returned in the afternoon, and finished a sermon on humility which I preached yesterday afternoon. Had a pretty good congregation yesterday and hope did some good. I feel rather lazy today and have done nothing when I ought to have planned out a sermon. For I am expecting to be gone three days this week, and shall be hard pushed for the next Sabbath. We had some amusing occurrences on the way to Yellow Springs which I should be glad for you to have seen and laughed over, but we may have similar ones, enough for our heart's content, one of these days. We went there in a buggy (Mr. and Mrs. Edwards who are indivisible and who make up for living in their children, they haven't any, by living in one another) which was funny enough taking all things into account, and lost our road and slept in one room (Mr. and Mrs. E. behind curtains) and attended church in the new meeting house without doors and with rough boards for seats and a work bench for my pulpit. When we left on Friday it was excessively hot, and I went in thin clothes with no overcoat, but it grew colder and colder, so that Mr. E. took a severe cold and I a slight one. . . .

The country is very beautiful now. The grain is assuming its golden hues. There will be a great wheat crop in this country. There will be plenty of blackberries, but they are not ripe yet. . . . This and yesterday morning I have had fire in my room. You have seen the discussions in the General Assembly on slavery. . . . Two companies [for the Mexican War] have been organized in Burlington. I feel very sad in view of it. They, I hope, will not be called to war. But it exhibits such a deplorable state of sentiment among the people that I cannot but mourn. . . . Now I have my fears about Mrs. Hutchinson, who by the way returned here on Saturday, that she is in a decline. She has a very slight hacking cough at times, a hectic flush on her cheek, but I would not have any of her friends hear of it from me on any account. We are expecting to go together to Galesburg. She also has much pain in her side. I feel very anxious about her. Dr. Ransom is esteemed a good physician and is in many respects an interesting man. He has always been very kind to me. . . . We have a number of tolerably good physicians here, but I suppose none of them are first rate. . . . We have some first rate folks here, but not all by any means. To some extent we must be the world to one another. In so new a country, where so many other interests absorb the minds of men, the objects in which we are engaged are very much slighted. As an index of our society I may say the war is popular, and some of the leading characters are foremost in it. . . . Our ladies are making a great fuss now about getting up a dinner the 4th. of July in behalf of the church. Singular to build a house by eating. Isn't this the West? But there seems no other way of raising money! Mrs. Edwards has just returned from the meeting about it, is highly elated in the prospect of getting up a good dinner. O, I do want this church built and all these trials out of the way before you come here. . . .

Yours devotedly,
Wm. Salter.

Mr. A. S. Shackford is not successful in business. Is about breaking up. If he goes, it will be a great loss to us.

[Burlington, Iowa] Saturday evening,
June 27, 1846.

My very dear Mary:

How to do? I am very busy. Have just finished writing five letters, to which I turned my attention from the middle of a sermon, which I must finish today for tomorrow afternoon, on some analogies suggested by what I have seen in my travels this week, between the wheat fields and moral culture (Psalms 147:14).⁶⁷ For the morning an old sermon (a practical statement of the Trinity) must suffice. Tuesday A. M. I went to Galesburgh. Mrs. H[utchinson] was too unwell to go with me, so I took Mr. A. S. Shackford. After losing our road on the prairies we got to Galesburgh (46) miles that night and enjoyed the hospitality of a good Mr. Swift from Vermont. I learned to my sorrow that Mr. Blanchard⁶⁸ was going East this summer to get funds for a college building. I engaged Rev. L. H. Parker, formerly pastor at Galesburgh, to preach five Sabbaths for me. He is a brother of Dr. Joel Parker, now of Philadelphia, formerly of New Orleans, and is said to be a tolerable preacher. Perhaps I will write a little notice for the *Hawk-Eye* next week. Coming home we got lost again and broke a piece of our harness and were two minutes too late for the ferry at Shockoquon where we were obliged to wait 18 hours amid mosquitoes and their concerts. Happily we got behind a bar at night, but the rest of the time we were much annoyed. Then I did not get home until yesterday at 11 in the morning. . . .

Yours ardently,
Wm. Salter.

Burlington, Iowa. Monday afternoon
June 29, 1846.

My own dearest Mary:

. . . . We had a heavy rain and wind last night, and to-

⁶⁷ Psalms 147:14. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

⁶⁸ Jonathan Blanchard (1811-1892) was graduated from Middlebury College in 1832, taught at Plattsburg Academy, studied at Andover and Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church there. In 1845 he was elected president of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, and in 1860 became president of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois. He was a strong temperance advocate, and a violent abolitionist. *Vide Dictionary of American Biography*, 2: 350-1.

day the streets are so muddy and I have not been out yet and I am annoyed *with company*. What company, you ask? There are more than 100 flies (I have not counted them) in this room, cutting up all kinds of antics, flying in every direction, now on my ears, now on my hands, and paper, and everywhere in the way. I can do nothing but bear it. I had an interesting day yesterday, preached in the morning to a full house on the Trinity, brought it out clear and full, and trust in such a manner that no reasonable man can object. It was an old sermon, or rather written in December last. I preached thrice yesterday, in the evening in lower town in a log School House. During the service there it rained, and I came home in the mud. The ladies have been expecting to have their 4th. [of] July dinner in the Church, but if this wet weather continues, we cannot get the roof on or the floor laid. The whole affair involves a great deal of trouble, and I cannot say that I am sorry that you are not here to share in the fuss. I feel very anxious to have the church finished so that we can meet in it by the time we get back in the fall. I want the way of the Lord here made ready so that we can devote our undivided energies to building up God's spiritual House. . . . I rode out Friday p. m. with Mrs. Hutchinson six miles to a Miss Robinson's of whom you will know more one of these days. Mrs. H. was to church yesterday. Her health is about the same, very delicate. She is a woman of strong mind, and I do not think has been to Mr. H's grave more than twice. . . .

Yours ardently, Wm. Salter.

Chicago, [Illinois] July 11, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . [Let us begin] with that long, longed-for day, July 6th. At length after a most solemn and seemingly never-ending delay, its sun arose. . . . Monday morning, I turned my eyes down the river and looked and wished for a boat. I packed my trunk and arranged matters a little, engaged Mr. Parsons to write me in August if I

could have his house, . . . all the time keeping my ears open for the ringing of the steamboat bell, my eyes down stream. Two boats, it was said, were expected that day, but all day long I waited to no purpose. I might have said that Sabbath night (after twelve o'clock of course), I was awake more than half the time in hopes of hearing a boat. Monday night I slept on Mr. E's lounge in the parlor (in the expectation of my departure that day, Mr. and Mrs. E, having resumed their occupancy of my room) and kept on longing for a boat, annoyed too with mosquitoes and disturbed by a very heavy thunder storm. I found no rest. Toward morning an old boat came up and about daylight, I found the "Atlas" at the levee. About 8 o'clock we left Burlington. Now . . . I must spare you the details of a slow boat with two keels, intense heat, mosquitoes etc., and tell you that we reached Galena at 7 Wednesday morning. I had a young lady under my care, a Miss Wheeler from Vermont. She has been teaching in the West and lost her health, is visiting some friends in this city. At 8 o'clock at Galena, we took the stage, via Dixon, and you cannot conceive and I will not attempt to describe our intolerable sufferings from intense heat, a loaded coach, disagreeable companions, slow traveling, and more than all arriving here last night ten minutes too late for the steamboat "Champion." Had it not been for that I might have spent the Sabbath in Kalamazoo and been with you the last of next week. But now I must wait until Monday night and perhaps get no further than Albany next week. I had probably better go to New York before visiting you, so I must continue to wait and live until Wednesday, the 22 inst., to see you. I don't feel, however, much like waiting so long, and I may take the cars to Boston at Albany. . . . Miss Wheeler's health is poor. She was rather uneasy and could not exemplify the patience of Job, but we had an interesting time together. . . . I hope to be in Detroit in time for the "London" and may possibly get along quicker than I anticipate. . . . The "Saratoga," a beautiful boat, left here for Buffalo this morning. I went down to see it off, but it only made me

feel bad that I must stay here. I don't know as it is very wicked to send this off tonight. At any rate, Christian sentiment has not decided so yet, though it may be hard to tell why it is any wise different to send my letter to travel on Sunday from travelling myself on that day. . . . The boat leaves Sunday night at 10 o'clock, if it were only two hours later I might be off. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

Lake Erie. July 16, 1846.

My dear:

. . . . I find in the *Edinburgh Review* for April a notice of Walter Savage Landor's *Collected Writings* (London, 1846) which have made me very much in love with the man. [He here quotes liberally passages concerning Milton, friendship, Bacon and Shakespeare.]

New York. Monday p. m.

Dear Mary: I got home Saturday evening in a few hours less than five days from Chicago. My heart is set on seeing you tomorrow morning, but the folks think I am too much jaded out to travel. Indeed, I have journeyed rather too hard. Perhaps I had better wait until Wednesday afternoon and come to you fresh and rested on Thursday a. m. Should I, however, be entirely rested on tomorrow, I will come then. As to bridesmaids and all that, I shall leave it with you, as I told you sometime ago. *My taste is decidedly against them.* I apprehend, however, our girls have a little more fancy than we have for *parade*. I leave it and the time with you. I feel bad to linger on my way to you, but it seems it can't be helped. . .

Ardently Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York, Wednesday, July 22, 1846.

Well, my dear, isn't this lingering in New York decidedly cool, but pon my honor, it can't be helped. Sunday I was so imprudent as to go to church all day, and on going to bed found myself possessed of a strange inclination to look up some blankets and after a while my fever came on. I thought, however, it was only a tem-

porary affair, and so on Monday I stirred around, but soon found I must lay by, and at night my attack came on again. I am now under our doctor's care, who promises to break up the fever soon. Probably, then, I cannot be with you till next week, so don't have the blues, but leave it with a wise Providence who has always ordered all things hitherto well. My chill is now coming on, or I would write out my sheet. I traveled in Michigan with an excellent minister, Mr. Wells of Galena. . . .

Yours, Wm. Salter.

New York. July 24, 1846.

My dear Mary:

I am certainly the last man to whom you should say "tell me the worst", for I have been doing that very thing now for a twelvemonth. I have been up all day and even presumed to ask the doctor if I might not go to Boston tomorrow, but he says, I am too weak, and suggests that to "eat and drink" will be my best way for gaining strength, rather than to take stimulants. . . . If I only had time I would prose away and write an essay on ague and fever. Suffice however to say, I escaped my ague yesterday and think it is broken on me. I ate dinner enough today for any hale and hearty man, so that by the middle of next week, if not on Tuesday, I think I may see you. Am glad you are so philosophical and resigned. I have not been really confined to the house in several years and this attack has many lessons for me. I hope it will serve to moderate all my earthly attachments (i. e. so far as they are earthly) and refine and elevate my spiritual being and relations. I have no doubt that it is for the best. Yes, I ought to have given more heed to your caution about not travelling so fast, but it was excessively hot and I was very much used up when I left Burlington, and then I ought not to have stood up nearly all the evening at a crowded missionary meeting on the Sabbath here as I did.

. . . . I met Mr. Magoun coming East. He is begging for his Academy. . . . I am pledged to raise a bell somehow

or other. I want a good, large fine sounding one. I mean such a one as I can get. . . .

Yours Wm. Salter.

New York. July 27, 1846.

My dear Mary:

. . . . I have not been out since a week ago this morning, and I do not now feel as smart as I hoped I would by this time when I wrote you on Friday, and the folks won't listen to such a thing as my going east this afternoon. They say it would be the height of imprudence, and moreover, my dear, I fancy you and your friends would rather see me when I am a little less lazy than I am just now, so on the whole I have concluded to wait till Wednesday, when, in addition to all, I can have the company of my Uncle Benjamin and Cousin Caroline, who are going east that day. We shall come by the Mass. via Providence. I think by that time I may be in pretty good order, but it is singular how my fever reduced my strength. Fever sores, too, have broken out on my lips. . . . I think of going down town in the omnibus today, and tomorrow I must make a call or two, and by Wednesday, I shall be myself again, I trust. I feel very bad to think of the disarrangements this little ague may have caused you and your friends. . . .

Wm. Salter.

